RACE TRACKS: A BILLION DOLLAR RACKET WITH MURDER ON THE SIDE

FEB. 15,
1936

Liberty

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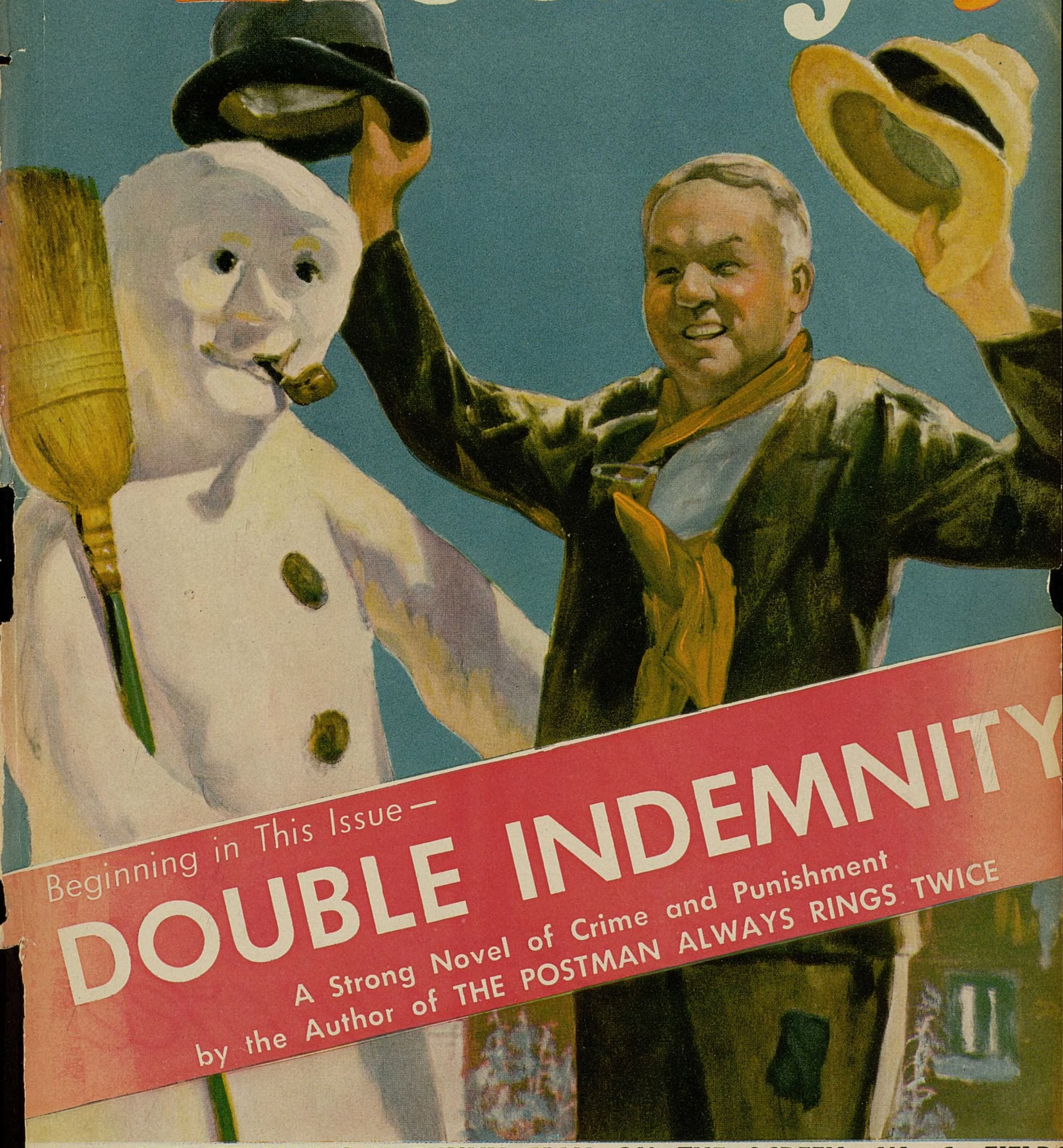


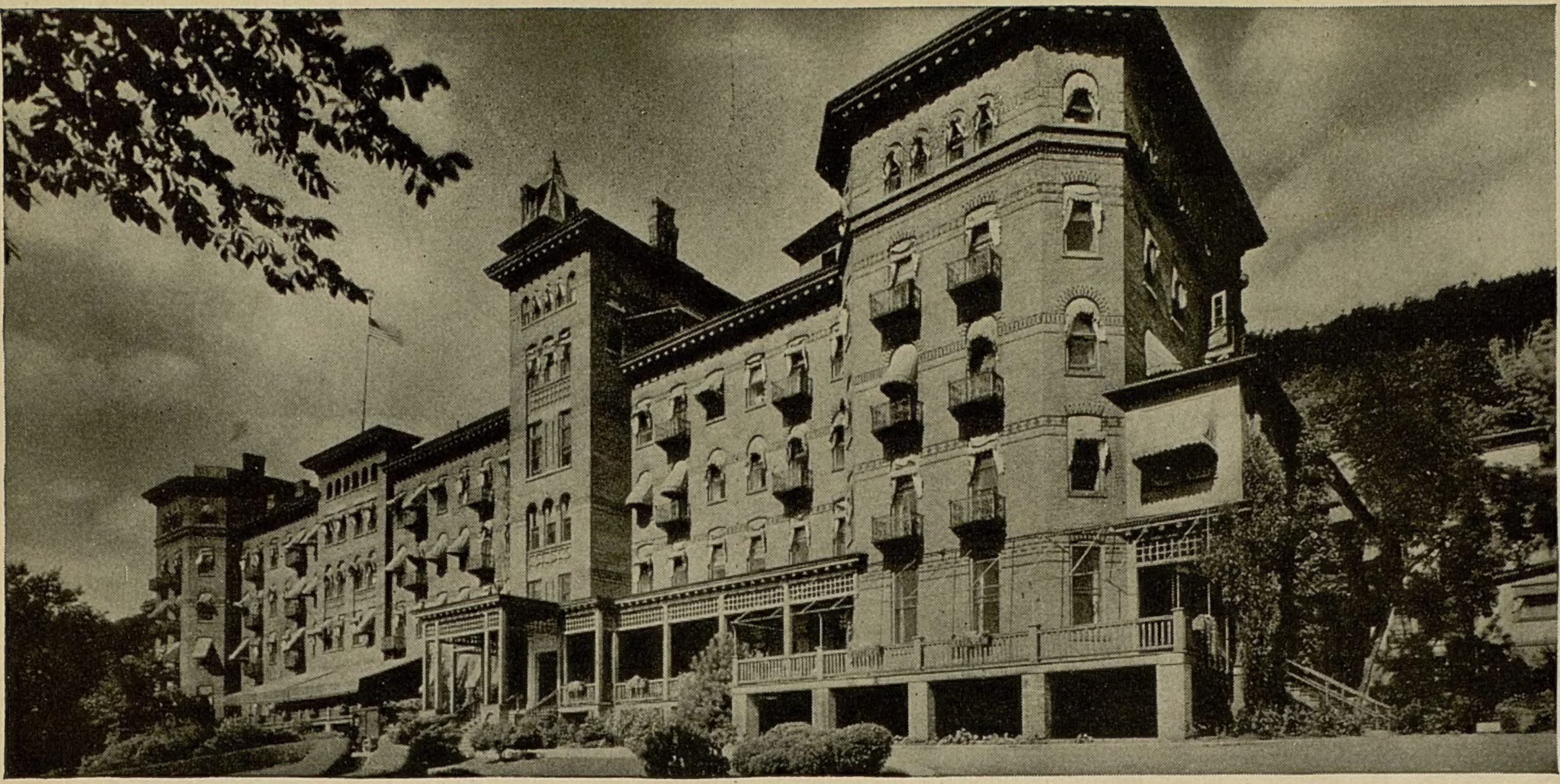
Beginning in This Issue—

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

A Strong Novel of Crime and Punishment
by the Author of THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

THE MOST MELANCHOLY FUNNY MAN ON THE SCREEN—W. C. FIELDS

"JAFSIE" AND THE RANSOM MONEY



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The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

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"I came to Dansville severely crippled with a long siege of arthritis which affected my foot. I could hardly walk. I took a two weeks' course of dieting and treatment and went home feeling fine and walking normally.

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THOMAS DIXON.

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FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!
Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York, January 1, 1936. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

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Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L2-15
Dansville, New York.
Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

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Street________________________________
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FEBRUARY 15, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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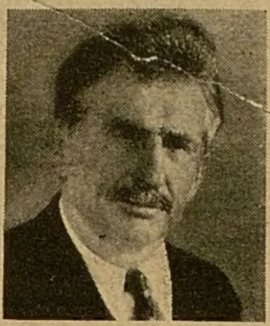
"You Cannot Fool All of the People All of the Time"



BERNARR MACFADDEN

LINCOLN, the martyred President whose birthday we celebrate, has been glorified year after year with zestful enthusiasm. He is an example of a lowly beginning. His life's story proves that you cannot keep a good man down. His education was acquired under harrowing difficulties. He lacked the smoothness of some of the silver-tongued orators of his day. But his reasoning was sound and dependable.

There is that celebrated saying of his: " You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

And the thought expressed is quite appropriate at this time. Our Washington government is trying to make all the people happy. No one can question that some of our high officials are following their honest convictions. But many of the executives who are trying to carry out these plans fully realize their defects. They know that they cannot be successful. Many of them are not based on fundamental principles.

A government or a business, to be solvent, must balance its budget, must pay its way, must keep its workers or citizens in a reasonably happy frame of mind. These citizens must be convinced that the future offers them reasonable safety. They must be thoroughly assured that the liberties that we as Americans have enjoyed in years gone by will be continued.

You cannot have your cake and eat it too. You can't hamper or restrict individual workers or employers and expect to guarantee them continuously the freedom of which this country boasts so freely.

Artificial remedies may be successful for a time, but ultimately they always bring disaster. You cannot possibly expect anything else.

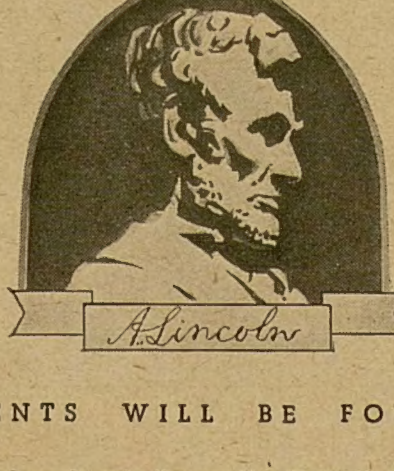
Washington tells us the depression is over. That there is some improvement cannot be denied. Undoubtedly we are on our way out. But it has been a prolonged hard fight. With an unemployment list of considerably more than ten million, and with practically the same number on the dole, which, including dependents, add up to twenty-five or thirty million, we have a long way to travel before we get back to normal. To try to absorb this huge number of employees in industry is probably impossible. The AAA crop-destruction procedure, together with the huge loss in agricultural export business, it is reported, has driven two million or more workers from the farms. And we may just as well acknowledge the truth. Until we can find jobs for every citizen who wants work we are not by any means out of the financial quagmire.

We have passed through depressions, many of them. We had them in 1873, 1893, 1907, and 1921. But there were no amateur " fixers " in Washington at those times. Business was allowed to fight its way back to normalcy. There were no crackpot schemes to hurry up prosperity.

You cannot possibly make water run uphill. Depressions will come and go. When prices are boosted way beyond the natural limits, they come to a breaking point. And gradually they work back to normal again. But the process cannot be hurried.

Sound dependable judgment, common sense—some people call it horse sense—is one of our greatest needs at this time. And doubtless there is no man in our history who was so largely endowed with these invaluable characteristics as our martyred President. Strong, forceful he-man, an athlete, a wrestler—he learned early in life to fight his way.

And his career is a lesson in rugged individualism that will stand out in history for all time to come.



Bernarr Macfadden

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"I've Got to Have Hydraulic Brakes!"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT H. GREENE, HEAD OF GREENE'S AUTO DRIVING SCHOOL, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

"Beginners need a fool-proof car . . . that's why I teach them in a Plymouth"

TEACHING PEOPLE to drive, Robert H. Greene knows, requires a car that's safe.

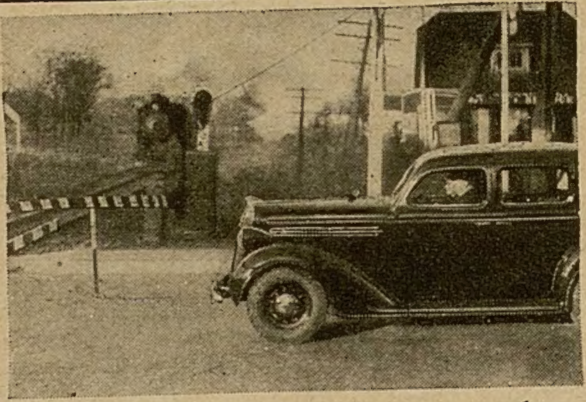
And, for this job, Mr. Greene again picks Plymouth.

"This 1936 Plymouth is easier to handle than any car I've ever had," he says. "But the great thing is the safety of Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes."

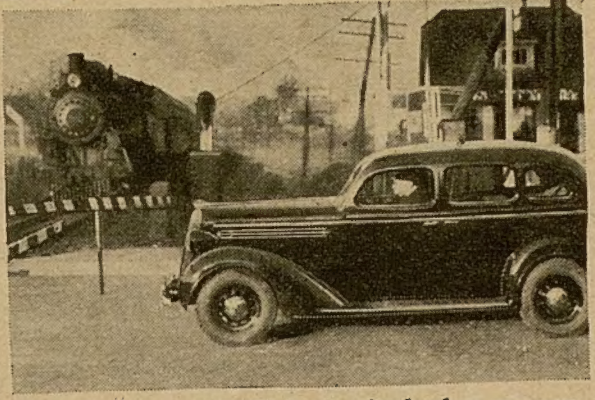
Mr. Greene drove his previous Plymouth nearly 65,000 miles with *no major repairs.* No wonder he picked another Plymouth!

See for yourself the economy, comfort, reliability *and* safety of this big, 1936 Plymouth. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange a test!

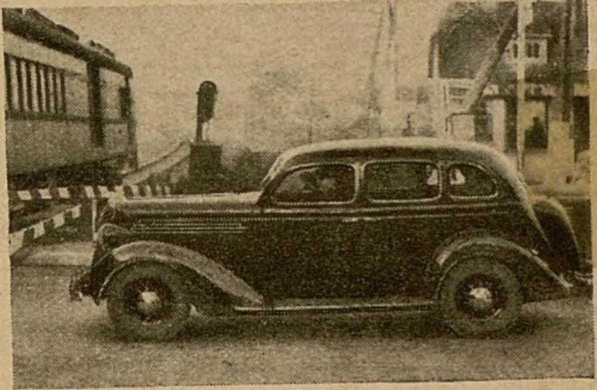
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



"TEACHING THEM TO DRIVE, means teaching them safety first," says Robert H. Greene.



"PLYMOUTH'S 100% hydraulic brakes are one of this amazing car's greatest advantages."



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6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

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You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: **1.** Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* **2.** Deduct down payment — cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

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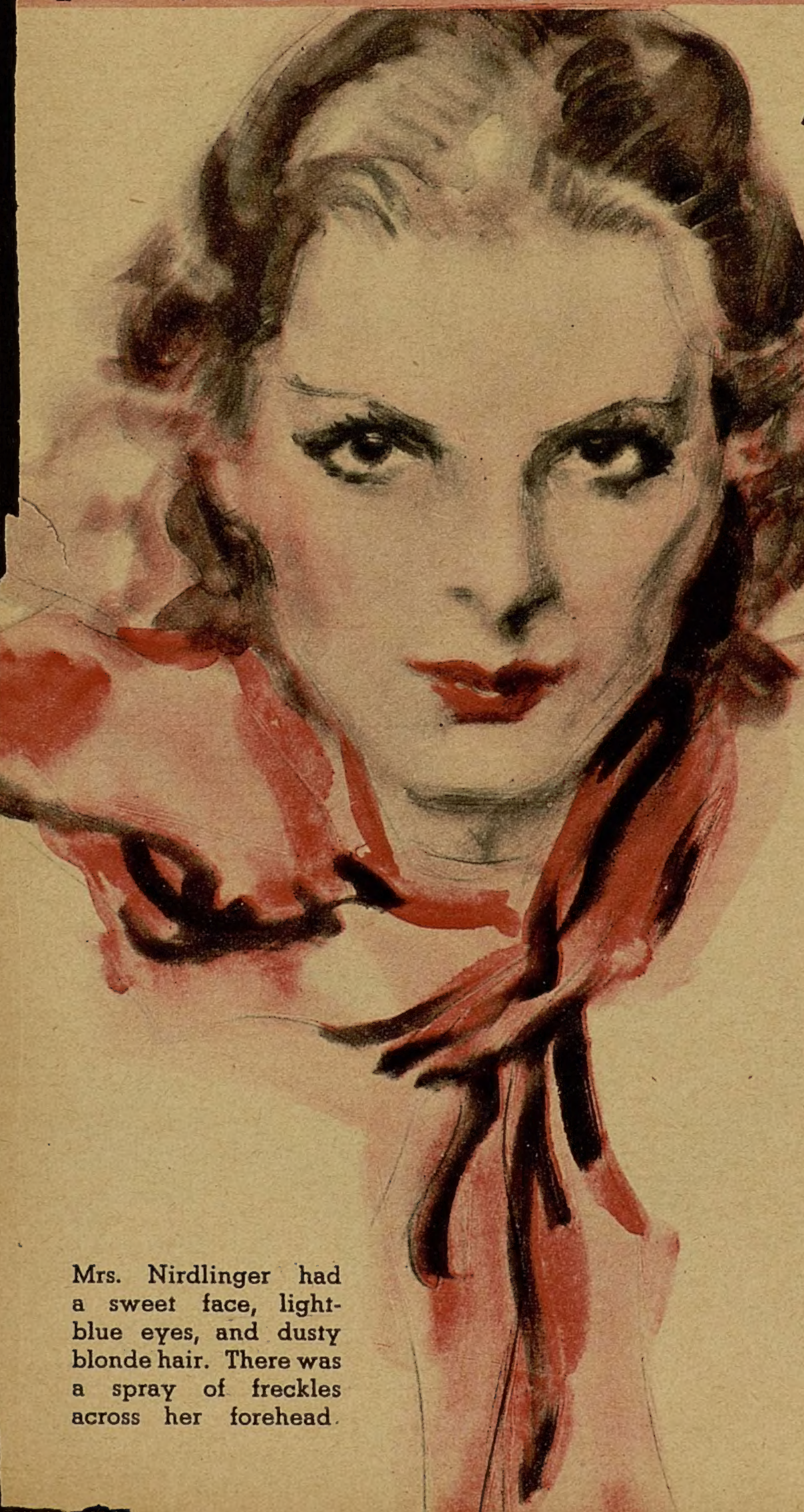
"THAT SAFETY-STEEL BODY is real protection . . . for veteran driver or beginner!" Mr. Greene in his beautiful, big 1936 Plymouth (the de luxe 4-door touring sedan model).

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CA

ginning DOUBLE NDEMNITY

by JAMES M. CAIN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 21 SECONDS



Mrs. Nirdlinger had a sweet face, light-blue eyes, and dusty blonde hair. There was a spray of freckles across her forehead.

PART ONE—PLAYING WITH FIRE

I DROVE out to Glendale to put three new truck drivers on a brewery-company bond, and then I remembered this renewal over in Hollywoodland. I decided to run over there. That was how I came to this House of Death that you've been reading about in the papers. It didn't look like a House of Death when I saw it. It was just a Spanish house, like all the rest of them in California, with white walls, red-tile roof, and a patio out to one side. It was built cockeyed. The garage was under the house, the first floor was over that, and the rest of it was spilled up the hill any way they could get it in. You climbed some stone steps to the front door, so I parked the car and went up there. A servant poked her head out.

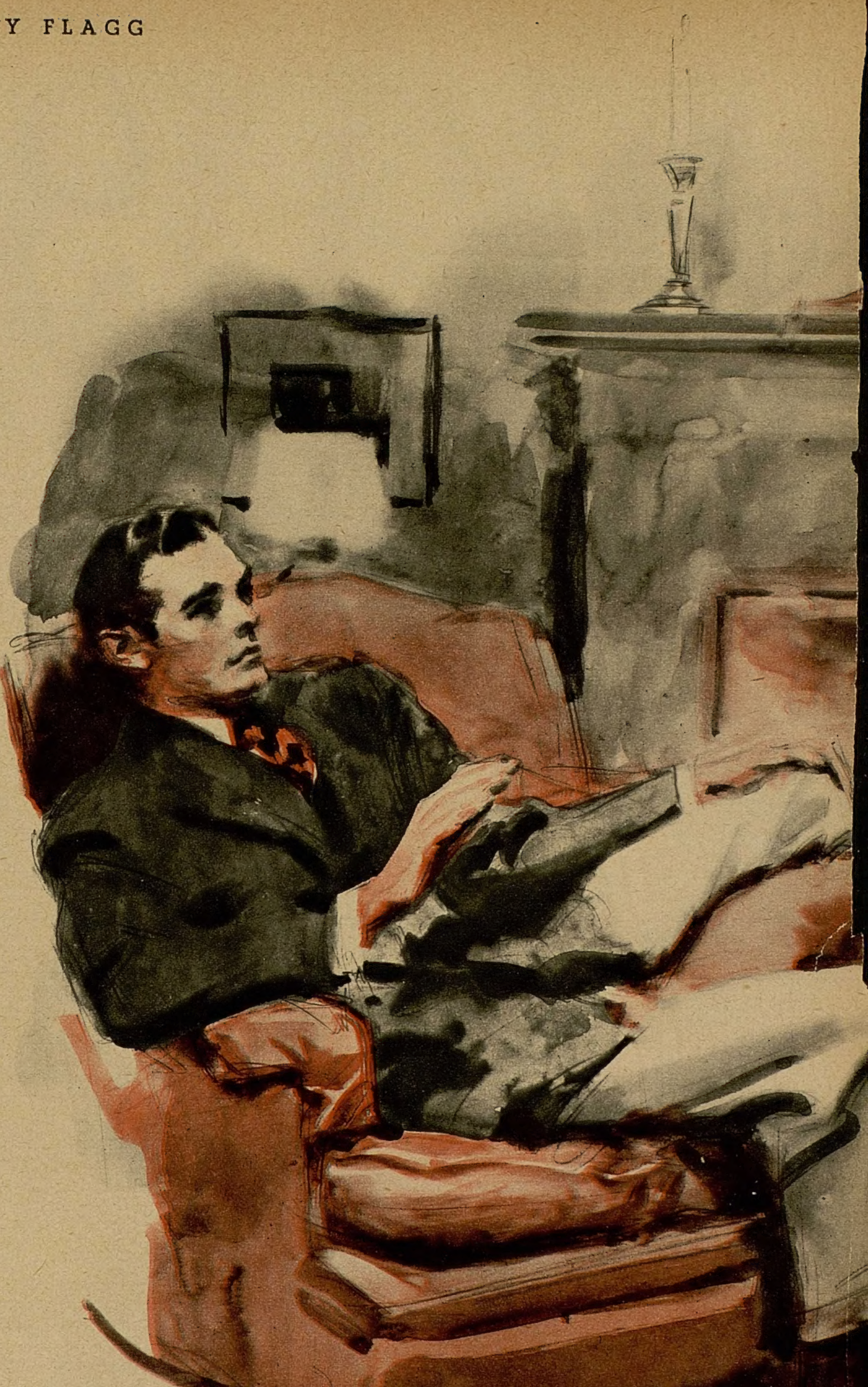
"Is Mr. Nirdlinger in?"

"I don't know, sir," was her answer.

YOU CAN'T WIN

Murders for insurance never get by. The companies always come out ahead. All the power and force of organized investigation, the law, the police, and the courts are on their side. Sooner or later the killers find they hold the losing hand . . . Here is a tale of two who tried it—a strong novel of crime and punishment by the author of that sensational best-seller, The Postman Always Rings Twice.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"I'm not crazy, and I'm not joking, and you've heard of such a thing in your life, because it's all you've thought of since you met me, and it's what you came down here for."

"Who wants to see him?"

"Mr. Huff."

"And what's the business?"

"Personal."

Getting in is the tough part of my job, and you don't tip what you came for till you get where it counts. "I'm sorry, sir, but they won't let me ask anybody in unless they say what they want."

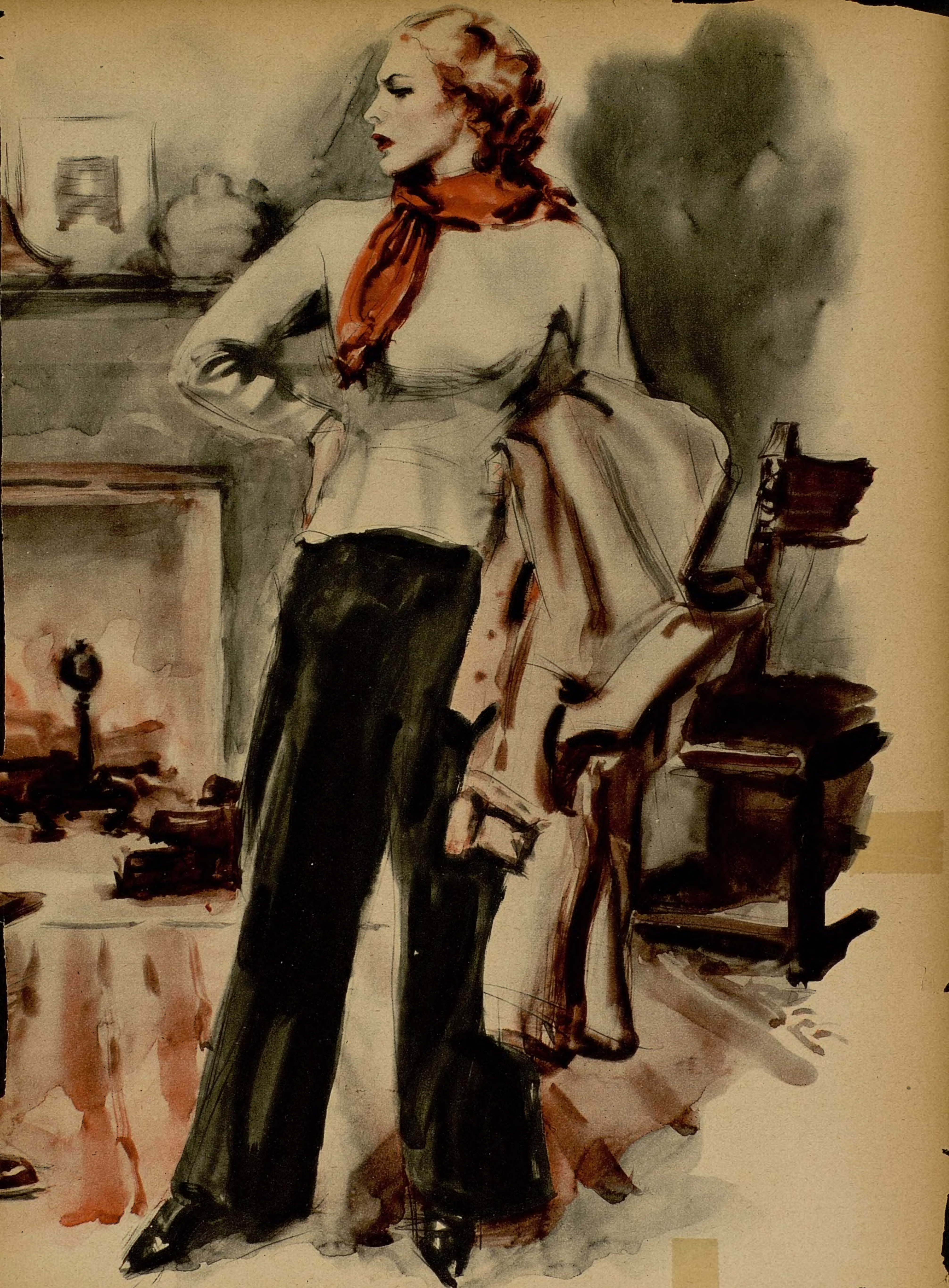
It was one of those spots you get in. If I said some more about "personal," I would be making a mystery of it, and that's bad. If I said what I really wanted, I would be laying myself open for what every insurance agent dreads: that she would come back and say, "Not in." If I said I'd wait, I would be making myself look small, and that never helped a sale yet. To move this stuff, you've got to get in. Once you're in, they've got to listen to you, and you can pretty near rate an agent by how quick he gets to the family sofa, with his hat on one side of him and his dope sheets spread out on the other.

"I see. I told Mr. Nirdlinger I would drop in, but—never mind. I'll see if I can make it some other time."

It was true in a way. On this automobile stuff you always make it a point that you'll give a reminder on renewal, but I hadn't seen him for a year. I made it sound like an old friend, though, and an old friend that wasn't any too pleased at the welcome he got. It worked. She got a worried look on her face.

"Well—come in, please."

I pitched my hat on the sofa. They've made a lot of that living room, especially those "blood-red drapes." All I saw was a living room



like every other living room in California; maybe a little more expensive than some, but nothing that any department store wouldn't deliver on one truck, lay out in the morning, and have the credit O. K. ready the same afternoon. The furniture was Spanish, the kind that looks pretty and sits stiff.

The blood-red drapes were there, but they didn't mean anything. All these Spanish houses have red-velvet drapes that run on iron spears, and generally some red-velvet wall tapestries to go with them. This was right out of the same can, with a coat-of-arms tapestry over the fireplace and a castle tapestry over the sofa. The other two sides of the room were windows and the entrance to the hall.

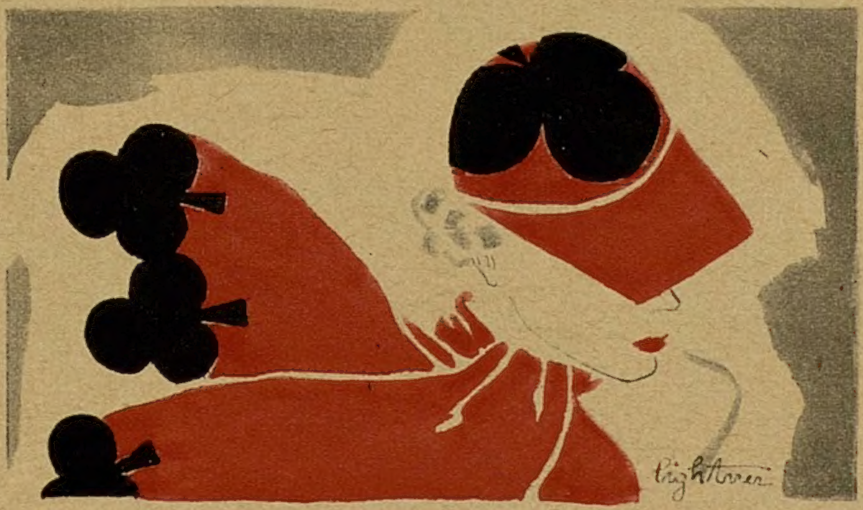
FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

The Parisian bridge mania is demonstrated by Agnès in her new club-shaped hats. These are either berets or visored jockey caps with a club-motif crown and have looped-over scarfs with huge ends of the same design. Made in heavy silk, they most often appear in light blue—for luck!

Of course, if you're superstitious about diamonds, hearts, or spades, select your lucky suit.

Demure brimmed straws disappear under double aureoles of stiffened lace, while the hats of the Mignon and Charlotte Corday types are presented—believe it or not!—in layers of stitched tulle.

—DORAMILLER.



"Yes?"

A woman was standing there. I had never seen her before. She was maybe thirty-one or -two, with a sweet face, light-blue eyes, and dusty blonde hair. She was small, and had on a suit of blue house pajamas. She had a washed-out look.

"I wanted to see Mr. Nirdlinger."

"Mr. Nirdlinger isn't in just now, but I am Mrs. Nirdlinger. Is there something I could do?"

There was nothing to do but spill it. "Why, no, I think not, Mrs. Nirdlinger, thanks just the same. Huff is my name, Walter Huff of the General Fidelity of California. Mr. Nirdlinger's automobile coverage runs out in a week or two, and I promised to give him a reminder on it, so I thought I'd drop by. But I certainly didn't mean to bother you about it."

"Coverage?"

"Insurance. I just took a chance, coming up here in the daytime, but I happened to be in the neighborhood, so I thought it wouldn't hurt. When do you think would be a good time to see Mr. Nirdlinger? Could he give me a few minutes right after dinner, do you think, so that I wouldn't cut into his evening?"

"What kind of insurance has he been carrying? I ought to know, but I don't keep track."

"I guess none of us keeps track until something happens. Just the usual line: collision, fire and theft, and public liability."

"It really isn't up to me, but I know he's been thinking about the Automobile Club. Their insurance, I mean."

"Is he a member?"

"No, he's not. He's always intended to join, but somehow he's never got around to it. But the club representative was here, and he mentioned insurance."

"You can't do better than the Automobile Club."

That's one thing you learn: Never knock the other guy's stuff.

"And then it's cheaper."

"For members."

"I thought only members could get it."

"What I mean is this: If a man's going to join the Automobile Club anyway—for service in time of trouble, taking care of tickets, things like that—then, if he takes their insurance too, he gets it cheaper. He certainly does. But if he's going to join the club just to get the insurance, by the time he adds that sixteen-dollar membership fee to the premium rate, he's paying more. Figure that in, I can still save Mr. Nirdlinger quite a little money."

She talked along, and there was nothing I could do but go along with it. And after a while I knew this woman didn't care anything about the Automobile Club. Maybe the husband did, but she didn't. There was something else, and this was nothing but a stall. I figured it would be some kind of a proposition to split the commission, maybe so she could get a ten spot out of it without the husband knowing. There's plenty of that going on. And I was just wondering what I would say to her. A reputable agent don't get mixed up in stuff like that, but she was walking around the room, and I saw something I hadn't noticed before. Under those blue pajamas was a shape to set a man nuts.

All of a sudden she looked at me, and I felt a chill creep straight up my back and into the roots of my hair.

"Do you handle accident insurance?"

Maybe that don't mean to you what it meant to me. Well, in the first place, accident insurance is sold, not bought. You get calls for other kinds, for fire, for burglary, even for life, but never for accident. That stuff moves when agents move it, and it sounds funny to be asked about it. In the second place, when there's dirty work going on, accident is the first thing they think of. Dollar for dollar paid down, there's bigger face coverage on accident than any other kind. And it's the one kind of insurance that can be taken out without the insured knowing a thing about it. No physical examination for accident. On that, all they want is the money, and there's many a man walking around today that's worth more to his loved ones dead than alive, only he don't know it yet.

"We handle all kinds of insurance."

She switched back to the Automobile Club, and I tried to keep my eyes off her, and couldn't. Then she sat down. "Would you like me to talk to Mr. Nirdlinger about this, Mr. Huff?"

"That would be fine, Mrs. Nirdlinger."

"It would save time."

"Time's important. He ought to attend to this at once."

But then she crossed me up. "After he and I have talked it over, then you can see him. Could you make it tomorrow night? Say seven thirty? We'll be through dinner by then."

"Tomorrow night will be fine."

"I'll expect you."

I got in the car, bawling myself out for being a fool just because a woman had given me one sidelong look. When I got back to the office I found Keyes had been looking for me. Keyes is head of the Claim Department, and the most tiresome man to do business with in the whole world. You can't even say today is Tuesday without he has to look on the calendar, and then check if it's this year's calendar or last year's calendar, and then find out what company printed the calendar, and then find out if their calendar checks with the World Almanac calendar. That amount of useless work you'd think would keep down his weight, but it doesn't. He gets fatter every year, and more peevish. *(Continued on page ten)*

★ ★

★ ★

IT HAS been said that the most priceless thing a father can leave to his son is an instinctive desire for and appreciation of the finer things of life.

For such men, Paul Jones Whiskey is the natural choice—as it was the choice of their fathers ... Yes, and of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, too.

FULL QUART
Paul Jones
★★★★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey!

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Paul Jones, Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

(Continued from page eight) And he's always in some kind of a feud with other departments of the company, and does nothing but sit with his collar open, and sweat and quarrel and argue until your head begins spinning around just to be in the same room with him. But he's a wolf on a phony claim.

When I got in there he got up and began to roar. It was a truck policy I had written about six months before, and the fellow had burned his truck up and tried to collect. I cut in on him pretty quick.

"What are you beefing to me for? I remember that case. And I distinctly remember that I clipped a memo to that application when I sent it through that I thought that fellow ought to be thoroughly investigated before we accepted the risk. I didn't like his looks, and I won't—"

JAMES M. CAIN
is a self-elected critic of the art of singing, though he doesn't sing himself and hasn't much use for vocalists. But he likes to talk about the technique. Other hobbies are food and drink, he says. Indifferent to most sports. He was born in Maryland, where he began his career of newspaperman. When the New York World shut up shop he trekked to Hollywood.

"Walter, I'm not beefing to you. I know you said he ought to be investigated. I've got your memo right here. That's what I wanted to say. If other departments in this company would show half the sense that you show—"

"Oh."

That would be like Keyes—that even when he wanted to say something nice to you, he had to make you sore first.

"And get this, Walter. Even after they issued the policy, in plain disregard of the warning on your memo, and even with that warning still looking them in the face, day before yesterday, when the truck burned, they'd have paid that claim if I hadn't sent a tow car up there this afternoon, pulled the truck out, and found a pile of shavings under the engine that proved it up on him that he started the fire himself."

"Have you got him?"

"Oh, he confessed. He's taking a plea tomorrow morning, and that ends it. I'm sending a memo to Norton about it. I think the whole thing is something the president of this company might very well look into. Though, if you ask me, if the president of this company had more— "

He stopped, and I didn't jog him. Keyes was one of the holdovers from the time of Old Man Norton, the founder of the company, and he didn't think much of young Norton, who took over the job when his father died. But if young Norton was the man we had to do business with, then he was the man we had to do business with, and there was no sense letting Keyes get us in Dutch with him. I gave Keyes's crack a dead pan. I didn't even know what he was talking about.

WHEN I got back to my office, Nettie, my secretary, was just leaving. "Good night, Mr. Huff."

"Good night, Nettie."

"Oh—I put a memo on your desk about a Mrs. Nirdlinger. She called about ten minutes ago, and said it would be inconvenient for you to call tomorrow night about that renewal. She said she'd let you know when to come."

"Oh, thanks."

She went, and I stood there, looking down at the memo. It crossed my mind what kind of warning I was going to clip to *that* application, if, as, and when I got it.

If any.

Three days later she called and left word I was to come at three thirty. She let me in herself. She didn't have on the blue pajamas this time. She had on a white sailor suit, with a blouse that pulled tight over her hips, and white shoes and stockings. I wasn't the only one that knew about that shape. She knew about it herself, plenty. We went in the living room, and a tray was on the table. "Belle is off today, and I'm making myself some tea. Will you join me?"

"Thank you, no, Mrs. Nirdlinger. I'll only be a minute. That is, if Mr. Nirdlinger has decided to renew. I supposed he had, when you sent for me." Because it came over me that I wasn't surprised that Belle was off and that Mrs. Nirdlinger was just making herself some tea. And I meant to get out of there, whether I took the renewals with me or not.

"Oh, have some tea. I like tea. It makes a break in the afternoon."

"You must be English."

"No, native Californian."

"You don't see many of them."

"Most Californians were born in Iowa."

"I was myself."

"Just think of that!"

The white sailor suit did it. I sat down.

"Lemon?"

"No, thanks."

"Two?"

"No sugar; just straight."

"No sweet tooth?"

SHE smiled at me and I could see her teeth. They were big and white and maybe a little bit buck.

"I do a lot of business with the Chinese. They've got me out of the American way of drinking tea."

"I love the Chinese. Whenever I make chow mein I buy all the stuff at the same place, near the park. Mr. Ling. Do you know him?"

"Known him for years."

"Oh, you *have!*"

Her brow wrinkled up, and I saw there was nothing washed-out about her. What gave her that look was a spray of freckles across her forehead. She saw me looking at them. "I believe you're looking at my freckles."

"Yes, I was. I like them."

"I don't."

"I do."

"I always used to wear a turban around my forehead when I went out in the sun, but so many people began stopping by, asking to have their fortunes told, that I had to stop it."

"You don't tell fortunes?"

"No, it's one California accomplishment I never learned."

"Anyway, I like the freckles."

She sat down beside me and we talked about Mr. Ling. Now, Mr. Ling wasn't anybody but a Chinese grocery dealer that had a City Hall job on the side and every year we had to bond him for twenty-five hundred; but you'd be surprised what a swell guy he turned out to be when we talked about him. After a while, though, I switched to insurance. "Well, how about those policies?"

"He's still talking about the Automobile Club, but I think he's going to renew with you."

"I'm glad of that."

She sat there a minute, making little pleats with the edge of her blouse and rubbing them out. "I didn't say anything to him about the accident insurance."

"No?"

"I hate to talk to him about it."

"I can understand that."

"It seems an awful thing to tell him you think he ought to have an accident policy. And yet—you see, my husband is the Los Angeles representative of the Western Pipe and Supply Company."

"He's in the Petroleum Building, isn't he?"

"That's where he has his office. But most of the time he's in the oil fields."

"Plenty dangerous, knocking around there."

"It makes me positively ill to think about it."

"Does his company carry anything on him?"

"Not that I know of."

"Man in a business like that, he ought not to take chances."

And then I made up my mind that even if I did like her freckles, I was going to find out where I was at. "I tell you, how would you like it if I talked with Mr. Nirdlinger about this? You know, not say anything about where I got the idea, but just bring it up when I see him."

"I just *hate* to talk to him about it."

"I'm telling you—*I'll* talk."

"But then he'll ask me what I think, and—I won't know what to say. It's got me worried sick."

She made another bunch of pleats. Then, after a long time, here it came: "Mr. Huff, would it be possible for me to take out a policy *for* him without bothering him about it at all? I have a little allowance of my own. I could pay you for it, and he wouldn't know, but, just the same, all this worry would be over."

I couldn't be mistaken about what she meant, not after fifteen years in the insurance business. I mashed out my cigarette, so I could get up and go. I was going to get out of there, and drop those renewals and everything else about her like a red-hot poker.

But I didn't do it.

She looked at me, a little surprised, and her face was about six inches away. What I did do was put my arm around her, pull her face up against mine, and kiss her on the mouth, hard.

I was trembling like a leaf. She gave me a cold stare, and then she closed her eyes, pulled me to her, and kissed back.

"I LIKED you all the time."

"I don't believe it."

"Didn't I ask you to tea? Didn't I have you come here when Belle was off? I liked you the very first minute. I loved it, the solemn way you kept talking about your company, and all this and that. That was why I kept teasing you about the Automobile Club."

"Oh, it was."

"Now you know."

I rumpled her hair, and then we both made some pleats in the blouse. "You don't make them even, Mr. Huff."

"Isn't that even?"

"The bottom ones are bigger than the top. You've got to take just so much material every time, then turn it, then crease it, and then they make nice pleats. See?"

"I'll try to get the hang of it."

"Not now. You've got to go."

"I'm seeing you soon?"

"Maybe."

"Well, listen. I *am.*"

"Belle isn't off every day. I'll let you know."

"Well—*will* you?"

"But don't *you* call *me* up. I'll let you know. I promise."

"All right, then. Kiss me good-by."

"Good-by."

I live in a bungalow in the Los Feliz hills. Daytime I keep a Filipino houseboy, but he don't sleep there. It was raining that night, so I didn't go

To chase a COLD away

1. Cleanse the system
2. Combat acidity

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"DON'T let a cold linger," warn modern physicians. They recommend:

1. **Rid your system of wastes**
2. **Combat the acidity that encourages a cold**

And Sal Hepatica does *both.* First, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, thoroughly, gently. Second, Sal Hepatica does what no ordinary laxative can do—Sal Hepatica brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

Unlike ordinary laxatives

When you realize that cold germs seldom take hold in an alkaline system, you see how important Sal Hepatica's anti-acid action is, in routing a cold. For ordinary laxatives are not designed to combat acidity.

So whenever a cold threatens, take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed and call a physician if your cold is too severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to fight colds. Get Sal Hepatica today.

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Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC

THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." Every Wednesday Night, over NBC Nation-Wide Network.

If you feel tired, nervous and out of sorts

—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and rundown . . . a frequent sign that your bloodcells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upraod today.

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Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

out. I lit a fire and sat there, trying to figure out where I was at.

I knew where I was at, of course. I was standing right on the deep end, looking over the edge, and I kept telling myself to get out of there, and get quick, and never come back.

But that was what I kept telling myself. What I was doing was peeping over that edge, and all the time I was trying to pull away from it there was something in me that kept edging a little closer, trying to get a better look.

A little before nine the bell rang. I knew who it was as soon as I heard it. She was standing there in a raincoat and a little rubber swimming cap, with the raindrops shining over her freckles.

When I got her peeled off she was in sweater and slacks, just a dumb Hollywood outfit, but it looked different on her. I brought her to the fire and she sat down. I sat down beside her.

"How did you get my address?" It jumped out at me, even then, that I didn't want her calling my office asking questions about me.

"Phone book."

"Oh."

"Surprised?"

"No."

"Well, I like that. I never heard such conceit."

"Your husband out?"

"Long Beach. They're putting down a new well. Three shifts. He had to go down. So I hopped on a bus. I think you might say you're glad to see me."

"Great place, Long Beach."

"I told Lola I was going to a picture show."

"Who's Lola?"

"My stepdaughter."

"Young?"

"Nineteen. Well, *are* you glad to see me?"

"Yeah, sure. Why, wasn't I expecting you?"

WE talked about how wet it was out and how we hoped it didn't turn into a flood, like it did the night before New Year's, 1934, and how I would run her back in the car. Then she looked in the fire a while. "I lost my head this afternoon."

"Not much."

"A little."

"You sorry?"

"A little. I've never done that before—since I've been married. That's why I came down."

"You act like something really happened."

"Something did. I lost my head. Isn't that something?"

"Well—so what?"

"I just wanted to say—"

"You didn't mean it."

"No. I did mean it. If I hadn't meant it I wouldn't have had to come down. But I do want to say that I won't ever mean it again."

"You sure?"

"Quite sure."

"We ought to try and see."

"No—please. . . . You see, I love my husband. More, here lately, than ever."

I looked into the fire a while then. I ought to quit while the quitting was good, I knew that. But that thing was in me, pushing me still closer to the edge.

And then I could feel it again—that she wasn't saying what she meant. It was the same as it was that first afternoon I met her—that there was something else besides what she was telling me.

And I couldn't shake it off that I had to call it on her.

"Why 'here lately'?"

"Oh—worry."

"YOU mean that down in the oil fields some rainy night a crown block is going to fall on your husband?" I said.

"Please don't talk like that."

"But that's the idea."

"Yes."

"I can understand. Especially with this setup."

"I don't quite know what you mean. What setup?"

"Why—a crown block will."

"Will what?"

"Fall on him."

"Please, Mr. Huff, I asked you not to talk like that. It's not a laughing matter. It's got me worried sick. . . . What makes you say that?"

"*You're* going to drop a crown block *on* him."

"I—*what!*"

"Well, you know, maybe not a crown block. But something. Something that's accidentally on purpose going to fall on him, and then he'll be dead."

It nailed her between the eyes and they flickered. It was a minute before she said anything. She had to put on an act, and she was caught by surprise, and she didn't know how to do it.

"Are you—joking?"

"No."

"You must be. Or you must be crazy. Why, I never heard of such a thing in my life!"

"I'm not crazy, and I'm not joking, and you've heard of such a thing in your life, because it's all you've thought of since you met me, and it's what you came down here for tonight."

"I'll not stay here and listen to such things!"

"O. K."

"I'm going."

"O. K."

"I'm going this minute."

"O. K."

So I ran away from the edge—didn't I?—and socked it into her so she knew what I meant, and left it so we could never go back to it again.

But how about that brink of the black abyss that Walter Huff feels he has drawn away from forever? Has he? Can he? Will Mrs. Nirdlinger accept his insult in silence? Read the next issue of Liberty for the most heart-gripping results of their fascinating and fateful contact.

FLYING BLIND

Liberty's Short Short

by EDWARD SHENTON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

SQUALLS of rain on a bitter autumn wind swept across Center Airport. The pilot of Flight 5, westbound at 8.30 P.M. for Chicago, came out of the weatherman's office and ran to where the plane waited at the end of the canopied passenger walk.

The stewardess stood just inside the fuselage door, out of the rain. The pilot's eyes sought her face. She said, "Not yet." Her voice held an overtone of nervousness.

The pilot went forward to the control cockpit without glancing at the three or four passengers already seated. The co-pilot looked up, and the pilot said in an obviously casual voice:

"Hasn't come yet."

"Think she won't?"

"Looks that way. Damn funny."

"Be the first time she's missed, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah—since last March."

The pilot sat down, slid the window beside him open, and stared out. Rain spattered in and wet his face. He told himself that he was acting like a damn superstitious fool, but he could not drag his eyes away from the lighted doors of the waiting room at the far end of the canopy.

The dispatcher's voice on the radio said:

"Flight Five, take the main runway. Got it?"

"Main runway," repeated the pilot. "O.K." He added, without looking at his assistant, "Take her over," and reached for brake lever and engine throttles.

A figure in uniform came running along the walk to the plane.

"Hold it!" he called. The pilot could see the man grinning, and something inside him relaxed suddenly.

The girl, wrapped in a camel's-hair coat, came out of the waiting room, walking swiftly, her hand resting lightly on the arm of a plump elderly woman. Her wide gentle mouth was smiling a little. Her eyes were fixed intently in the direction of the plane. It was almost impossible to believe that she was blind.

The stewardess descended from the plane and went to meet her, saying, "Good evening, Miss Marberry."

The girl turned her head toward the sound of the voice, said, "Good evening," and groped with her hand. The plump woman with her asked, "You'll be all right, Miss Marberry? You'll let me know when you're returning?" in the manner of having spoken the words many times.

"Yes, indeed, Martha."

The stewardess said, "Careful, the steps are slippery."

The girl laughed. The sound of her laughter was clear and gay, with a strange vague hint of excitement.

"It's a bad night, isn't it?" she said.

"Oh, just average," the stewardess replied cheerfully. "But you like rough weather, Miss Marberry."

"Yes," the girl said. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

The stewardess guided her to her seat.

When they were up, plowing steadily west into the muck of rain and wind, the pilot's thoughts turned to the girl, as they did always when she was aboard. To him and to all the pilots on the line she was a figure of mystery. She had appeared first with her elderly companion on a wild March night and ridden to Chicago, the only passenger. She had not spoken during the entire trip, except a brief "yes" or "no" to questions from the stewardess. She sat tensely, as though frightened—or anticipating. At Chicago a chauffeur met her, helped her into a large sedan, and departed.

After that, whenever the weather turned bad, she appeared. Twice, when there had been spells of fog and storm, she made the round trip several times in succession.

"I guess it gives her a thrill," the pilot thought.

He shook his head over the puzzle and put it out of his mind. The storm was growing worse. They ran into snow and bursts of hail. Still he did not worry, not until, with the glow of Chicago faintly visible through the murk, in the midst of a vicious whirling of sleet and rain, the port motor conked. Then the ship skidded, the needles on the instrument dials went suddenly crazy, and sweat came out all over his body.

The careening of the plane threw the girl hard against the safety belt. She felt the stewardess's hand on her shoulder and, with the acute perception of the blind, sensed fear in the fingers.

"It's perfectly all right," the stewardess said reassuringly. "You mustn't be scared."

"I'm not," the girl said. "Not a bit."

She tried to keep her voice calm, but it rang exultantly. She sat erect, her breathing quick and excited as though she were hurrying joyously toward something. She sensed the struggle of the ship, with half its power gone, sliding, recovering, falling again, until the blundering effort resolved into a long swift plunge down, gathering speed; down, hurtling toward the iron-hard earth; down . . . down . . .

The girl's heart gave a great leap. She flung out her arms as though to welcome the rending impact of plane and ground.

THE dive flattened to a smooth gliding rush; the wheels touched on the concrete runway; the roaring flight became a lumbering, bumping crawl to a stop.

The girl sat perfectly rigid. She heard the voice of the pilot calling from the height of the cockpit to some one beside the plane.

"Boy," he said, "it sure looked bad, but I knew we'd make it. We had our guardian angel along."

The girl pressed her hands to her blind eyes. So that was how they regarded her—guardian against storm and disaster. When in reality . . . A shuddering silent laughter, like the pangs of an unwilling rebirth, wrenched at her. . . . Since that terrible day, a year ago, when her sight had been destroyed by illness . . . and she knew she could not go on living. . . . Nor could she deliberately kill herself . . . but only seek a way to fall through her darkness into the eternal dark. . . .

The stewardess touched her arm.

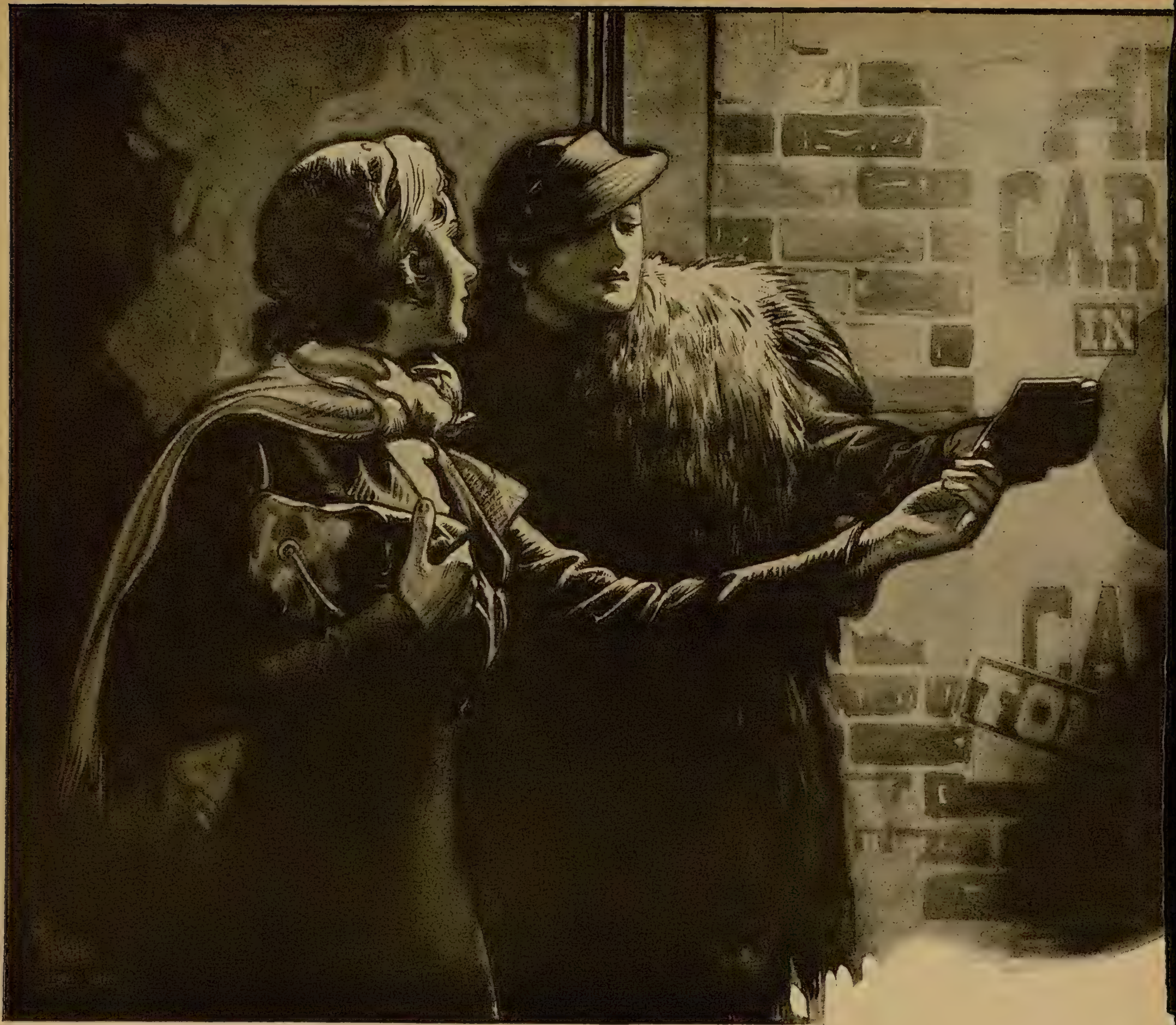
"Your chauffeur is outside, Miss Marberry," she said. "I hope our little adventure didn't upset you. It wasn't anything, you know."

The girl drew a deep breath. It seemed to her that she was no longer groping in emptiness, shut away from the world and all it held. Suddenly the earth was peopled again, and although she could never see them, she could hear their warm understanding voices, and feel their hands, gentle and friendly.

She turned toward the stewardess, and her face was composed and resolute—and a little sad.

"Oh, yes it was," she said. "It was like finding the solid earth after you've been—flying blind."

THE END



READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

CAMILLE had just died. She had just died exquisitely and fragilely on a couch draped in pale flesh-colored chiffon. Her billowing negligee was of the same material, so that as she sank to death she melted into a roseate cloud, leaving only the ivory face in its frame of shining onyx hair to move a huge audience to sobs, followed by silence, followed by applause that shook the rafters of the Opera House.

Hilda Carstairs raised herself from the couch. As the curtain went up repeatedly, she bowed, her eyes liquid as pools under a black sky, a handkerchief clutched in one hand and the other at her long white throat. She drooped a little, as befitted a popular emotional actress who has gone through the agonies of slow extinction for an entire act. Hilda looked very lovely drooping. She tore at men's hearts and made women yearn to know the secret of her eternal youth.

Hilda Carstairs had kept Camille in her repertoire of parts for years beyond those she cared to count. She was a star who had adapted herself to Broadway's present leaning toward the more brutally modern in drama. Yet on the road she clung to the vapors of the Dumas heroine. Camille never failed to move audiences in smaller cities. For one-night stands she was the inevitable choice.

The painted canvas curtain finally fell to rest. Hilda gathered billowing chiffons over an arm and picked her way among backstage debris. The star's dressing room was the usual high-ceilinged, cobweb-corniced, dirty-walled cubicle in the cave of the average provincial theater. To the chant of gurgling steam pipes Hilda dropped on a chair. She buried her face in square capable hands made frail by much whitening and fingers elongated with artfully applied shadows.

"I'm so tired," she sighed.

Narcisse Jordan, her wise dusky attendant, was familiar with this performance. She knew that when Hilda repeated "I'm so tired" with a faint sob, that was the cue to reach for the Eau de Cologne and begin to sop Hilda's high white forehead and murmur sympathetic endearments of the mammy type.

Narcisse was in the midst of sopping when a knock came. Narcisse knew there would be a knock. This she could have cued in as accurately as the Eau de Cologne. She could also have told in advance that Hilda would smear powder on her already pallid cheeks before she murmured, "Come in."

The young man who followed the knock brought a blaze of vitality into the drab room, not through his youth alone, nor his good looks, but rather a quality in himself that radiated warmth.

Paul Rankin, twenty-eight, big, smiling, and efficient, was company manager for Hilda's road tour that season, playing small parts while he kept the troupe at their best, like the hub of a wheel holding the spokes in place. Hilda had selected him less with an eye to his ability

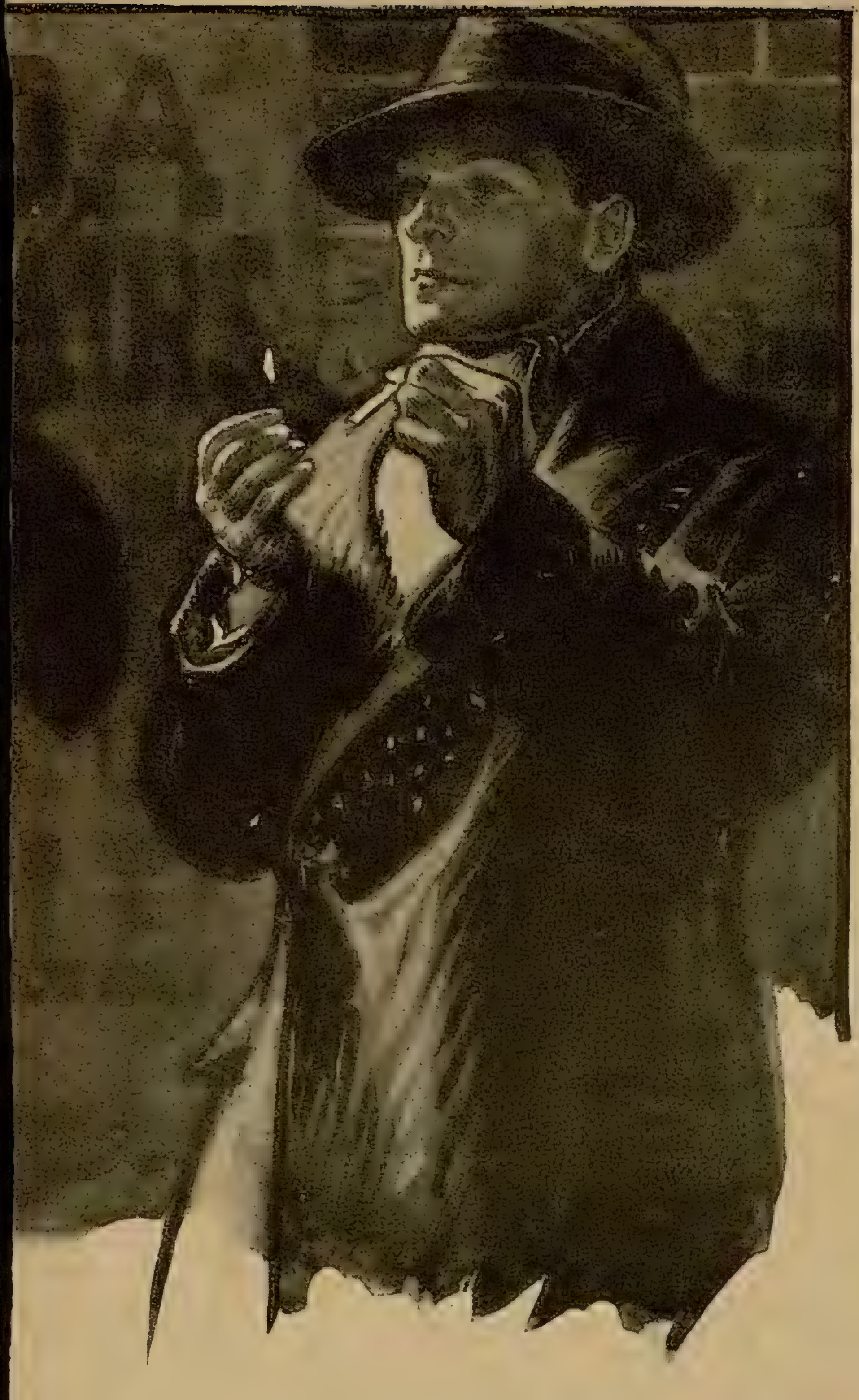
PORTRAIT of CAMILLE

A Vivid, Surprising Story of the Footlights' Glare, the Glow of Youth, and a Beauty's Last Look at Love

by

RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN



The girl laughed hysterically. "I brought an identification tag." She fumbled in her bag and took out a snapshot.

than with secret appreciation that six feet of bristling strength would be pleasant to have around on a long and boring tour. His ability, displayed during months of travel, proved an added satisfaction.

Tonight, in answer to her faint "Come in," Paul found her with head tilted back against the wall and deep-shadowed lids screening eyes as impenetrable as a dark forest. Her face was the white of the handkerchief still clutched tight.

"Headache?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I'm all right," Hilda reassured him while Narcisse continued to sop her forehead. "I'm a fool to give so much of myself night after night."

"That's how you hold them. That's the spark makes them burn."

"But it's the way I do everything, Paul," said Hilda listlessly. "I give so much more than I have a right to."

Paul took the cotton soaked with Eau de Cologne from the black fingers of Narcisse and tossed it aside. He laid a hand across Hilda's forehead. She felt the tingle of electricity against her temples.

"Hurry and get her dressed," he told Narcisse. "I'll be back in ten minutes and take her over to the hotel. She won't have more than five hours' sleep, at best."

"I suppose we leave at the crack of dawn?"

"Seven. But we'll make Buffalo tomorrow night. That means a week of decent accommodations."

Hilda let her gaze rest on his rough brown hair, eyes that seemed blue flame, tan skin pulled smooth as a kid glove over high cheekbones and prominent jaw. Not a line, not a sign of fatigue after the labors and responsibilities of all these months! Doubled like a jackknife, he could lunch in the seat of a filthy day coach and sleep like a baby, sometimes all night, often for only a few hours. Yet always morning found him hitting on all twelve, a high-powered machine. And this young dynamo was in love with her.

Hilda thoroughly enjoyed having men under thirty in love with her but took care never to permit herself to become involved. Basking in Paul's devotion was like resting on a sun-baked beach under a gay-colored parasol: She had all the warmth and no glare. She gave herself the role of dependence and played it with such consummate skill that he had neither time nor inclination to ask himself how Hilda had got along when the management of her company had not been in his hands.

As he flashed out of the room, Hilda's lips relaxed in a slow smile. She knew that with very little maneuvering she could harness his strength with marriage. But that, of course, would be fatal. The instant Paul was her husband, he would cease to be her slave. She had witnessed too many women, even glamorous ones, endure the idiocy or misery or both of clinging resolutely to young husbands. Paul never thought of the disparity in years. Hilda had no intention of letting him gauge it in the intimacy of living under the same roof. In the dim past she had known a brief experience of connubial bliss with Frank Carstairs, an English actor who loved liquor as much as Hilda loved him. His death had freed her. She intended to remain free.

And there was another equally important consideration. The press. She could visualize headlines: "Hilda Carstairs Weds Her Young Manager." There would follow a long list, far too long, of plays in which she had starred. No, not under any circumstances! She knew when she was well off.

When Paul returned, she linked her arm in his.

"What would I do without you?" she sighed.

As they stepped from the stage door a girl laid her hand on Hilda's arm.

"Excuse me, Miss Carstairs, may I speak to you a moment?"

Hilda peered down through the dusky alley haze.

"You don't remember me," the girl's voice throbbed with excitement. "I'm your sister, Jane. Jane Fleming."

Still Hilda said nothing.

"This young lady wanted to see you after the show," Paul explained impatiently. "I told her it was impossible."

The girl laughed a bit hysterically.

"I couldn't tell him who I am. He'd have thought I was bluffing. You do, too. I'm not surprised. But I brought an identification tag." She fumbled in her bulging handbag and took out a snapshot. "That's the way I looked when you saw me last."

Hilda moved under the electric light. A chubby child of about twelve grinned up at her from under a tangle of dark curls. There was a plump pup under one arm. The background was an apple tree.

"Don't you remember?" came wistfully. "You took that picture the last time you were home."

Hilda laid hands on the girl's shoulders and drew her under the light. In the two silhouetted faces the resemblance was unmistakable. The same fine outline of profile, the same glowing dark eyes. The girl was awkward in her youthful height, and there was no sign of the inscrutable, nothing of the challenging mystery that distinguished Hilda Carstairs. Her complexion held the pink of an azalea blossom; her brown hair under the navy-blue felt hat was a tangle of short curls; her chin had a deep cleft, and her firm red mouth a strange little lift at one corner as though laughter always lurked there. She wore a cheap rough wool coat, the same navy as her hat. At her throat a white wool scarf was loosely knotted.

Hilda looked up and her gaze arrested Paul's as it swept in amazement over the two faces.

"My little sister," she announced in her hungry voice. "My little sister, and I didn't even know her! Jane, this is my manager, Mr. Paul Rankin."

They shook hands.

"I'm so thrilled," Jane Fleming said huskily, "seeing Hilda after all these years. I know some people living here and invited myself for a visit just to get a look at her. I traveled all night—"

"Suppose we go to the hotel," Hilda interrupted, "and have supper."

DURING the short drive she sat silently estimating this unexpected advent of a member of her family. It was so long since she had even thought of them except in the most casual fashion—Hilda was casual about all interests outside of herself—so long since she had visited the Midwest town where her mother and father and little Jane lived, and tonight the sight of the child grown to young womanhood had been a shock that made her dizzy. She listened to the girl beside her chatting with Paul, who, in the small seat across from them, had difficulty in keeping his long legs from collision with Jane's.

"My job is typist in our one and only department store," she was saying. "In New York you'd call it secretarial work, wouldn't you?"

"How long have you been out of school?" Paul asked.

"Ages. I'm twenty, you know."

From under lowered lids Hilda watched Paul.

"How come," she could almost hear him think, "Hilda never even mentioned this girl?"

She did not particularly like the look. It had an unconscious element of the critical.

When they reached the hotel she had decided that she was too tired for supper. Paul must be tired, too. She told him to run along and snatch a few winks of sleep.

"I'll take Jane up to my room." And to Jane: "We'll telephone your friends that you're stopping overnight with me. I leave at the crack of dawn and this is our only chance."

"Seems a pity," suggested Paul, "that Miss Fleming should travel such a distance and lose you so quickly. Why can't she make the trip with us tomorrow and spend the week in Buffalo?"

"Oh, if only I could!" Jane Fleming's eyes held the radiance of suddenly lighted lamps.

"Can't see why not." Paul had a way of settling matters without parley. "Will your boss let you off?"

"That's charming but impractical, Paul," Hilda broke in, and her lips had gone thin. "It's ridiculous to think Jane could take a holiday without the slightest preparation. You forget she's not accustomed, like us, to switch plans at a minute's notice."

"Oh, but I'd love to!" Jane assured her. "Things are all fixed at home for me to stay away two weeks. I'm taking my vacation now instead of this summer. And to take it with you, Hilda! I never dreamed—"

"Good!" said Paul, obviously under the impression that Hilda's sole objection had been met. "All you have to do is dash over to your friend's house and pack your bag."

"That won't take long," laughed Jane Fleming. "I travel light."

THEY got off the train the following night to find Buffalo a white city incased in ice. Something of the same freezing stillness gripped Hilda. She knew it was fear. She could not define what she feared.

Jane had spent most of the journey with her in the drawing room which Narcisse transformed with mauve silken pillows and coverlet, and scent crystals to absorb the smell of dust. Jane, in navy-blue sweater and skirt, her tawny brown hair rumpled, eyes dancing, and excitement playing tag with her lips, sat tailor fashion, with legs crossed under her. Hilda, stretched on the sofa, studied her in the glare of daylight and saw how lovely she was. No make-up was necessary. She was completely herself, this girl who had catapulted across the stage of Hilda Carstairs's life—a self that seemed to beckon from Hilda's own youth with the sad, gay unconsciousness that it must one day be replaced with counterfeit.

"Our star's little sister," Paul had announced to the company as they boarded the train. "She's trouping with us for a while."

Absurdly enough, Hilda had fancied a possessive note in his voice. He had spent most of the day in and out of the compartment, bringing them candy, magazines, books. He had assumed that he would take Jane to the diner for lunch and dinner—on trains the star always ate alone; but this trip Hilda decided she wanted Jane with her.

Jane was happy enough; content to sit at the feet of the famous actress she had always claimed with such pride, yet for so long had had to worship from afar. Hilda asked questions about her life at home.

"Mother's an angel," Jane told her. "Though often she's a bit apologetic, as if I'd been an accident that shouldn't have happened so late. Dad is a grand old boy. He's not very strong these days, but there's a twinkle that won't die until he does. They keep a book of clippings about you, Hilda."

Like flashbacks, Hilda glimpsed the few occasions in the past twenty years, when she had seen her parents: Saying good-by on the station platform when they had moved from an upstate town in New York to their present home; Mrs. Fleming holding tiny Jane in her arms while tears chased down her cheeks because she must leave Hilda to the drunken frenzies of Frank Carstairs. Saying hello on her first visit to them a year later, when Christmas saw Hilda without a job or a roof over her head and Frank Carstairs dying in the free ward of a hospital. With success had come more intermittent visits. The final one, when she had taken the snapshot, had left an unpleasant impression: the persistent vision of her mother with skin taking on the fine lines and hue of parchment. It seemed to mirror a prophecy. Hilda Carstairs had never gone back.

Now Jane, with her lustrous youth, was a reminder. With a sting of terror that was like the flick of a whip, Hilda wondered how much longer she would be able to create behind the footlights the illusion of a languishing Camille in her twenties. The immediate answer was, "As long as I am conscious of my own power." It was not age in her body she feared, but age in her soul.

As they stepped from the train in Buffalo, Paul guided her over the ice-caked platform, letting Jane shift for herself. His solicitude was habitual, but tonight it annoyed Hilda.

At the hotel he registered and attended to disposal of their baggage. Then he suggested supper.

"I could eat nails. How about you, Jane?"

"Anything Hilda says. But I am famished."

Hilda wanted above all things to go to bed. Always when she arrived in a city late on Sunday, she gave herself the luxury of complete rest until the curtain rose Monday night. Tonight, however, she decided she was hungry. She watched them punish two heaping plates of spaghetti and cheese while she toyed with a fruit salad—no mayonnaise, please!

The dining-room orchestra launched a popular melody. Couples glided on to the small square of polished floor.

"Dance?" suggested Paul to Jane.

For a while they talked, Jane's head thrown back, his bent. Gradually the music sank to a croon. Paul drew the girl closer and silence settled between them. Their bodies moved as one. Jane was tall and seemed made to fit in his arms. Hilda looked away.

THEY returned to the table and ordered ice cream. Ice cream and chocolate layer cake. Hilda sickened as she recalled the spaghetti and cheese. Paul talked about play production, about Broadway. Jane asked how long he had been in the theater.

"Broke out with stage fever when I was at college. My father is a Boston doctor and he treated it like a case of hives. Thought I'd get over the itch and study medicine. But I'm in this game to learn it from every angle. I've been stagehand, property man, actor. This summer, with another fellow, I'm going to operate a stock company on Long Island."

It struck Hilda that in a few minutes he had given Jane more personal information than she had learned in all the months of their association. It did not strike her that she had never been sufficiently interested to ask Paul about himself.

When they went up to the suite of two bedrooms with parlor between, Hilda laid a caressing arm about the girl's shoulders. She said softly to Paul:

"Tomorrow I must take this little hick shopping. Clothes—cartloads." And, as he started to protest that she would wear herself out: "Don't be silly. I'm top-hole—never better."

She kissed Jane and dismissed her toward the smaller bedroom. Jane turned.

"Good night, Paul," was all she said, but Hilda felt in the casual words and in his answer of "S'long, Jane. Pleasant dreams," an undertow of excitement tugging at their voices.

Suddenly she was frantic at the

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thought of losing Paul. She must hold his adoration at any cost. Lose him and she would lose her youth.

All the next day she kept them apart. Jane was whisked about the shops, trying on dresses, hats, coats, until her legs folded and her feet ached. She hated the childish frilly clothes Hilda selected. She was accustomed to shirtwaists and sweaters, skirts that wrapped simply around her; plain things suited both to her purse and figure. In furbelows she felt a fool, but she would have died rather than offend Hilda. She did not guess that Hilda deliberately wanted her to look and feel ridiculous.

That night at the theater she had on a wine-red velvet dress full at the hips and topped with a wide lace collar. On the long puffed sleeves lace cuffs persistently got in her way. She walked uncomfortably in bronze pumps with spike heels like stilts.

" Hello, Cinderella," Paul greeted her.

" You're wrong," Jane grinned back. " Six and a half, and glass slippers don't come that size."

" Where have you been keeping yourself? I stopped in to take you to lunch, and the bird had flown."

" Hopping from branch to branch acquiring new feathers."

Paul's gaze, warming to her, went from her clothes to the lovely face and lingered there. He laid an arm about her shoulders.

" Want to take in the show from the wings? "

Balancing on spike heels, Jane watched Hilda's performance. She watched it with the lamp glow in her eyes.

When they returned to the hotel Hilda smilingly suggested that it might be wiser to sleep than dance. As the door closed between the girl and Paul, she sank into a deep cardinal chair. She was wearing a gray cloth gown that fastened from neck to hem with gray buttons. There was no other trimming. Gray sandals made her feet trim and slender. Red lips parted, onyx head against the red brocade, her white hand weighted with an onyx ring and hanging over the chair arm, she made a gracefully careless picture.

" You're the most exquisite thing in the world, Hilda," Paul said. " I love to look at you."

Hilda's eyelids drooped. This was what she wanted. Adulation in his eyes, blue flame that fed her sense of power.

" Aren't you about played out? " he added.

" Heavens, no. I've had a beautiful day, buying pretties for that sweet child. I wish she didn't look so gauche in them."

" Oh, Jane's easy to look at, no matter what she wears. Of course she hasn't your style or poise. But she's a lot like you, and maybe when she's your—" He stopped abruptly, flushing to his hair.

" Go on, say it! When she's my age," Hilda's teeth bit the word.

" Well, of course," Paul apologized, his face still crimson, " what I mean is, it takes maturity to develop beauty like yours."

THOUGH she laughed and said, " Of course," the comparison, unconscious on his part, played a tattoo in her brain all night, like the beat of raindrops on a windowpane, even through her sleep. She woke exhausted, and found to her amazement that it was two fifteen, a dazzling day.

Jane was nowhere about. Neither was Paul. But Narcisse, trundling in from the parlor, handed Hilda a note.

DARLING [she read]: I tiptoed in and you were sleeping like a baby, so I tiptoed out. Paul phoned at nine o'clock and asked if I'd like to see Niagara Falls. Would I! Think of going to Niagara without a honeymoon.

Don't worry about me. I'm in good hands.

Here's a good-morning kiss. I adore you.

JANE.

P. S. Paul and I are having breakfast together.

Strangely enough, it was the postscript that made her heart contract. Having breakfast together! Something so unthinking yet revealing in the phrase. Her own breakfast—orange juice, black coffee, dry toast—was taken in nunlike seclusion. Only Narcisse had ever seen her, propped in her pillows, before the lengthy ceremony of the day's make-up had been applied. And those two probably eating bacon and eggs or even buckwheat cakes; Jane unafraid of 9 A.M.; Paul opposite her in the intimacy which breakfast somehow generates. Hilda could not rid herself of the mocking picture.

Finally, under the ministrations of a masseuse, she dozed off. But after a time voices seeped through her fitful sleep. As her eyes opened lazily, the soft gray gauze of twilight lay beyond the half-open door to the parlor.

The voices came, hushed with a breathless quality, rich, warm as the earth under summer sun.

" It's been wonderful, Paul."

" Because you are."

" Wonderful? But I'm not a bit."

" Just because you *are*, I said. Because I've found you. Because everything is different, seeing it with you. How many times do you think I've looked at Niagara? Never anything but a waterfall until today."

" And today? "

" It's the gate to heaven. Jane—tell me something."

" Yes? "

" When you slipped and caught hold of me, I wanted to hold you and not let go. Did you want me to hold you? "

" Yes. Always."

" Jane—so dear. So—everything I want. Seems as if we'd always—"

Broken sentences followed by silence. Hilda could close her eyes and see what was happening, see his arms drawing Jane to him, their lips.

" WELL, you two tourists handed me a surprise," she called, giving them the chance to spring apart before she appeared in the doorway. " Have a good time? "

" Perfect! " Jane was radiant in her old clothes.

" Better run along, dear, and wash up. We'll have to hustle dinner. And, Paul, hurry over to the theater, will you? " Followed some unnecessary instructions that would keep him occupied until curtain time.

In her soul was panic, a strangled feeling of extinction. So it had come! The boy had relinquished slavery for dominance. It was Jane he wanted. Love for the girl, so much a replica of what she had been, replaced idol worship. It could happen like that, in just a few days, with the easy freedom between young people that so quickly bridges time.

" Don't you think it was unkind to sneak off without letting me know? " she asked at dinner.

The girl looked up from her plate—they were being served at Hilda's bedside—and gazed bewildered into the dark pools of Hilda's eyes.

" Sneak? We didn't do anything underhand."

" I don't mean Paul," corrected Hilda. " Of course he just wanted to keep you amused. But you, Jane—"

" But I came in here to tell you, and you were fast asleep."

" Weren't you just a little afraid that if you wakened me, I might go along? "

" I never thought of it."

" Of course not. You didn't mind how much you hurt me. You don't now."

" Hurt! Hilda—you know I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world."

Hilda's hand clenched on her handkerchief. She glanced away from the startled look that held more than tears.

" Perhaps you didn't realize how much," she brought out in low tones. " We'll let it go at that."

" No, we won't." Jane pushed aside her plate. " If I'd had any idea—"

" Never mind. There's no undoing what's done, is there? "

" What can't be undone, Hilda? Tell me! "

Hilda shook her head. She gave no answer.

" Please," the girl begged. " I can't bear to see you like this."

" If you want Paul," Hilda murmured, " why should I stand in your way? You two are nearer an age. It's only natural—"

"You don't mean"—the words had the sound of a muted bell. "Are you in love with Paul? Is that what you mean?"

Between them fell a curtain of silence. Presently Hilda spoke:

"Paul has been in love with me ever since we started on the road. I never took him seriously. I was afraid of making a fool of myself. He's so much younger—" She halted.

"But seeing him with me made you realize you love him? Is that it, Hilda? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

Hilda got out of bed and listlessly drew on a white velvet negligee, above which her face glistened pale as the moon.

"I must dress," she said.

"Hilda, you must answer!" Jane's hands closed on hers. They were like the ice that rapidly was melting from her own heart. "I've got to know. Your happiness means more—" Jane stopped abruptly.

"I am a fool," sighed Hilda. "Don't pay any attention to me."

Without another word, Jane stared at her. Hilda found it impossible to turn from the eyes which only a few minutes ago had been so alight.

At last the girl's mouth worked into a smile.

"I'd better call Narcisse or they'll be sending out an alarm from the theater." At the door she half-turned and flung over her shoulder, "You won't mind, Hilda, if I don't go with you tonight? I'm that tired!"

She did not wait for an answer. She did not look back. She went quickly and shut the door.

THAT night Hilda had a marvelous reception. She was playing Camille, and the heartbreak of the heroine's sacrifice for her beloved came across so poignantly that the house was roused to frank unashamed emotional response. She took the curtain calls, one hand at her white throat, handkerchief clutched in the other. It was almost more than she could bear. The dark pools of her eyes were wells unfathomable.

Paul escorted her back to the hotel and left her outside the suite.

"Don't wonder Jane was done in," She said. "I'm sort of that way myself."

Softly Hilda closed the door and crossed to her room. But on the way she paused. The central table held a vase of red roses. Like a white butterfly a card perched in their midst.

DEAR [was scrawled]: Guess I'm not such a good trouper, after all. Homesick. Beautiful holiday. Thanks.

JANE.

P. S. Had to sign for ticket money at the desk. Sending it back. I love you much.

Hilda went into the smaller bedroom. In the closet were the clothes she had bought. They hung in a reproachful row, frills to clown the girl's simplicity. No sign of Jane was left, not even a film of powder on the dresser. The place was in perfect

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order. As she had come like a comet, so she had vanished.

Again Hilda read the hasty lines. "I love you much." Those last four words she could not escape. Why were Jane's postscripts so potent?

In the morning she sent for Paul. She noticed at once that he looked worried.

"I know Jane's gone," he said. "They told me at the desk when I called early this morning that she had checked out. I thought that there must be some mistake. What's happened?"

Hilda handed him the card. He read the brief message. He read it more than once. Some time elapsed before he spoke. Then:

"Guess we didn't measure up. When you write, tell her I'm sorry."

That was all. Jaw set, eyes hard, voice harsh, but not another word. The same silence as Jane's. The same look, like an animal with a wound torn in his side.

Hilda wished she could forget that look. She wished she could forget it on Jane's face. But she couldn't. It haunted like the ghost of her youth. It arraigned her more eloquently than any words could have done. To satisfy vanity she had smashed two young lives. Useless to tell herself they would get over it. Useless to salve what she had done by assuring herself that love coming like lightning would go the same way.

Paul's face, his manner, told another story. He was hurt, more deeply than he would acknowledge even to himself. And he thought Jane was the one who had hurt him.

Hilda found sleep difficult these nights. She tossed restlessly. Even the sleeping powders she frequently depended on brought no relief. In the bright morning light her skin looked seared, like her mother's skin, like parchment. And this terrified her more than she permitted herself to measure; this as well as the deep hollows that framed dull eyes.

A letter from Jane did not help matters any. Such a cheerful letter that Hilda felt the tears with which it had been penned:

> What a hick you must think me, darling, leaving you flat! But I had a hankering for the old farm and knew I'd only make myself a nuisance if I stayed. Now I'm home, I look back on my visit with you as a sort of Arabian Nights dream. It can't ever have been really true, and yet I'll never forget it.
>
> Please tell Paul he was a brick to show me such a swell time. I ought to write and thank him, but you'll deliver the message, won't you? I do love you.
>
> Your JANE.

Jane hadn't even trusted herself to write to Paul; afraid she might say too much; afraid of revealing what a blow had been dealt her.

Hilda Carstairs was frankly unhappy—for the first time in years not because of something that had to do directly with herself. Often she had known the same twinge of misery when she had suffered for and with Frank Carstairs. Those had been the days when she loved some one more than herself. Did she love Jane in much the same way? Impossible! Why, she had had only three or four days with the girl! She must not let herself go sentimental.

On the train going to New York, the tour having ended, she handed Jane's letter without comment to Paul. He handed it back, also without comment. They were in Hilda's compartment and she rested with head among silken pillows, her eyes closing wearily. But they closed because Paul's expression was hard to face.

It was he who broke through the barrier to the thing paramount in the thoughts of both. He waited until after their arrival. When they were driving uptown in Hilda's car, he announced:

"I'm hopping a plane as soon as I see you on your doorstep."

The dense eyes Hilda turned upon him were troubled pools.

"You're not off on another job without a word to me?"

"No—I'm going to Jane. Thinking over the whole damned business, I know that something must have happened. She's not the sort to play a man for a sucker."

Hilda gripped his arm with both hands. If he went to Jane and they found out the truth, how the girl would hate her! Strangely enough, at the moment it was Jane she thought of.

"Don't go, Paul—please! She won't tell you why she left. I know she won't."

"We've got to have a showdown."

"Why? Why is it suddenly so important?"

"Important?" He gave a curt laugh. "I love her."

Hilda rested her head against the back of the seat. She felt as if her own white hands were throttling her.

"Paul—give me a few days. Please—just a few days more. You can't rush off this way. I must have your advice—your help for next season. You've made me so dependent on you."

It was impossible to escape the suspicion in his abrupt:

"All right. Tomorrow."

"But I'll be sleeping half the day. I'm so tired."

Not one in a thousand KNOWS...

There Are FOUR Kinds of Zero

by E. G. CONKLIN

O
FLORENTINE
CENTIGRADE
FAHRENHEIT

AND of the four, one is dead and one does not exist! And there's a puzzle for you! The next time you are peering out of a frost-covered window at your thermometer and you see that it reads 10 below zero, ask yourself—*what kind of zero?*

However, it doesn't mean that there are four kinds of *cold.* Oh, no. When it is cold, it is cold, and you couldn't change that. But during the development of science, men have picked on various ways to measure heat and cold, and they all differ.

The first, for instance, was figured out about 1500 A. D. Before that they knew it was cold—but not *how* cold. This first one we'll call the Florentine zero, since it was invented in Florence, Italy. And it is the dead one; it's not used any more. Here's how they made a scale of it: The heat of a cow's body was 100; and zero, if you please, was the coldest day in a certain winter! Nobody knows what that zero is on any modern scale; so it's dead as a doornail.

Next came a lad by the name of Fahrenheit; and he invented the thermometer we all use in America—and a highly *unscientific* thermometer it is, too! Fahrenheit, who died in 1736, chose for zero how cold it got in a pail of salted ice, and for 100 he used what he thought was human body heat — only the chap he used for a test must have had the 'flu or something, because his temperature was too high. Your normal temperature is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit.

Thirdly came the centigrade thermometer, the one the scientists use. Zero is freezing (32 degrees Fahrenheit) and 100 is boiling water (212 degrees Fahrenheit).

And yet all three of them are wrong! For the only genuine honest zero is absolute zero—and that doesn't exist! If it did, we would all be very dead. On the centigrade scale it measures minus 273 degrees—and at that point there is *absolutely no heat whatsoever,* and therefore, by scientific proof (why, I don't know), absolutely no matter at all, either. But such a state has never been reached—the state of absolute absence of matter—and so absolute zero, the real zero, is only imaginative.

So when you're looking out of your window and see your Fahrenheit thermometer reading 10 degrees below zero, you may remember that that is more than 200 degrees *hot* on the absolute scale!

Next—A Cubic Mile Equals Three Fiftieths of a Cubic Inch.

"See you at six. We can settle everything in an hour."

In the lovely mauve drawing room of her apartment Hilda Carstairs talked next day not of the season to follow but of years that were gone. Onyx head nested in orchid cushions, and a pale orchid chiffon tea gown trailing from shoulders that drooped slightly, she told him of Frank Carstairs. With voice throbbing she spoke of the early love that had embittered her.

"Nothing, I told myself, nothing must ever again entangle me emotionally. I had to hold on to my youth. If I let go of it, everything else would go—confidence in myself, my hold on audiences—everything." As when she played Camille, Hilda clutched tight her chiffon handkerchief. Her audience of one leaned forward, hands clasped between his knees. "It hasn't been easy, Paul. Can't you see I had to build a wall about myself? I had to keep Jane on the other side of it. I was selfish enough for that. I was even willing to let her go, to sacrifice you both because having her near made me feel old. It wasn't until she had gone that I realized how much I love her. As much as you do, Paul."

The handkerchief went to her eyes and she paused an instant. Then she swayed to her feet and toward the hallway like a frail goddess in a cloud of opalescent vapor.

"Dear," she called.

IN tweed skirt and brown sweater, with hair rumpled and eyes that shone through the dusk, Jane stepped across the threshold.

Paul strode the length of the drawing room in just a few steps. It was a scene such as Hilda had planned when she telegraphed for Jane the day before. It satisfied her theatrical sense, even to her own gesture that stopped him.

"She's my baby, mine and Frank Carstairs's," Hilda told him. "I gave her to my parents when she was an infant because I didn't want her brought up with a father who was a drunkard. After he died, I let things drift that way. It seemed easier to hoodwink others—and myself. Even Jane didn't know until she arrived today."

Jane turned shining eyes like a blaze of electricity on her.

"I never will believe that you're my mother, you beautiful young thing!"

"No," Hilda said throatily—"no, darling, not young any more. You're my youth. You and Paul. I'll live it all again through you two, and that will be more than compensation."

As they went into each other's arms, their image blurred.

Hilda trailed softly from the room. Even though they no longer knew where she was, it made a thrilling exit.

Never had Hilda Carstairs felt more within the character of Camille than at this moment.

THE END

I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by **Graham McNamee,** *Ace Radio and Sports Commentator*

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on!

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect to see 500 years from now.

These Gillette machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" in which a beam of light gauges sharpness with amazing accuracy.

But there are more wonders—more 25th-Century instruments—designed to make the finest razor blade that modern science and superlative skill can produce.

Can you imagine a hardening furnace room as cool and immaculate as an office . . . four-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch . . . microscopes that magnify an object 3,000 times . . . hardness testers that use diamonds, real square cut diamonds . . . an X-ray-like machine that "sees" through steel . . . abrasives as fine as cake flour!

With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

With facts like these before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The FACTS About America's Newest Craze — How an Amazing Crime Syndicate Takes Tribute from the Sport of Kings

RACE

A BILLION-DOLLAR RACKET

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AMONG the nation's major industries, though unrecognized as such, is one that has rushed to the fore in the last few years. Its 1935 volume ran well over a billion dollars, half legal, half illegal; yet its yield in revenue to state and federal governments is comparatively negligible.

Behind a gay and colorful façade of society and sportsmen, it is operated by super-racketeers who shrewdly cater to the desire of Americans for easy money, and who divert to their own pockets the profits of an industry which, if properly taxed, might well bring to the United States Treasury $100,000,000 a year.

What is this billion-dollar shell game that has developed into America's newest craze, that is freely given pages (not columns) in metropolitan newspapers from Maine to California, that is shrewdly ballyhooed over the radio, and that has lured a following of 10,000,000 paying consumers?

Betting on the horse races.

Nothing new, its growth in the last three years has been sensational. In that time the number of states where legal betting is permitted at race tracks has jumped from seven to twenty-seven, thanks to liberal sentiment and the hope of the states for more revenue; the number of tracks has increased proportionately, and so has the volume of betting.

But there are two kinds of bets, and therein lies the story of graft and murder—the old tale, brought up to date, of an interlocking crime syndicate operating from coast to coast, with perfect political connections everywhere, with first-class legal advice, and with the usual squad of gorillas that wipe out rivals, dope horses, fix races, or perform other deadly chores assigned.

Betting is:

1. Legal when you bet at a track in any of the twenty-seven states.

2. Illegal when you take the same money across the street to a handbook (bookmaker) and make precisely the same bet. For this you are liable to arrest.

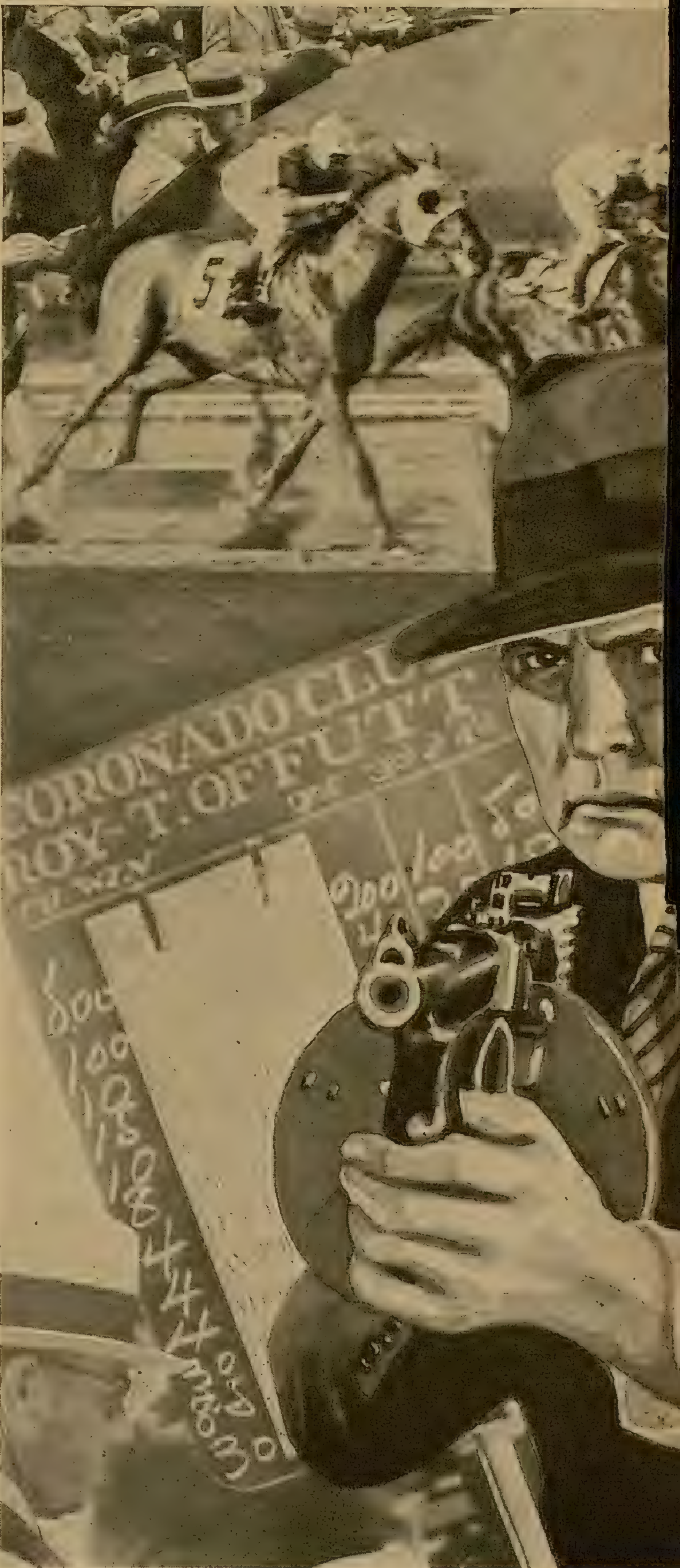
Because of this anomaly, the racketeers have riveted their control on the racing game, which they use, not for itself as either sport or business, but for the huge profits from illicit gambling, conservatively placed at $50,000,000 a year net.

How and why? Let's see how these two branches of betting, legal and illegal, dovetail in actual operation.

Suppose you journey to any one of the ninety-seven tracks on the continent some afternoon with the hope of making pin money. Large and lively, the crowd is backboned with tweedy men and weedy touts; the band is playing and the air crackles with excitement.

Under yonder grandstand are long queues in front of a line of windows flanked by boards. The boards display the horses entered in the race; opposite the horse's name is an amount, constantly changing, showing the sum bet on that entry. This battery of enormous cash registers are the pari-mutuel machines. They take the bets of you and your fellow players, skim off 10 per cent of the total at once, and throw the rest in a pool from which the winners are paid in proportion.

As a rough example: If you bet ten dollars on a horse to win, and the followers of the other horses in that race bet a total of ninety dollars on their selections, that adds up to $100. Of this the track deducts 10 per cent, leaving



TRACKS:

by DAYTON STODDART

WITH MURDER ON THE SIDE

ninety dollars in the pool. If your horse wins, you get the ninety dollars. That's the principle. The 10 per cent seems a high tariff, and it is—higher by far than that in roulette, stuss, faro, or other gambling games. What it means is that if you keep on betting, your original capital will be exhausted in eleven rounds. (The mathematics are tricky; it's eleven, not ten.) If the state got all of this, well and good, but it doesn't; it gets only 3½ per cent, while the track takes 6½ per cent.

However, you are out for a good time and it makes no difference to you at the moment whether the state gets all or nothing. You have picked your horse, either through buying a "hot tip" from some tout or from your own hunch, and you thrust a ten-dollar bill through the mutuel window and receive a ticket in return.

You are now a private in the army of 10,000,000 who bet regularly on the races, though you are distinguished from two thirds of them because these bet without ever seeing a race. And you now have an invisible connection with every one of the 60,000 bookmakers throughout the country. Your wager not only helps to influence the odds slightly, but your presence at the track helps illegal gambling in the handbooks, on the principle that the more people infected with the racing craze, the better it is for the handbooks. For every dollar bet at the tracks, slightly more than a dollar is bet illicitly, a Chicago survey shows.

With these things you are not concerned. Your ten dollars is on a horse to win. But how do you know he will, even if his "form" shows he should? As recently as last September, United States Commissioner of Narcotics H. J. Anslinger again had to warn state racing commissioners that his bureau would step in to stop doping of horses, still widespread despite pledges that it would be ended. "Too often," he observed, "horse races are to see who is the best chemist, not which is the best horse."

THIS has no connection perhaps with your race. Your horse wins or loses honestly, without "fixing" or doping. Even if the race was on the level, the funny work already had begun and you didn't get as large odds as you should have, thanks to "comeback money."

"Comeback money" is the huge amount wired in to the race track from handbooks throughout the country through the central clearinghouse of the racing syndicate. If $20,000 is bet, let's say, in Detroit handbooks on a favorite whose odds are quoted at 2 to 1, all (or a large part) of the $20,000 is wired to the track to manipulate the prices and batter them down, so the bettor is lucky if he gets even money. Manipulation of "comeback money" is an art in itself, and has made many a millionaire in the racing racket.

The race is over; you know the results. Your fellow bettors throughout the country don't. To them the news must be flashed as rapidly as possible—obviously by telephone or telegraph. But "wire privileges" at all but a few tracks are restricted to one racing news bureau and its affiliates, who have a monopoly of the business. By wire the complicated racing charts are sped to newspapers throughout the country. That is legal. But through subsidiaries the same results are rushed simultaneously to all the nation's bookmakers. This is illegal. And this is where the enormous profits lie.

Recently, under the guise of a loud-speaking news ticker, barrooms and clubs and restaurants have been equipped with a new device that also broadcasts sports news. But if you listen you'll find that virtually all the

"My Dodge Will Cost Less—

Than Small Car"—Says CHARLOTTE WARD of New York

I am getting over 19 miles per gallon of gas from my new Dodge Beauty-Winner.

It is consuming at least 18% less oil. So far I have not had to spend a single cent on upkeep.

I have figured out these savings very carefully . . . and I know that my big Dodge Beauty-Winner will cost me less than a small competitive car based on gas, oil and upkeep savings the first year alone.

Mrs. Ward's experience with her big, new, Money-Saving Dodge confirms the happy experience of Dodge owners in all parts of the country, who report 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas and savings up to 20% on oil.

DODGE

NEW LOW FIRST COST

NOW ONLY $640 and up, List Prices at Factory, Detroit

And under the new Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment Plan, Dodge is *now so easy to pay for!*

"news" is about racing, with results of each race as fast as they come in and with the prices the winning horses paid.

The idea back of this is sound: it's not only to sell more and more people the habit of betting but also to stimulate them into betting on as many races daily as they can—always the hallmark of a chump.

This sports news service, needless to say, is controlled by the monopoly, who arrange for its installation for fifteen dollars or less a month. They could do it for nothing and profit, since it feeds into their other activities.

But let's follow the flash on your race into one of the larger of the country's 60,000 bookmakers. It's a fair-sized establishment with room for a hundred or more to lounge. There are easy chairs for comfort, a couple of windows to take bets, and the cashier's cage where you'll be paid off if your horse wins. There may be free whisky—anything to put you in an expansive mood, calculated to make you bet more heavily.

The loud-speaker drones: "Third at Pimlico. At the quarter, Chillad by a half-length over Proteus. Currants a head behind. At the stretch, Chillad by three lengths over Hidden Dust, with Don Romiro third. At the finish, Hidden Dust by a head, Chillad second by four lengths over Don Romiro. Hidden Dust pays twenty-four forty to win, eight fifty to place, and four dollars to show."

In booming tones, sometimes catching the excitement of a close race, the voice rolls on, and you take the opportunity to glance at a long wall completely covered with charts. On these are shown the horses entered in all races at all tracks, together with the possible betting odds. As fast as the results come in, they are scribbled on the charts. These charts are large squares of ruled paper; they are called "run-down" sheets. They are worth three cents at the most; your bookmaker pays as high as fifty cents apiece for them.

WHY? Because he has to buy them from one firm, and if he doesn't his sports news service will be shut off by the racing monopoly. In that event, he might as well close down for good. The connection becomes obvious when you learn that the monopoly also is closely associated with the printing firm that turns out the "run-down" sheets, in addition to racing badges, programs, and tickets.

Last winter, during a lawsuit brought by an ousted partner of the printing firm, the president of the concern was unwittingly the most honest fellow of the year. He refused to answer a question in court on the ground that he might "intimidate" himself. Being of the inner clique of the monopoly, he was in a position to know.

As you can't run a bookmaking establishment without police protection, the syndicate arranges that for you the same as it does the wire service. This carry-over feature of the prohibition era is significant because:

a. It cements the hold of an outlaw monopoly in the best Capone fashion.

b. It indicates ironclad political connections who can guarantee a "fix" against police interference.

In some cities—Baltimore notably—once the "fix" had been arranged, the price for wire service to bookmakers was doubled at once. Indignant protests from some of the bookmakers resulted in police raids—on themselves. Having learned their lesson, they continued operating at a reduced profit, after being squeezed by the middlemen of racing, who alone rake in millions in profits yearly.

Alone? The monopoly alone makes money consistently out of racing. Owners of racing stables don't. Some do it for sport; some with the satisfaction of feeling they're helping the government by improving the breed of horses. But only those who can afford to disregard the cost can carry the burden of a racing stable. Colonel E. R. Bradley, whose horses have won well over $2,000,000 in purses during his many years of racing, says his horses keep him poor and he really can't afford to race. His experience is typical.

BUT how about the tracks themselves? Don't they make money? Usually they coin money when they're opened up in new territory. After the craze dies down they're lucky to break even or lose just a little. Legalized oral betting was a pulmotor for the New York tracks this year; the betting phrase means you are allowed to bet with a bookmaker at the track only. It is the lone state where this holds, the other twenty-six having mutuel machines. Elsewhere—in Maryland, Illinois, and Kentucky, all old territory—the answer is given in dwindling purses offered in the stake races of recent years. The tracks can't afford to give big purses because they've lost money. All except one Illinois track lost money in 1934, and one of the four Maryland tracks is reported to be partly subsidized by the racing news bureau, whose tentacles are everywhere. But this simply means that the track in question is not operated for racing as a sport but for the "wire privileges" and the profits therefrom.

In virgin territory the novelty of racing naturally brings huge dividends. When Rockingham opened in New Hampshire, just across the Massachusetts state line, it drew from Boston, Lynn, Lowell, and other large cities; and so it was, too, with Narragansett, in Rhode Island, which levied on Providence and Pawtucket as well as Boston. Both tracks paid off their initial investment within a year and have since operated "on velvet."

Indeed, Narragansett set a world's record last fall when its thirty-day racing meet drew $13,728,368 through the mutuel machines. With the spring meeting at this same track, the betting was likewise heavy, so that from sixty days of racing the State of Rhode Island collected $862,954 as its share. This represented the state's 3½ per cent of the total wagers, whereas the track not only got its 6½ per cent, but admission fees and concession money, these alone being enough to carry the operating expenses of a track when huge crowds attend.

The actual figures of state vs. track are interesting because, although the state gets some revenue, it is less by far than the sums netted by outsiders. This year was the first for legalized betting in Massachusetts, since naturally that commonwealth wanted some of the money its residents were betting at tracks in New Hampshire and Rhode Island. Glance at these figures for the first twenty-eight days of racing at the Suffolk Downs oval in East Boston:

Total bet, $10,842,734.

	State Share	Track Share
Commissions	$379,495.73	$704,777.67
Breaks	89,067.50	89,067.50
License fees	28,000.00	
	$496,563.23	$793,845.17

(The breaks are odd nickels and pennies left over in computing odds in the mutuel pool. If your horse wins and the price emerges in the pool at $4.67 for your two-dollar ticket, the seven cents is tossed into the "kitty" and you get $4.60 even. The state and track split this between them. As you see, it's considerable, half amounting to almost 1 per cent of the total bet.)

Massachusetts horse and dog tracks combined:

State drew	Tracks' gross profits
$1,003,427.72	$2,152,597.28

THE economics are obvious. At least they were obvious to Massachusetts business men, once they realized the drain on shops and stores, with hundreds of thousands of dollars diverted from regular business channels. Pawnshops in Boston reported a big upswing in business, in some cases rising to 50 per cent more, and attributed it to the race-track craze; Pawtucket reported school children stealing milk to place ten-cent bets on the races; and one textile executive, at a protest meeting, observed: "What has become of our Yankee ancestry, that we let ourselves be trodden down by this group of crooks who make Al Capone look like an amateur?"

This is high praise indeed, but well merited and richly earned. So far the racing monopoly has functioned perfectly. Its lobbies are powerful. The New York State racing bill was held up until promises of better dates for the Tropical Park meet in Florida were given. And even now opposing forces are ready to renew the old battle as to whether pari-mutuel machines shall be legalized in New York, or whether the present system of licensed bookmakers at the track shall continue. Both sides have strong blocs, but the real issue remains obscured.

"When General Electric says G-E MAZDA LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"

That's enough for me!

15 · 25 · 40 · 60 WATT MAZDA LAMPS only 15¢

● There have been 17 major price reductions on G-E MAZDA lamps since 1921. During the same period lamp efficiency has been greatly increased. The 60-watt MAZDA lamp of today, for example, gives 44 per cent more light than did the 60-watt MAZDA lamp of 1921.

"I read this paragraph in an advertisement for General Electric MAZDA lamps:

Many inferior lamps, offered at 'bargain' prices, use the same amount of current as good lamps; yet they produce much less light and grow dimmer and dimmer as they burn.

"Such a statement coming from General Electric convinces me I am doing the smart and economical thing when I always insist on G-E MAZDA lamps."

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS

Millions Suffer Few Tell -
AN AFFLICTION ALL THE MORE DANGEROUS FOR ITS DELICACY

THERE is nothing more painful than Piles—more enervating! Piles can make you a veritable wreck, physically and mentally. Moreover, they can turn into something very serious.

If there's one thing that should be treated promptly and earnestly, it is Piles! Yet, on account of the delicacy of the trouble, many hesitate to seek relief.

A real treatment for the distress due to Piles is supplied today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching—and makes for complete comfort. Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect.

THREEFOLD EFFECT

It is (1) *soothing*, which tends to relieve the pain and itching. It is (2) *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. It is (3) *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and stop bleeding.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with a special Detachable Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe, when attached to the Collapsible Tube, makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. Thousands of persons have used this method with complete satisfaction.

However, for those who prefer suppositories, Pazo is now put up in that form, too. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form, and self-lubricating. Pazo Suppositories are packed 14 to the box and are not only more effective but more economical than the ordinary.

PROVE IT!

Try Pazo today and see how unnecessary it is to suffer the torment of Piles. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories at small cost. Either will surprise you with results.

That issue is the handbook monopoly, valued at $15,000,000 a year in New York City alone, and guided, if not controlled, by those who have a strangle hold on racing news dissemination. A fight over who should run it was the cardinal factor in the killing of Dutch Schultz, since it was closely allied to the numbers or policy racket which he developed into big business. Schultz hoggishly wanted to force all the New York handbooks under his wing, forgetting there were others in the city equally porcine and more dangerous. And so he was got rid of, and others are on their way.

The murder of Schultz was showy, and so, later, was the investigation of the New York State Racing Commission into "fixed" races. No mention was made, however, of the chain-store operation of race tracks, one clique controlling six tracks where "boat races," as mysterious upsets are known, are frequent; nor was it brought out that the main bar to sane racing was the racing news monopoly which makes the sport a pawn for gambling—and gambling, if you will, with a sinister background.

Indeed, the people questioned were minor tipsters, unimportant in the scheme of things and reflecting only the spirit of their clients. An illustration of the quirk in every bettor was Dan Parker's recent exposé of a tout who claimed to be able to fix races. Parker used his New York sports column to prove it couldn't be done, but retired, disillusioned but not embittered, when his next mail was flooded with dollar bills (the tout's quoted fee) to be forwarded to the swindler for his next tip.

Human nature being what it is, it will bet.

But some observers feel that the federal government can get a liberal share of this billion-a-year turnover and also hamstring the racketeers by the simple process of a federal tax of 10 per cent on all bets. They would impose the tax at the source, the same as with whisky and beer. Every time you take a drink of whisky you are contributing directly to the federal government at the rate of two dollars tax a gallon on distilled spirits. Precisely the same idea could be applied to betting, with an annual revenue of $100,000,000.

Let the states continue with their 3½-per-cent assessment, with the tracks cut to 1½ per cent. And if this seems high, remember that the Massachusetts dog tracks take exactly that percentage before the remainder is put into the mutuel pool for division.

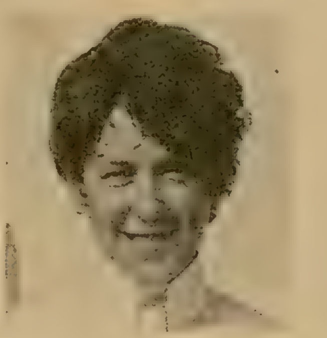
This still leaves the problem of illegal betting with the handbooks, but that one is easily remedied. Make betting legal and license the bookmakers. Tax the volume of their business. Bills already are drafted for introduction to the state legislatures of Illinois, California, and New York to legalize bookmakers, but these overlook the main item of revenue: tax the bets.

Proponents of this licensing plan point out that once a federal law was passed, bootlegging bets would be nonprofitable and hazardous—nonprofitable because it would be cheaper to bet legitimately; hazardous because the government, with regulatory powers over telephone, telegraph, and radio, could stop any illegal outlet of racing news instantly. As it now stands, the offense is state rather than federal. And therein lies the trouble whereby murder and chicanery are allowed to flourish.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—The early photo (at the right) is of a columnist who writes what he thinks. He was a war correspondent with the A. E. F., and was born in Brooklyn. Who is he?

2—Is a "broiled live lobster" broiled alive?

3—Where was Father Coughlin born?

4—How many violins is Stradivarius said to have made?

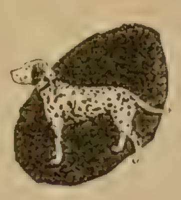
5—Which President lived forty-one years longer than Garfield?

6—How can glue that has dried too hard be made usable?

7—How many days in an Ethiopian year?

8—Who were two stars of D. W. Griffith's silent film, Way Down East?

9—Ivan Nozdrin was executed in Russia, November 10, 1935. Why?



10—What breed of dog is this (at left)?

11—Which first used radio-patrol cars, the police of New York or those of London?

12—Are sweepstakes and other lotteries legal in Canada?

13—Arizona celebrates what legal or public holiday on February 14?

14—Does the United States levy excise taxes on chewing gum, matches, and tooth paste?

15—What fungi that grow underground are prized highly by French chefs?

16—How much is the air-mail postage on a two-ounce letter to the Virgin Islands of the United States?

17—When did the custom of saying "God bless you!" to a sneezing person originate?

18—If it is noon in Atlantic City, is it ten o'clock in Denver or in Siberia?

19—How is a naval torpedo held to its course?

20—Who signed the Resolution proposing the Thirteenth Amendment?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

SWORD-SWINGING, SERMONIZING, SONG

A Rousing Pirate Adventure Brings a Bright New Star to the Screen, A Film of Heartbreak and Modern Ways Has Things to Say About Life, and Hollywood Is Heartened by a Musical from Abroad

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor**
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ★ CAPTAIN BLOOD

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Barrat, Lionel Atwill, Henry Stephenson, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Forrester Harvey, J. Carrol Naish, Guy Kibbee, David Torrence, Maude Leslie, Frank McGlynn, Colin Kenny, Pedro de Cordoba. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

THE brightest new star of this baby year is Errol Flynn, a tall handsome Irishman who with this one performance establishes himself as an outstanding discovery. In Rafael Sabatini's adventure-romance young Flynn takes a role which might easily have been florid, theatrically swashbuckling, and unbelievable. Instead, due to his sure playing, his easy charm and animal grace, Flynn gives abundant life, humor, and excitement to this portrait of the most feared pirate of the Caribbean.

Under Michael Curtiz's swift and masterful direction, this long, full-bodied adventure is crammed with a suspense that never lags and an exquisitely photographed beauty that never falters. The film opens with a rebellion in England against the hated King James II. Peter Blood (Errol Flynn), a neutral doctor, is trapped by the Royalists while attending a wounded rebel and, though innocent of any political intrigue, is shipped off to slavery in Central America.

From there on follow a series of adventures, harrowing tortures and cruelties that culminate with the enslaved rebels capturing a Spanish ship. With an ex-gunner, an experienced navigator, and an able carpenter among their numbers, the rebels, under the leadership of Peter Blood, become hunters instead of prey. How they terrorize the Central American waters is told with lush exciting color. Captain Blood is certainly as full of action as any film since the introduction of sound. And since there is not a faulty performance in the picture—and a score of excellent ones—this picaresque tale offers all that one could hope for in the way of rousing and completely satisfying cinema sensations.

Given a handsome musical score by Korngold, the lavish splendor of a costly production, and admirably translated to the screen by Casey Robinson, Sabatini's sword-swinging romance is the best thing of its bloodcurdling sort the screen has ever contrived. From paunchy Guy Kibbee to pulchritudinous Olivia de Havilland, the picture is enacted with such gusto that you must see it for yourself.

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in a scene from Captain Blood.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Catalina pirate battles, the central casting pirates, the blood, and the general Captain Kidding around make this the second million-buck colossola for the week. This being Warner Bros.' reply to M-G-M's raid on the box office with such numbers as Mutiny on the Bounty, look for M-G-M coming right back with something at $5,000,000! . . . All archaic cannons, cap-ball pistols, flintlocks, cane knives, cutlasses, powder horns, flaming grenades, and stinkpots (forerunners of *Flammenwerfers* and poison-gas shells) had to be made to order to have them workable. . . . Errol Flynn will probably bring back Fairbanksian swashbuckling. He managed during filming to save Olivia de Havilland from the Laguna Beach waves, much to the delight of his press dep't. Otherwise no one was drowned and there were the usual minor accidents, director Michael Curtiz not insisting on realism like those directors who have lost lives in their passion for utter verisimilitude. Flynn was slightly wounded four times in duels. Errol Flynn's Irish by birth, yet fought for England in the 1928 Olympic boxing champs. He's scared of cameras. Has prospected for gold in New Guinea head-hunting district, served in Territorial Police there, was wounded by poison dart on duty. Pearl-fished in Antilles. Refused to use a double in his scenes. Fell forty feet by accident off cliff during rapier fight with Bazz Rathbone. Was unhurt. Stunt men fall fifteen feet for $50; above that, $75. Flynn married Lily Damita just before being cast for Cap Blood—a part he would have given a leg for, he claims, and for which he felt he had no chance. Part interrupted his honeymoon. Now he's on road to stardom. Suffers from insomnia. Sleeps on boards. . . . There's a real Captain Blood in the cast somewhere. He's grad of Sandhurst, English West Pernt. . . . After growing long hair for this'n, Guy Kibbee got a haircut and grew pork-chop Dundrearies for Captain January with La Temple. Guy has a Shirley Temple of his own. . . . Picture took a year to make. That battle took two months to film. . . . "This is Maude Leslie," said Director Curtiz to David Torrence. "She should be very good in the part of your wife!" "She should be," replied Torrence. "That's what she's been for many years!" That was the first Curtiz knew of that! . . . Bob Barrat lugged 185-pound Ross Alexander around on his back for four nights of filming. They nicknamed him Ross's Ass.

★ ★ ★ MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor, Charles Butterworth, Betty Furness, Sara Haden, Ralph Morgan, Henry Armetta, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Hoyt, Lowell Durham, Alan Davis, Crauford Kent, Edward Earle, Beryl Mercer, Cora Sue Collins, Arthur Treacher. Directed by John M. Stahl. Story by Lloyd C. Douglas.

A PICTORIAL sermon, Magnificent Obsession shows that the way to a full life is to help other people and not tell any one about it. This, according to the film, is the key to happiness. Based, with a few minor changes, on Lloyd C. Douglas's sensationally good seller of a few seasons past, this long and rather slowly starting document becomes, in its final stages, a delicately touching appraisal of modern ways.

Since it is directed by John M. Stahl, who can get a heartbreak quality into pictures better than almost any

NYAL
ANTACID
powder

I STOP BURPS

You can quickly counteract the acid condition which causes belching, gas, heartburn, and after-meal distress. And you will like the fresh mint flavor of Nyal ANTACID Powder. Ask your Nyal Druggist.

WORTH LOOKING FOR NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Thousands who suffered miserable backaches, pains in shoulders or hips, now put on Allcock's Porous Plaster and find warm, soothing relief. Muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago and strains, all respond instantly to the glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Allcock's Plaster brings blood to the painful spot . . . treats backache where it is. Allcock's lasts long, comes off easily. Only Allcock's is the original porous plaster . . . guaranteed to bring instant relief, or money back. 5 million users. 25¢ at druggists, or write "Allcock, Ossining, N. Y." ALLCOCK'S

Going to St. Louis?

Stop at New Hotel Jefferson

800 ROOMS
$3 to $5

The ARISTOCRAT of ST. LOUIS

2 MINUTES LATER

Now..Seal Cracks around Tubs with Plastic Wood

Now . . you can quickly and easily seal unsightly **cracks around bathtubs and sinks, reset loose bathroom fixtures in plaster, tile or wood, seal floor or baseboard cracks, etc.,** with waterproof, wearproof Plastic Wood—that handles like putty and hardens into lasting wood. You can paint it just like real wood, too. Paint, hardware stores sell 25c tubes, 35c cans. You can also get *white* Plastic Wood for bathroom repairs.

PLASTIC WOOD

Actually

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated With Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

Modern successor to old-fashioned cough syrups . . . more convenient . . . less expensive . . . lingers longer in the throat.

one else, Magnificent Obsession will satisfy those who like to cry in theaters. And because it is given the quiet sincerity of Irene Dunne and a capable transition performance by Robert Taylor, the film may even make a better person of you: which is, perhaps, its sacred intent.

When a drunken playboy (Taylor) falls into a lake, he is revived by a pulmotor that might have saved the life of the famous doctor who was drowning at the other end of the water. Later the convalescing Mr. Taylor starts a flirtation with the doctor's wife (Irene Dunne). Spurned by the embittered widow, Taylor goes off on a drinking bout, winding up at a sculptor's cottage, where he learns the secret of life—the magnificent obsession that was the doctor's source of strength.

Mildly convinced, Taylor gives a twenty-dollar bill to a panhandler, and looks up to see Miss Dunne crossing the street. She accepts his offer of a lift. But when he becomes amorous, she jumps from his embrace—to be struck by a passing car. The blindness that develops is considered incurable by brain specialists the world over.

The remorseful cutup then really puts the doctor's obsession to work. Within six years—meanwhile making gifts and studying diligently—Taylor wins the Nobel prize for medicine, cures Miss Dunne's blindness, and attains her love—quite a success for any theory!

The inimitable Charles Butterworth keeps the film alive until the big scenes, and then Magnificent Obsession is forceful enough to hold you by itself.

VITAL STATISTICS: Director John Stahl took sixteen weeks' shooting time on Magnificent Obsession, beginning July 12, 1935. Not that he was stahling for time, but to him film is that much celluloid spaghetti. He takes and takes till he gets it right, running von Sternberg a close second for the prize to Those Who Send Raw Film Stock Up. Stahl shot 467,000 feet, or about 350 reels, of which 10,000 feet remain to be seen. Baby LeRoy, schedded for a part, bopped John Stahl on the trumpet first day of shooting; so Stahl put skids on Baby LeRoy, figuring there was no telling, if it started that way, how it would end up! Is the Baby tough since he defeated Fields in the feud? (Fields's not back at work yet!) . . . Irene Dunne wants the world to know she's typical of the small-town average wife who belongs to the country club, enjoys keeping house, isn't on relief. She wants to live easily, effortlessly, healthily—contentment, not gaiety, being her dish. Does her husb Dr. F. D. Griffin embarrass easily when he's seen with her! . . . Robert Taylor is quite serious about himself, going in for self-analysis to a psychiatric degree. He once studied to be a Freud. Saving money's his magnificent obsession, but he manages to worry a lot about going Hollywood. Only scene he didn't like was one in which he had to eat three pieces of candy. Scene was taken seventeen times in a row, so he had to eat fifty-one pieces in succesh. . . . Charles Butterworth insists his father earned a living as a horse wrestler; that he himself was brought up till five in a poolroom; later he earned his own living filling Chautauqua-speaker water pitchers.

★ ★ FIRST A GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Jessie Mathews, Sonnie Hale, Anna Lee, Griffith Jones, Alfred Drayton, Constance Godridge, Eddie Gray, Martita Hunt, Billy Watts, Donald Stewart. Directed by Victor Saville. Story by Marjorie Gaffney.

FIRST A GIRL is an unpretentious British importation that shows what a great deal of trouble a girl can get into when she pretends that she's a boy. In this little musical

Jessie Mathews — called England's personality girl or some such thing—is seen as an entertainer who never captures success until she pretends that she's a man pretending to be a girl. As a female impersonator Miss Mathews becomes what can only be termed a wow; but her personal life suffers when she falls in love with an unsuspecting male.

This plot is not as involved as probably we have made it seem. In fact the picture, though pleasant enough, is too obvious, if anything. And it comes as only one more proof that America makes the so-called program pictures better than any other country. There are some lovely scenes of the Riviera, occasional bits of nice humor, and Miss Mathews displays herself as a comely brunette with musical and comic gifts. Those curious about what England is turning out in the way of mild entertainment will find the answer in First a Girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: The rest of the handle to this one is Then a Boy, and if Gaumont-British hadn't run out of sexes it'd have been longer. . . . Thanks to raiding Hollywood for writers and expert cutters, English pictures become more dangerous to America as first-class box-office competition. Up to now they'd been terribly slow and badly cut, not up to American tempo, which is quite peppy. . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Robert Hale Munro met and married in 1931 in N'l Cahrd's This Year of Grace. They were then and still are known as Jessie Mathews and Sonnie Hale. Otherwise Jessie's dubbed the Dancing Divinity or Princess Personality Herself (no kidding!) and Sonnie's known for his exuberant English bounce, a quality veddy un-British but awf'ly well liked by them. Jessie spent practically all her years from childhood to success on her toes trying to make good as a dancer. She got her chance as Gertie Lawrence's understudy in Charlot's Revue. Then the Cahrd got her and cinched her for the top. Sonnie's father was a comedian. In his teens Sonnie played Britishly rugger, rowed as stroke, was a good bowler at cricket. Graduating as an English scholar, he got a job as a chorus boy for C. B. Cochran. He and Jessie live the quiet rural life in an Old World farmhouse on the Thames banks at Hampton. They raise bulbs, hothouse plants, poultry, their adopted dotter Catherine, who supplants a baby of their own who died. . . . The English are crazy for their actresses in male clothes. But Jessie was uncomfortable in all that starched soup-and-fish. . . . Those location scenes are at the Cap Martin, down to the Riviera. England gets much more beautiful locations than Hollywood, but you'd never get Hollywood to admit the real was better than the faked! . . . Sonnie Hale's had a bull dedicated to him at a bullfight. . . . The reason for the slightly excessive poetic ballyhoo applied to Miss Mathews is this: Up to recently the British have shunned live-wire publicity as practiced by American public relations councils. But now they've adopted our methods, they are proceeding to do so in a big way! . . . Anna Lee's dotter of the vicar of Ightham, Kent, born smack at midnight December 31, 1913. Ran away from school, joined a circus in England. Walked out of school when headmistress complained her walls were decorated with pictures of Gary Cooper and Ivor Novello, not Dante and Euclid. Determined to see the world, she companioned her way around with a woman. Riding's her obsesh. Recently took a hossback holiday around Ireland. Trip cost her five dollars. . . . Griffith Jones my lad started as a barrister at the U. of London and is every British girl's idea of a boy friend. Boy, is he tootsy-wootsy! . . . Those are the Mills Bros. Jess and Griff take off. . . . England pays about the same salaries as Hollywood in proportion. When English films begin to clean up in this country (as they soon will be doing) look for bigger English income taxes. Somehow British actors don't complain as loudly as their Yankee cousins, although they are taxed even more heavily than ours are!

★ ★ MAN HUNT

THE PLAYERS: Ricardo Cortez, Marguerite Churchill, Chic Sale, William Gargan, Richard Purcell, Olin Howland, Addison Richards, George E. Stone, Anita Kerry, Nick Copeland, Russell Simpson. Directed by William Clemens. Story by Earl Felton.

DESPITE its gruesome title, Man Hunt is essentially small-town whimsey. And, until it begins to kick up with story trouble, the film is mildly diverting fare of the bucolic sort. There are, of course, the inevitable G-man and public-enemy elements which Warners inject into almost all their pieces. But Man Hunt is primarily concerned with a village newspaperman, engagingly played by Bill Gargan, who outsmarts the city reporters on the big crime story of the year.

Sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the bad man who hides out in the peaceful hamlet, and though he is seldom on the screen, he manages to give a striking performance. Successfully eluding the federal agents and journalistic crime specialists, the killer finds it tougher going when faced with an aged constable, played by Chic Sale in his standard vaudeville style.

Soothing rather than exciting, Man Hunt at least has the distinction of being the quietest G-man picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: The real man hunt around Hollywood these days is for first-class handicappers to pick the winners at Santa Anita Race Course. Hollywood is race nuts, and if you can tell one end of a horse from another you're almost certain to get a job (for the racing season) as assistant director at any plant. I've even heard of a studio head who has made a big handicapper a thousand-a-week writer. They have him working on a dog picture, too! . . . Rick Cortez has managed successfully to live down the title of second Valentino, and the distasteful limelight bath after the death of Alma Rubens, his first wife. He's done it by being bad on the screen, good off, following the dictum that screen heroes can do no good offscreen in the public prints. He's handled all his studio business without an agent and hopes to run a big plant yet. . . . This is Marguerite Churchill's firstie after two years off the screen. She's twenty-five, wife to George O'Brien. They lost a baby boy ten days after birth. Now they have Orin Ynez O'Brien, aged a few months. They live at Malibu Beach, own some Arabian hosses, spend much on clothes, keep George fit—he's a physical genius. . . . Chic Sale keeps his age a secret, yet not one out of a million would recognize him if he walked down the street. Often gets off a train unrecognized by reception committee. Says he was born in Indian Territory in days when birth records weren't kept. Still keeps at that one-man vaud show when he's not in Hollywood, characters that have become as familiar as was Will Rogers's drawl. . . . William Gargan is ambidextrous; is polo nuts. Working on two pictures at once during Man Hunt, he practiced polo on a bicycle.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams.

★★★—Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory.

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The Most Melancholy Funny Man on the Screen

The Strange Story of a Lonely, Forlorn, Embattled Figure Who Has Made Millions Laugh—A Close-up of a Comic, W. C. Fields

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

If you ask Bill Fields what he likes best in the world, he will say, "Bed." This is simply the eternal gratitude of a man who for years did not have a bed to sleep on. "You'd be grateful too," he once said to me, "if you had bunked through most of your youth on rough planks or cold stone. I'm over fifty, but I never crawl into a nice warm bed that I don't grin to myself and say, 'Bill, old boy, this is the life!'"

The boyhood of W. C. Fields was as full of pathos, suffering, and deep privation as was Charlie Chaplin's boyhood. But where Charlie was acutely conscious of his misery and became sensitive and pathetic, Fields took it in his stride and became indifferent and belligerent.

The Dunkenfield family (Bill's real name is Claude William Dunkenfield) was as poor as it was large. The oldest boy, the blond blue-eyed Bill, was put to work in a cigar store at the age of nine. After being on his feet all day, he had to help his father with planting and gardening in their dilapidated little farm near Philadelphia. One day when he was eleven he accidentally left a rake near the doorway, and his father, stepping on it, brought the handle up to his forehead with a bang. In pain and rage he struck the boy a heavy blow, and Bill retaliated by hitting back with the only weapon handy, a wooden box. "Get out!" shrieked the father. "Get out of my house! I never want to see you again!"

Bill laughed, stuck his hands in his pockets, and walked out. Although he nearly died of cold, starvation, and chronic bronchitis, although he had to beg, cheat, even steal in order to keep alive, he would never go home. Not until years later, when his name was in lights over the Ziegfeld Follies, was there a reconciliation.

"After I was kicked out," Bill told me, "I didn't have any place to go. I hid in a cave, and the other kids occasionally brought me something to eat. Often at nights I'd shiver with cold, and when I'd wake up in the morning I'd find four inches of snow over me.

"I used to cough a lot and feel pretty sick. About twenty years afterwards a doctor asked if I had ever had consumption. I told him about my coughing and choking as a kid. 'Well,' he said, 'you probably had t.b. and got over it. Sleeping out in the snow and cold is the way we sometimes treat patients today.'

"So maybe I wouldn't be alive at all if I'd stayed home," Bill added. "I was the envy of all the kids because they all had to be home and in bed for the night. I got quite a reputation as a tough, which I had to defend by fighting the toughs of other neighborhoods.

"That's how I got my big nose," he chuckled; "not from imbibing too freely, as most people think, although I admit that my favorite food is a tall glass of practically anything. Every kid in Philadelphia must have taken a whack at my beezer at some time or other."

In order to eat, Bill Fields learned to drink. In the old days a five-cent glass of beer included free lunch. Bill's fingers grew nimble and quick in the art of filling his pockets with cheese and crackers while he slowly drank beer and maintained the most disarmingly innocent expression. When there was no nickel he would pilfer some food from outdoor stands.

"Some friend took me to a vaudeville show when I was fourteen," Bill told me. "There was a juggling act on the stage, and suddenly I knew that was what I wanted to do. I practiced with shoes, hats, balls, cigar boxes, dishes, canes—anything I could lay my hands on.

"Do you know how I spent the first real money I made? On a bed. Oh, no, I didn't buy it. I engaged a room at a hotel and slept on it. What a sensation that was! I'll never forget it."

Bill drifted to Atlantic City, hoping to get work as a juggler, but the only thing open to him was the job of touting for a beer garden. Twice a day he went through the dangerous performance of swimming far out into the ocean in front of the beer garden and yelling for help. Two attendants would rush to his aid, carry him in, and revive him while the inquisitive crowd he attracted was plied with beer by the waiters. He got ten dollars a week, and felt well started on the road to fame.

But along came winter and he was again jobless and homeless. Only, now he had a profession, and a hope that some one would find use for him in a New York show. He was cheerful enough as he tramped the streets by day; but at night the old lack of a bed tormented him. He had to sell his overcoat for food, and almost froze to death on park benches, in doorways, or wherever he could park his weary body away from the eyes of the police.

When hope was so low that he was about ready to jump into the river ("I would have, only the water was too cold," he says), he got a job as juggler in a burlesque show at a salary of thirty-five dollars a week.

He was not yet twenty, but he had suffered enough for a lifetime. Suddenly a steady job set him once and for all on the path of honesty; and although W. C. Fields frequently plays the liar, the windbag, the rogue in his stage or screen work, he has never since that first job been anything but honest in his personal life.

As a juggler with comedy gags and pantomime he traveled all over the world. The characterizations you see today are all pulled out of the storehouse of his amazing memory. Yet his memory is for people, not for facts or lines from a play. Never drilled, as are most youngsters, to study and remember, he has absolutely no ability to learn lines or routine stage business. He was the despair of Broadway managers and Hollywood directors until they discovered that the business and words he improvises are much funnier than the ones he is supposed to learn.

Ten years with the Ziegfeld Follies established him firmly as a leading comic. But between his great renown in New York and his recent success in pictures came one of those low periods so common to actors. "After Flo Ziegfeld died, nobody in New York wanted me," Bill said. "All my savings were in a bank that went flooey, so I thought I'd try my luck at the coast. I was so broke that people were picking up stray pieces of Mr. Fields all over Hollywood Boulevard.

"In desperation I went to a studio—no, I won't tell you which—and I made them a proposition. 'I'll write, direct, and act in a two-reel comedy for nothing!' I told them. 'You don't have to pay me a salary. All I want is for you to finance this first picture. If it goes over, I'll expect you to engage me for others.' Did they listen? Nix. I'll bet their faces are red now!"

Two months later Fields got a small part in a picture and made such an immediate hit that he was put under long-term contract. When another studio produced David Copperfield, they were so eager to borrow him for the part of Micawber that they paid him fifty thousand dollars for ten days' work!

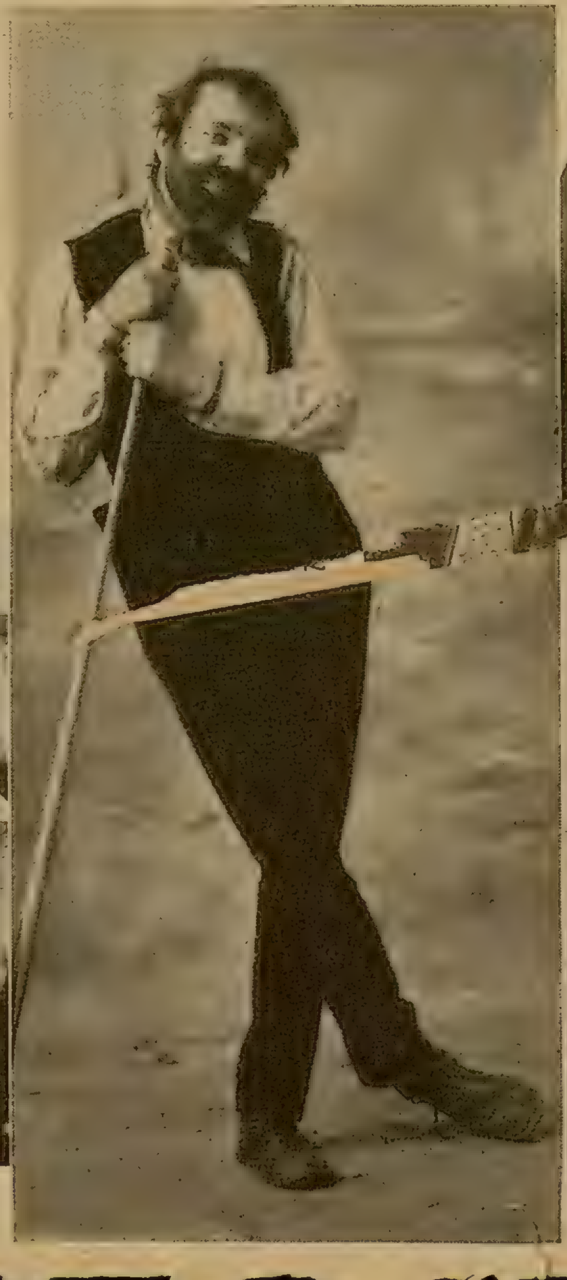
Off the screen he has a host of friends who appreciate his naturalness in a world of make-believe. Like the late Will Rogers, he is equally at home in a mansion or a hut. Stars and executives, prop boys and carpenters are all the same to Bill Fields—just folks, one no better than another.

You would think that with assured success and a high salary he would forget that he was ever a hobo. But certain things are burned too deeply into his soul. There's that matter of beds. Fear of dogs is another survival. Barked at for so many years by watchdogs, Bill Fields to this day never enters a strange place without looking out for a dog. "I can fool *people* into thinking I'm respectable," he confessed to me, "but I can't fool a dog."

He has always refused to explain why he never married. The most beautiful women in the world have played opposite him. In the Follies and the movies he has been surrounded by "glorified" women and exquisitely sweet young girls. Yet he has stayed single. I am certain that the explanation lies in the hobo attitude of mind acquired during a long period of not being accountable to any one for his actions or his time. He knows that marriage means adjustments. He knows that he would be expected to be at hand for regular meals. And, with the exception of stage appearances, W. C. Fields has never been regular about anything in his life.

It was not until two years ago that he let himself be persuaded to buy a home in California, because the hobo in him dreaded the "settled-down" feeling that a house would give. When he finally made up his mind, he bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley with more grounds than house, so that he could wander about at will. More often than not he sleeps in his pet possession, an automobile trailer equipped with a luxuriously comfortable bed, electric refrigerator, bar, stove, shower bath, radio. Any time Hollywood grows too oppressive, the trailer is ready; the tramp can take to the road, and W. C. Fields the wealthy actor can serve delicious "handouts" to Bill Fields the eternal hobo.

THE END



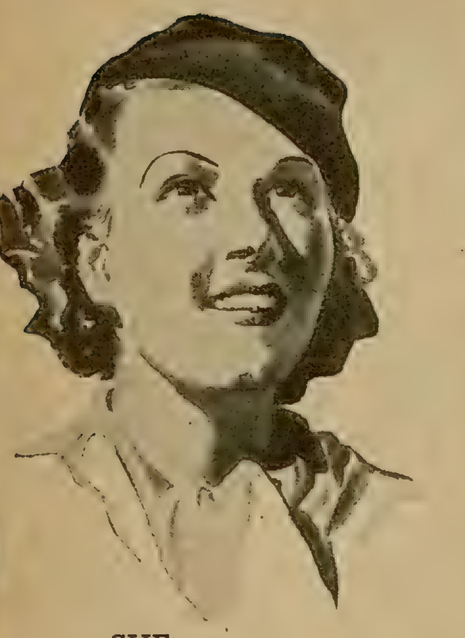
W. C. Fields today and, at left, thirty years ago in vaudeville, wearing a congenial hobo make-up.

Paramount photos

"Hoboing" today in his beloved trailer.

M-G-M pi

As Micawber in David Copperfie

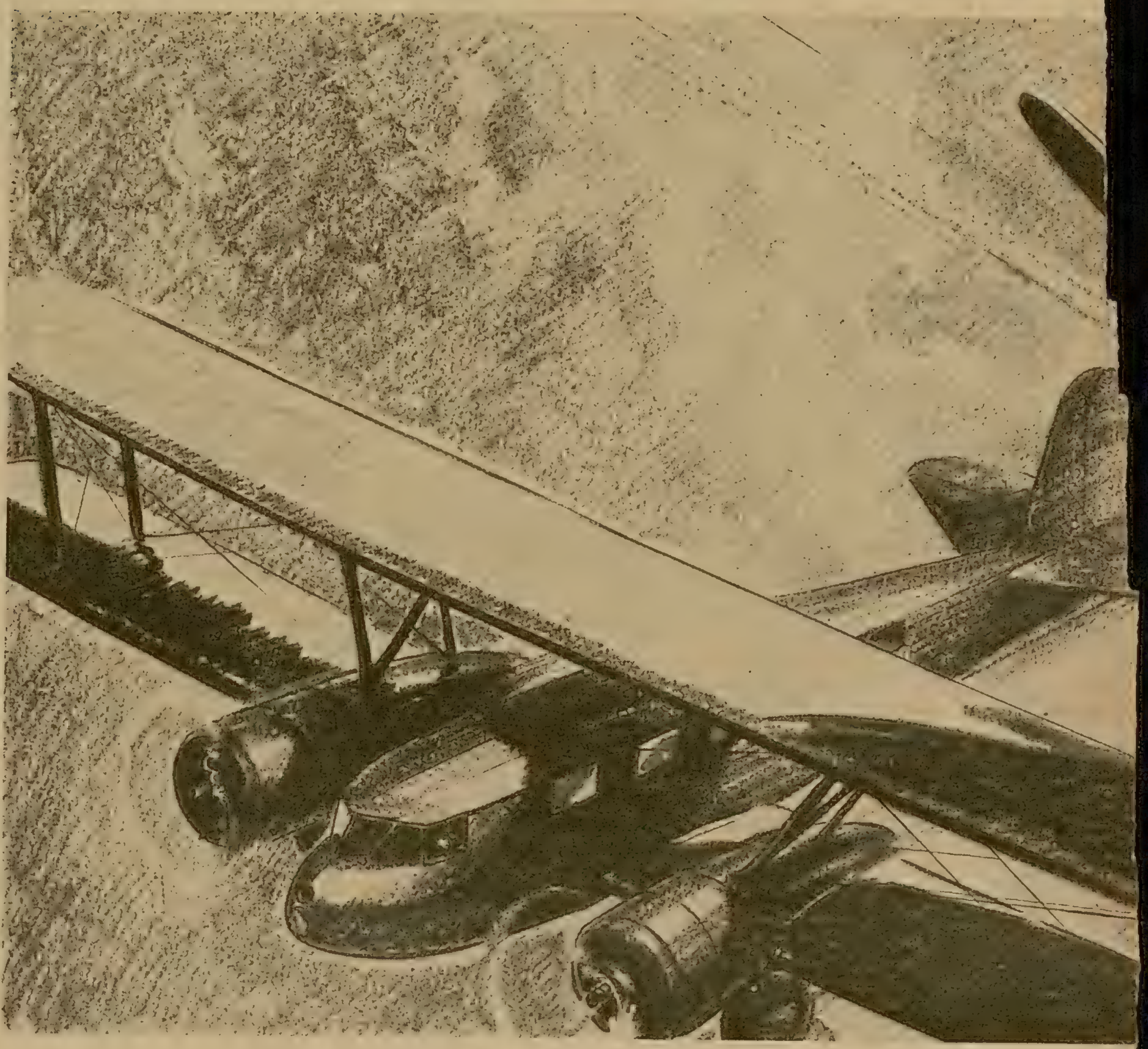


SUE

GENTLEMEN

A Story of What War
Can Do to Men's Minds
-and What Love Can
Do to Their Hearts

READING TIME
31 MINUTES



Drake went wild. He whipped back at the Condor. Why th

SQUEAKY'S plane was on the line when I landed. Squeaky wasn't around. I didn't ask ny of the boys in the hangar about him, but just waved nd hurried on into the office and called Curly. Her line vas busy, so while I was waiting I called the blonde over t the hospital and told her a friend of mine by the name f Drake was coming to town and maybe it would be nice o have a party.

When I told her he was an old pilot she switched on ike an electric light and said: " Wasn't I just thinking to yself that my health quota of one pilot a month hadn't een filled yet and wasn't I just thinking about calling you p to see what could be done about it? And now listen, Handsome: I'm busy as hell; but call me back before three."

I said: " The world would be better off with more in it like you."

Then I waited a while and called Curly. When I heard her voice I said: " I landed half an hour ago and I've called you three times, and each time the line has been busy."

" I know it's been busy," she admitted—which wasn't like her—and then she asked me to tell her all about the trip and whether I'd had a good time or not.

I said: " I had a swell time. I bought the plane. And what's more, I met Drake. I was just getting out of the elevator in the hotel, and there he was—all bright and shining! You remember I told you about the fellow who was with me on the Italian front? the one who got the Victoria Cross? Well, that's Drake. And listen: I gave him your number, so he could call just as soon as he got n. I thought maybe that was him you were talking to."

All she said was: " I'll wait for his call."

" Say! " I said. " What's the matter with you? Here I've been gone ten days, and when I come back you don't sparkle at all. Of course if you've moved over into the love department with this doctor I introduced you to, it's all right. I'm liberal about things like that. And what's more, I think you're showing the best of good taste. Grayson's a fine young man, and a man with a purpose. Why—"

" And we'll just pay no attention to that part about his being a man with a purpose," Curly broke in. " What I want to know is: have you seen Squeaky? "

" No," I said.

She broke a little then, and said in that low voice of hers that does things and leaves them that way: " It's Squeaky, Dick. It's Squeaky; and he's shooting the works! "

I said: " What's the matter with Squeaky? "

" Dick, he's mixed up with the Bruno outfit, and he's getting into that mess."

" Now isn't that just fine! " I said. " I tell you, there's nothing like a nice little war to knock the rough edges off of a young man's soul."

" And you can't get like that with me, because I've seen you in a bathtub," she cried. " And what's more, it's not Squeaky I'm thinking about; it's Sue."

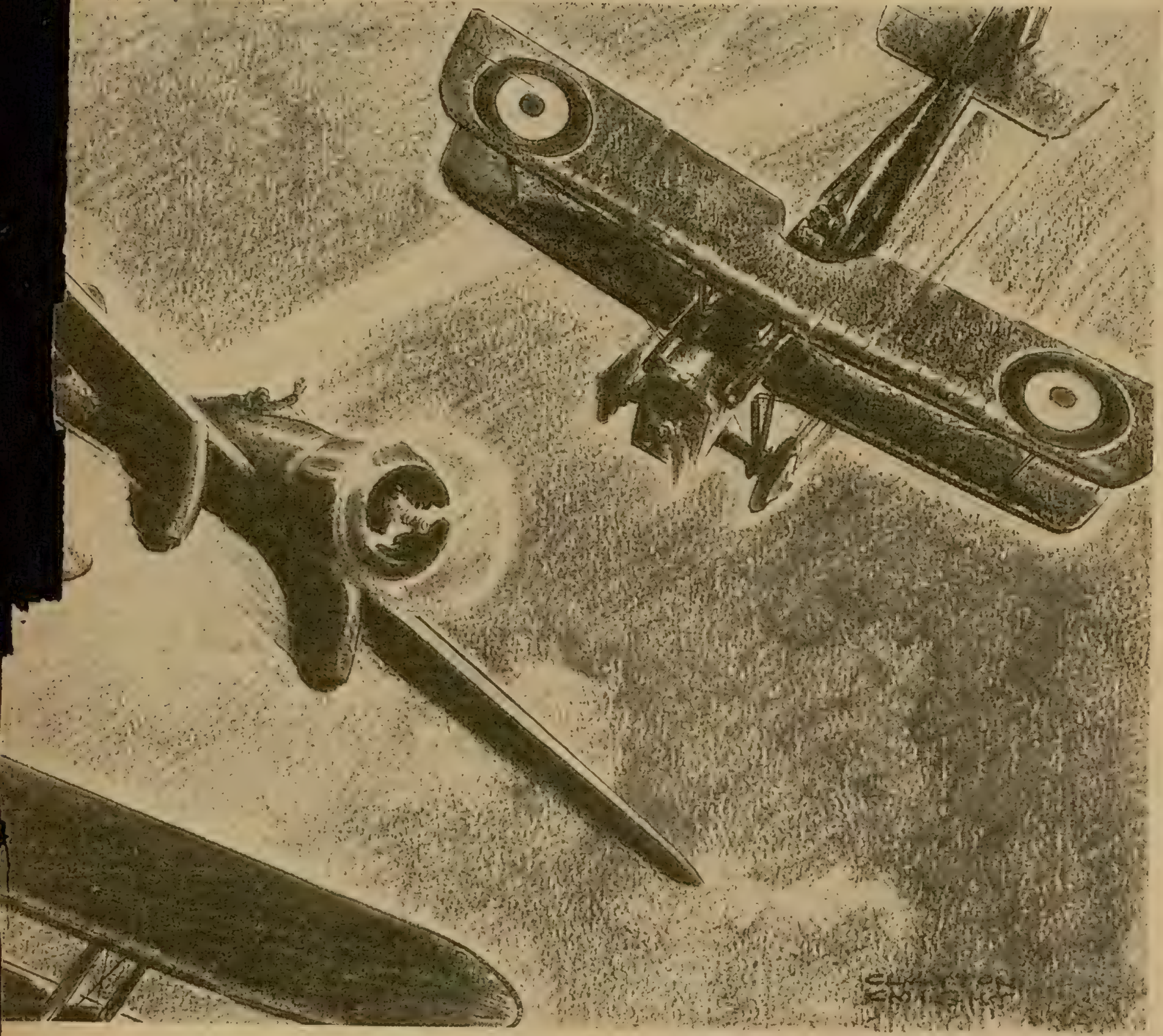
I couldn't think of the answer then, so all I could say to that was: " Oh, *that's* it? "

" That's bad, isn't it, Dick? " I heard her say.

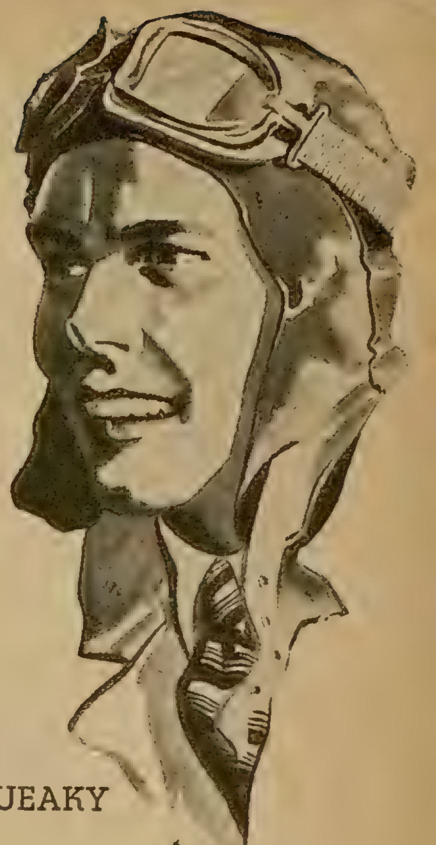
I waited a while; and then I said: " It's hell, Curly. It's hell seeing a young girl take the socks—they get punch-drunk so easy."

" I've got a memory, Dick. I've got a memory," she said then.

. . The KING!



idn't crash, I don't know. Squeaky pulled up between them.



SQUEAKY

by

E. W. CHESS

ILLUSTRATION BY
CLAYTON KNIGHT

Sketches of
Characters by
Charles Bryson

I said: "Don't go soft on me, Curly. What the hell! The Guy upstairs dishes it out. He's always done a pretty good job of things. Of course it looks a little screwy to us folks on the first floor sometimes; but you've got to admit it kind of turns out all right in the end."

And just like that she was her old self: "And what I want to know is: was that you on the telephone, or did you put somebody else on the wire?"

"It was the one and only Williams," I said. "President, vice-president, and secretary of the Comet Aircraft, Incorporated, with offices in the lean-to next to Hangar No. 1."

"Well, listen to me, Mr. Williams of Comet, Inc.: You've got a nicer voice than the gentleman I once met in Pittsburgh, or the tall one in Tulsa, or the nice doctor you introduced me to this spring. And what's more, it's lovely knowing you're back from the convention, and it's lovely knowing that I might see you every now and then. Why, it's almost moral—the fine feeling I have for you! But please don't say anything about it, because they'll pass a law plowing every third row of you under, or something; and I wouldn't like that. I wouldn't like that, darling."

I got up close to the phone then and whispered: "You're a million in one, Curly. Just sit tight on the Sue thing and wait for Drake's call."

I stared at the wall for a while after that; and then I had a cigarette, and afterward I got a bottle of my Holland gin out of my locker. I thought maybe Squeaky would come in before I had my second shot, but when he didn't I went out looking for him.

A few of the boys were standing around the wartime plane I'd flown back from St. Louis, but none of them had seen Squeaky. While I was standing there, Mack's German mechanic came up to me. He was an old fellow with sad eyes and a stiff way of speaking. He asked me if the plane was an old British S E 5; and when I nodded, he told me if I ever wanted any one to work on it he'd do it for nothing.

I said: "Who the hell has seen Squeaky?"

When no one answered, I turned to Fritz.

"They were showing it off to the boys at the Veterans' Convention, and when they were through I bought it because it was my first love. Flyers are like that," I told him. "They're always true to a first love."

Then I remembered what he'd said about working on the plane for nothing, so I asked what he meant.

"You see, Mr. Williams, I was a mechanic in a fine German squadron during the war," he explained. "One day, over Suippes, five of our best young flyers were shot down, and the two British planes got away. And that is the reason, Mr. Williams, why I should like to work on the plane. I would like to see which it was that was better—the planes or the men."

Without thinking, I said: "If it was over Suippes, it must have been a couple of the boys from the British 54—they sent them to Italy."

As I turned away he said: "I heard so—I heard so."

And then I saw Squeaky. He was standing over by the hangar, and he was rolling one of those perfect cigarettes of his. He wasn't more than twenty-one then, and he had that half-offensive assurance a young pilot gets, somehow, when he's had a hundred or so hours in the air and a crack-up to his credit.

He must have known that I'd walk over, because he didn't move. He just looked at me, and there was no smile on his face when I said: "How's the boy?"

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"Funny-looking plane you flew in," he ventured.

I said: "Squeaky, she's built like a tank and they called her a killer." But when I saw he wasn't listening I struck a match and held it for him.

"You've got something on your mind," I said. "What are you holding out for?"

He looked at me over the flame and asked if I'd talked to Curly. When I nodded, he said: "I won't hold out"—and then followed me in through the hangar and on into the office. He wouldn't look at me at first, but sat staring out of the window at the two planes on the line. I got nervous just looking at him and waiting.

I had a drink; and then I said: "Go on and stop looking out that window."

He never even turned.

"Dick," he said, "I'm going away. You've been a great guy to me, and Curly has been swell. You've seen me through a hundred and fifty hours in the air and my first crack-up. You—"

"Leave out the sentiment and get to where you're going," I said.

HE still didn't turn. "It's that Bruno outfit in Boston. You see, they sell planes, and they've just sold twenty-four to the Ethiopians. The catch was that they had to furnish half the number of pilots or the sale was off."

I said: "You kidding me?"

"I swear I'm not," he said. "It's all on the quiet, so don't pass it along."

I waited, and then said: "What about your great love? What about Sue Finley?"

"If you don't mind," he said, "we'll leave women out of this."

I said: "When you leave women out of anything, there's a gap that can't be filled."

He turned and looked through the smoke of his cigarette.

"I meet the boys in New York tomorrow, and then we go on to Baltimore. The planes are going on the same boat. And now don't say I'm a fool—I could stand anything but having somebody say I'm a fool."

I said: "Have a drink and let me think."

He shook his head and said: "No, thanks." So I poured one for me and one for him, and then drank both of them. After that I stalled for time by trying to get Curly; but her wire was busy.

I tried again; and then I said: "I always said a man hadn't lived until he'd loved, flown in a war, and written a book. The war, Squeaky, was the happiest period of my life."

After that I tried to get Curly again; but her line was still busy.

Squeaky said: "I guess she's talking to Dr. Grayson. He's been seeing a lot of her while you were away."

"I didn't ask," I said. "But what I said about the war I meant. It was the happiest period of my life."

He was just looking at me when the phone rang. I grabbed the receiver, and when I found it was Curly I said: "Who the hell you been talking to?"

"Well, if it isn't my own darling!" she said. "Drake called, and then Dr. Grayson; and Grayson has some books about the war, with pictures. He says they're so horrible, all you have to do is show them to anybody and they'll never get mixed up in a war."

"Say, was Grayson ever in the war?"

"No."

"Well, tell me about Drake."

"Listen: is there something wrong with him?"

I said: "No. Why?"

"All right, hold out," she said. "Only he sounded funny over the telephone, that's all. But anyway I told him you were at the hangar, and he said he'd taxi right out."

"Fine," I said.

"And listen—"

"What?"

"It's Sue," she said. "I can't get that kid off my mind. I keep thinking how she'll look when Squeaky tells her. I keep feeling the way she'll feel when he tells her he's going away. I tell you, Dick, she isn't the kind who can take it. If Squeaky leaves her now she's going to get all scrambled like eggs—and you know what I mean by that."

I said: "I know exactly what you mean by that."

I hung up then and asked Squeaky about Sue Finley. She was home in Philadelphia, he said; but the Bruno outfit was delivering a twenty-place Condor from there to Boston that afternoon and he had asked them to bring Sue along.

"They're going to land her here," he said. "I'll tell her about leaving then."

"Just like that?" I said.

"Just like that."

I said: "Say, what the hell do you think is going to happen to her after you've gone? You know she's got to keep on ticking—she's human."

He jumped up and said: "That sounded like a nasty crack to me!"

"I wouldn't have a girl I could trust too long. There's something wrong with them," I said.

THEN I walked out and down the side of the hangars until I got to Wintley's, where I ran into Mack.

"Say, you look sour as all hell; what's wrong with you?" he asked.

"My soul's got the bellyache," I said, and then started walking back.

I waited outside the hangar to see if a taxi came along, but none did; so I went back into the office.

Squeaky was waiting for me, and started right off by saying: "Maybe you've forgotten you ever had your fling. Maybe you've forgotten you were only eighteen when you got into the war. And maybe you don't remember you only had thirty-five hours and twenty minutes in the air when you started your hops over the lines—why, you shot down your first German before you had fifty!"

I said: "Shut up and have a drink." But he wouldn't have his, so I took both of them again. I was pouring a third one when I said: "So you've been reading my logbook?"

"I know it by heart," he told me. "See Drake's name in it any place?"

"Every page," he said. "Drake was with British 54 when you joined it. He led your first flight over the lines. And after your outfit was sent to Italy he got the Victoria Cross."

I said: "Drake's coming out"—and he jumped as if he'd heard a shot.

"Drake!" he cried. "You kidding me?"

When I didn't answer, he said in a yearning voice: "Drake's the only man I've ever wanted to meet, Dick. Tell me about him."

"What about him?"

"The Victoria Cross," he said.

I downed the drink and said: "Mr. Squeaky, the Victoria Cross is a little trinket the King gives a man when he's perfect. And don't ever let anybody kid you about the King, because the King is one of the boys. Why, he even used to give the flyers sixpence a day to drink his health with. On Friday night in the mess the commander of the squadron used to get up and say: 'Mr. Vice, the King!'—and then Mr. Vice would get up and say: 'Gentlemen, the King!' Then we'd all get up and say: 'The King!' And then we'd drink like this."

Squeaky said: "Keep on getting plastered and keep on talking, because you're making sense."

I said: "I'm not plastered, and I always make sense about the war. Only after my seventh drink I always pull the truth out of the bag."

"And I know the answer to that one," he said. "You're going to pull the horror stuff; you're going to tell me about the man who stumbled over his entrails."

I SAID: "I'm not going to pull the horror stuff out of the bag, because the horror stuff is for the saps. And you aren't a sap. You get used to the horror stuff like you get used to sleeping on a hard bed. Which all brings me back to Drake. Now, Drake was about your age when he was perfect. He had nice bright eyes like you've got, and he was as hard as they make them. And I remember one time he leaned over the table in a little Italian speak and said: 'Listen, Dick. Sometime somebody is going to stop talking the horror stuff and let the cat out of the bag. Sometime somebody is going to say that men have a swell time in a war; and then they'll stop wars, and then it'll be hell.'"

"And now that you've given it the build-up," Squeaky said, "tell me what the catch is."

I gazed at him, thinking maybe I wasn't sure what the catch was—thinking I'd better sneak out of it like every one had before me; and sneak is the word.

My throat tightened as I said: "It's not the war that's bad. It's the time afterward—and it's hell! It's the trying to fit in after the flags have stopped waving. And that's hell, Squeaky—it's hell!"

He said: "You look all right to me."

I paused; then said: "I got Curly."

A sneer came over his face and his words tumbled out: "So you're just another hard guy who couldn't take it. When the going gets tough you run into the love department and hide. And what's more, you're just pulling a couple of pages out of that book you're going to write some day."

I jumped up and shouted: "All right—get into your war! But get killed on the last day! Then you won't know what happens to men, or the women they leave behind!"

When he drew back I got myself under control and said: "Oh, what the hell! Let's have a drink." And then I heard the taxi drive up, and I knew that Drake, V. C., was outside.

THE meeting of Drake and Squeaky was one of those things that only happen once in a while. They were two of a kind and in about a minute they were talking together like old friends. I had a feeling then that Drake was seeing what he once had been and Squeaky was looking at the man he was yet to become. Anyhow, I was left out of it while they stood there being pleased. And all of the while I looked on, thinking how young Drake seemed and remembering his hand was damp when I shook it. And I suppose Drake's saying his heart wasn't revving up like it should had something to do with that.

Anyway, he went on to say he didn't care—much—because the planes they made nowadays weren't what they used to be, the element of chance having been taken out of them; and just after that he turned and said:

"My God!"

I said: "What's the matter, Drake?"

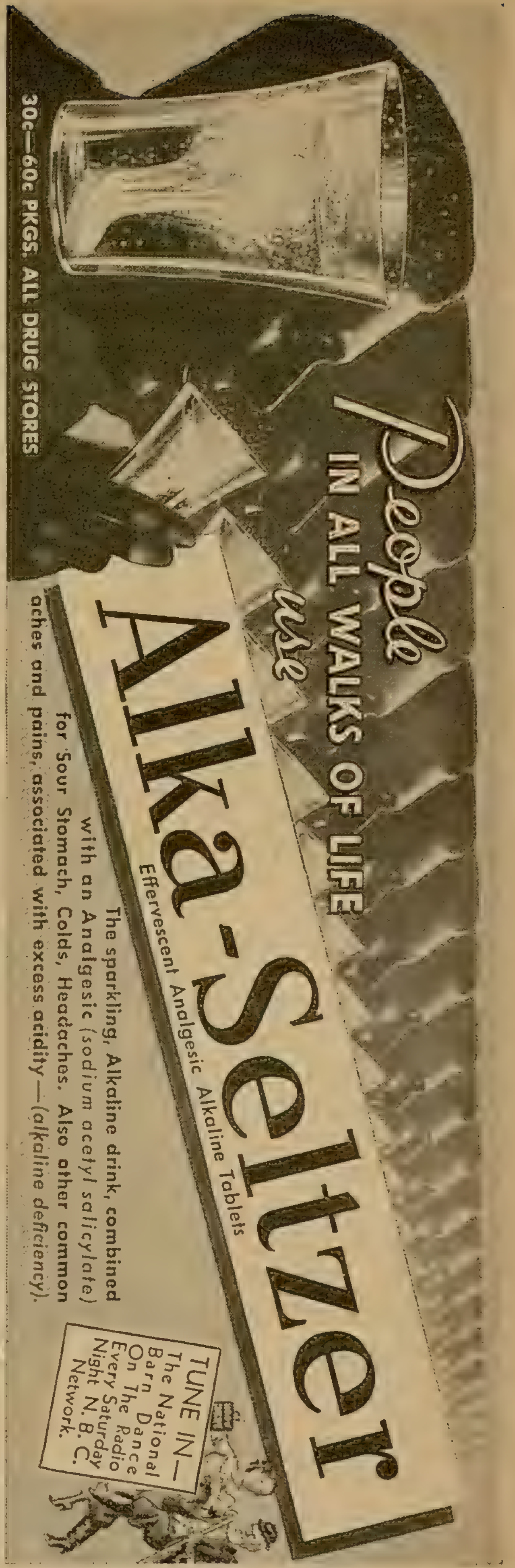
"Why, it's an old S E," he said in a kind of whisper. "I knocked down seven in a bus like that. They were coming over the Italian lines."

Then he walked over and caressed one of its wings with the palm of his hand; and after a while he crawled into its pit, and you could tell by the way he lifted up and lowered himself that he was one of the old-timers. He sat there for a long, long time, as if he'd been away from home and now he was back. And I had a feeling the ground wasn't a flying field to him any more, but a place all misty with the peaks of the Alps sticking through, and somewhere down below there was a river they called the Piave, and now it was all streaked with blood like it was back in the days of the retreat.

He looked old when he got out, and came over to us and said: "I'd like to have one more flight in an S E, Dick. Why, you know, it'd make me feel young again!"

"Any time," I said easily. "I know the feeling, so just take up the S E any time."

"Any time," he repeated. And then he said something about how nice Italy was during the spring, and how there never could be a war like the last one. And then I said that you never could tell how good a war was going to be. Squeaky, here, was getting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into a war. He was starting tomorrow and he was going to fight the Italians.

And there stood Squeaky, all proud, and I knew he was waiting for Drake to say something about how every young man should get into at least one war, or something eloquent about the birth of flying Napoleons. But all he said then was: "He's going to fight Italy?"

I said: "Sure. He's going to leave tomorrow."

Drake looked up at the sky, and at the two planes on the line. I was just going to say something about having a drink when he turned on Squeaky and cried:

"You fool! You fool! You bloody fool!"

It was vicious—the way he said it.

Squeaky's fist clenched, and I said: "Don't, Squeaky! Don't! For God's sake!"

Then I caught hold of Drake's arm and guided him in through the hangar, turning once to see Squeaky gazing after us.

DRAKE

I called: "Come on into the office, Squeaky." But he didn't move. . . .

We were having our first drink when Squeaky sneaked in, only to stand trembling against the wall until I shoved a half-filled glass into his hand and said: "Put that down, and put it down fast!"

He gulped it; he gulped it because the hate was there. It sat there between them like a withered old man and kept saying:

"Look at your pals! Look at 'em. Amen!"

I started thinking: What the hell! Just another hate in a world of plenty. And there we all were, the three of us and hate, and all getting plastered together.

"And here's luck to you, mister! And many happy returns of the day! I can make 'em drunk but I can't make 'em forget. They're your pals and my pals. Amen!"

So what the hell! What the hell!

And I said: "This gin is dynamite"—just as the telephone started ringing. And I got to thinking who would call me on Friday, the King's day; and then, all of a sudden, the receiver was pressed against my ear and Curly's voice was laughing over the wire:

"And this is the Fuller Brush Lady again. And what I want to tell you is that we give away samples on alternate Thursdays and Mondays, but because this is Friday I thought I'd give you one anyway."

"And you've been drinking," I said. "You've had five walloping drinks already, and the sixth one is on the radio that hasn't been paid for yet."

"But there's a pad under it, darling. The one with lollipops embroidered on it, and it came last Christmas from your aunt in El Paso, and she did it all with her own little fingers. And is that reasonable, I ask, or is it just another Blue Eagle?"

CURLY and DICK WILLIAMS

I said: "When you get reasonable I go on the seeking list. All my life I've had reasonable women, and what happened to them?"

"They're on the dole, darling. They're on the dole. But none of them had my hair and eyes."

I said: "You're nicer than the girl I knew in Little Rock, or the one in St. Albans, Vermont. You've the loveliest red hair and the softest blue eyes. And while you're drinking the drink on the radio that hasn't been paid for yet I'm coming over and get you."

"Darling!" she said, and hung up.

And then out of the stillness I heard a voice. Squeaky was still leaning against the wall, and Drake was staring at me.

"Red hair," he was saying. "Red hair and blue eyes. You remember her? It was in Italy. You were with us the day the men were coming back with the retreat. We were standing on the street corner and she was between us."

I couldn't remember her, but I said: "Sure, I remember her. It was the day the men were coming back with the retreat." And then I started toward the door.

"And they bombed her. Yes, they bombed her. One day we were watching the men coming back with the retreat, and the next day she was dead. They were enemies of Italy, and they blew her into little pieces and left her that way—just after the retreat."

"Don't spill your drink," I said.

"They came over the town that day, and they dropped everything they had. I looked for them for two months after that. I got seven of the big ones, and they gave me a Victoria Cross for it—because it's hard, getting the big ones. The sure way is to dive into them. You can get them—diving into them. You get killed, too; but what difference does it make?"

I said: "Squeaky, when's Sue coming?"

"Any time," he said, but he had a silly grin on his face. "Tell us all about the girl with red hair," he said to Drake.

I felt like taking hold of him then. I felt like pulling him up close to me and saying: "That's what happens! It's the time afterward! And it's hell! And that girl he was talking about: I remember her, and she was just a poor little tramp with frightened eyes and rusty hair. But it's not the girl he's talking about: he's talking about the war! and he remembers it as being just a lovely girl like Curly is. See how tender he looks?"

But I didn't take hold of Squeaky. I just grabbed the knob of the door. And after I said, "I'm going to get Curly," I walked out.

The trees were fuzzy when they passed, but the air felt good. The neon sign over Papsen's Road House was lighted, because it is always lighted. The air felt better. And then, all of a sudden, there was Curly, and she was laughing her way out to the car; and then the houses were passing.

"Drake's plastered as hell," I said.

"That's fine, darling. And how are all your folks?"

I said: "I mean it, Curly. I'm worried."

She looked at me and said: "Stop at the next ladies' room. I want to put my hat on straight."

I pulled up under the neon sign at Papsen's and said: "Hurry." But she was gone a long time. She came out and stood on my side of the car.

"I knew you were worried," she said, "so I called the office. Nobody answered until Mack got on the wire. He said they'd had a fight and the office was a wreck. Mack found the telephone on the floor. Now move over: we're going places."

I couldn't get it straight, but I moved over and Curly got into the driver's seat. As she slipped the gear into third, she leaned against me and said: "Drake just took off in that S E of yours!"

"Oh, my God!" I cried. "What for?"

"Hold yourself together—and close your eyes."

I closed them and said: "Give it the works."

And the next thing I knew we were pulling up in back of the hangar. Curly took hold of my hand and the two of us ran around in front. Every man on the field was outside, and they were all looking up.

Curly pointed and said: "Look! That's your S E and Drake's giving it the works."

He was giving it the works, all right—rolling it all over the sky.

Mack saw us and came running over.

"Where's Squeaky?" I asked him, but I couldn't keep my eyes off Drake and the plane. He was pulling up and up, and only the hand of God was keeping her on an even keel.

Before Mack answered, I said: "An S E won't stand it. Forty bucks she drops into a spin."

Curly held on to me. I could feel her body trembling against mine as I heard her say: "Nobody but a sap would take that bet—nobody." And then Drake nosed over, his motor full on, and dived straight at us.

"Drop!" I shouted.

I fell flat, pulling Curly with me.

There seemed only inches to spare when the plane pulled away and I felt the wash of the prop strike us. When I heard the wail of the wires grow less, I jumped up and pulled Curly to her feet.

Together we ran through the hangar and into the office. The place was a wreck, with the desk turned over and broken glass on the floor. Across from us sat Squeaky, and his hair was over his eyes.

"DRAKE'S gone screwy," he said. "He's playing war and flying over the Alps and babbling about a redheaded girl getting blown into pieces."

I couldn't say anything.

"You said he could fly, and I got tired trying to stop him. I got tired and said: 'Sure. The bombers are coming. Millions of 'em. They're going to blow this place to hell!'"

I said: "An S E has got to have the prop turned and you turned it." And then I jumped at him.

"Damn you! You turned the prop! You knew he was drunk and had gone screwy! You see what happens now? Get into your war, Squeaky! Get into it! But for heaven's sake get killed on the last day!"

Curly whispered: "Don't, Dick."

I listened for the motor, and when I knew Drake was still up I got hopeful and went over to the locker to get a bottle out. I pulled the cork; but when I tried to pour the drink my hand shook.

"Hard Guy," said Squeaky, "let me do it."

Curly had just raised her glass to her lips when Squeaky's head jumped up as if he'd heard a shot.

"Sue!" he said. "Sue!"

I said: "What's the matter?"

He just looked at me. I could see the fright in his eyes when he said: "Sue's coming in on that big plane. They're going to be here any minute. And Drake up there—and going crazy as hell and waiting for bombers!"

Curly said: "Listen."

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"That's the Condor!" cried Squeaky; and we all ran out.

From the open door of the hangar we could see it. It was still a long way off—a giant of a plane coming in nice and easy.

Squeaky whispered: "He'll crash into her. He'll crash into her surer'n hell!"

I looked up and my heart jumped. I could tell that Drake had seen the big transport in the distance. He was using all of his old-time cunning, and he was pulling up and up. The Condor was drifting slowly in. They were still high up and miles apart.

When I looked at Squeaky I knew the panic had him; so I said: "Take it easy."

"Sue's in that plane," he repeated. "She's in it and I'm afraid as hell!" And then he caught me by one arm.

"I've never asked you for much," he said. "Only, you got another plane on the line. Maybe somebody could get in it and stop him. Maybe I could."

"You're crazy," I said.

"Please!" he said. "Please, Dick?"

I said: "The motor hasn't been warmed up yet."

"And if she can't take it," he said, "it's my funeral."

"Well, it's your party," I said. Then: "Sue's your girl."

"You're a great guy, Dick," he mumbled as he turned and ran toward the plane.

Curly's fingers dug into my arm as he crawled in.

The motor caught the first time, but she coughed when he gave her the gun. Just after the wheels lifted, the motor coughed again and the wings fluttered. But he kept right on going. He was only a dozen feet up when he pulled her around and shot back, jerking her over the hangar.

I said: "God Almighty!"—and felt Curly's fingers dig into my arm again.

Drake had height then, and Squeaky was getting it as best he could. Not so far away, the Condor was drifting in. She didn't know.

I'd just said, "I can't stand it; let's go inside"—when Curly gasped.

Drake was diving. His motor was on full as he dropped a thousand feet, flashing past the big plane with only a little space to spare. Its pilot must have felt that something was wrong, for he altered her course a little. Then Drake went wild. He whipped back at the Condor with a suddenness that made my stomach turn. Why they didn't crash then, I don't know.

SQUEAKY pulled up between them. In a moment he was alongside of Drake, his hand raised. Drake tried to turn away, but Squeaky stuck with him. Drake tried again. But Squeaky was there, everywhere, and because of him Drake seemed to forget about the plane that was dropping phantom bombs on a girl with red hair and limpid blue eyes.

It was Squeaky now. It was plane against plane, man against man—Drake, V. C., against Squeaky and his pitiful hundred and fifty hours in the air.

And you could tell that Drake was fighting with machine guns that weren't there. All his old cunning was there, though he'd gone crazy as hell. He was over the Alps again, and he was flying through memories of what used to be.

Squeaky couldn't land now. He was keeping Drake's crazed attention. And he was doing his best. But he didn't have the speed to get away. He didn't have the knowledge. I closed my eyes and said to the Guy upstairs: "God, if you got anything it's time to show it!"

The planes came at each other head on. I saw a piece of wing and fabric flutter away from Squeaky's plane, and heard Mack's voice: "He's going into a spin!"

Curly buried her head against my shoulder.

"Squeaky's in a spin," I said.

Her fingers dug in, but that was all.

"Oh!" I cried.

He jerked her out at the last second, straightened her, and she was straight up when she hit.

"Beautiful!" I shouted.

The undercarriage crumpled and the dust went up. Squeaky was out of her now, standing with both hands over his middle. He looked dazed as he stood there watching the Condor come in for its landing. When it came to a stop, the door opened and Sue got out.

I could tell it was her by the way she ran to him. For a moment they stood there, a hundred yards away, before she hurried him toward the office at the side of Hangar No. 1. He still had one hand over his middle when they passed, but he was smoking a cigarette.

I TURNED because a tense silence had fallen over the field. Drake was coming in for a landing, and I could see a broken strut; but it didn't seem to matter. He came drifting downward with the simple ease of a master. Slowly he leveled off. His wheels dropped, caressing the ground lightly, until the tail fell. His motor died with the last inch of movement. He was almost in front of us, but he didn't get out.

He was staring at us as we walked up. When I said, "Hello, Drake," he didn't answer. He was still in a daze as he crawled out. Every one watched us as we passed on to Hangar No. 1. And then at the open door I paused and said:

"Drake, I forgot to tell you. This is Curly. This is my—"

Maybe it was the way he took hold of her hand, or the way he said, "Red hair—red hair and blue eyes," that made me pause. He took hold of her hand when we walked in through the office door. Squeaky and Sue were there, and Sue looked like a frightened child as she said: "Squeaky's hurt, Dick. I think he's hurt."

But Squeaky was still smoking his cigarette; so I said to Curly: "Get us a drink." And she poured three.

I gave Drake one, and one to Squeaky. I held mine up, and why I said what I did I don't know.

I said: "To the old days when we were temporary officers and gentlemen in His Majesty's service!"

Drake came to attention. His shaking hand reached upward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the King!"

"The King!" I said.

For a moment he stood there, and I'll remember forever the look on his face as the glass slipped from his hand and shattered upon the floor. Then he lowered himself to a chair. Only once did he raise his eyes, and then it was to look at Curly.

Again he repeated: "Red hair—red hair and blue eyes."

After that he never moved, but sat looking out through windows that weren't there, and across the field to that little line of loveliness where the earth touches the sky.

I motioned the others to go out, and then I followed.

Outside the hangar Squeaky said with easy contempt: "Just another guy playing war."

I looked at Curly, and Curly knew: she always knows.

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The "lentils pottage" bring, for which Esau
His birthright in his father's house forsook!

One pound of lentils rinse through crystalline
Pure water, and then cover with this clean
Cool liquid; place to boil for half an hour;
Then half a pound of rice, and be it seen

That rice and lentils in one kettle boil
Another half of hour; then olive oil
Or butter drop within a pan, and fry
Some onions in a sputtering turmoil.

Then let these onions mix their balminess
With rice and lentils. Call the man! And—yes,
When he has eaten, thou may safely coax
For that new gown, with subtle soft caress.

—*Mrs. A. Ayres.*

I turned quickly as I said: "I've got to go back—back to the guy playing war."

I walked back through the hangar and into the office, where I stood for a while before I sat down. For a long time I sat there staring at Drake. My hand shook when I reached for the phone.

When the blonde at the hospital heard my voice, she said: "Well, it's about time, Handsome!"

"Yes," I said, and I could hardly bear the sound of my voice. "Yes, it's about time. And now you do what you're supposed to do. That old flying pal of mine Drake, is here. You know—they gave him the Victoria Cross once because he was perfect. Only you wouldn't know anything about that. But listen: he's sitting across from me now—and he's dead!"

My head fell into the darkness between my arms. Not until the door opened did I look up.

Sue faced me. A lovely, lovely girl, whose eyes were filled with the fire of eternal questioning.

"Squeaky?" I asked. "Where's Squeaky?"

"He's in the car, Dick; he's in the car. And Curly said—"

Before she finished I grabbed the phone and got Dr. Grayson on the wire.

"Listen, you louse!" I yelled. "This is Williams. You know—Curly's husband! I'm bringing Squeaky over there, and he may be all right—but that isn't the answer. The answer is, he's got plenty wrong and his insides are all out of joint. Why? Don't ask me why, you louse! *I'm* telling you!"

I HUNG up, dropped my head between my arms again. Then I heard Sue say, with a sob in her voice: "You're a swell guy. You're—And listen: we know; Curly told us. And—after she told us she told me to come in. She wanted me to tell you that after you called Grayson—and called him a louse—just to remember that the Guy upstairs dished it out, and He does a pretty good job."

I didn't look up and all I said was: "Did Curly tell you that?"

"She told me to tell you that."

I thought I heard her tiptoe out, but I guessed she hadn't, because I felt the pressure of her hand upon my head, and the touch of her lips.

"Don't let Curly see you do that," I said wearily. "She belongs to the old school and she's possessive as hell."

"All right, darling," she said.

I looked up. It was Curly.

THE END

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The Rising Tide of

Is White Supremacy Threatened at Las

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

by JIMMY

THIS July we are sending an argosy of tanned, streamlined young ladies and gentlemen over to Berlin—and another world championship. Our coaches say we will win, barring accidents, of course, or miracles. They go by the international record books.

So, if you happen this August to be in the Grünewald, that dark-green municipal forest west of Berlin along the banks of the Havel, you will very likely find two perspiring field workers, handling the flag ropes, reaching for the Stars and Stripes and shooting it to the top. The bandsmen will toot The Star-Spangled Banner. Hurray for the U. S. A.! This is the Eleventh Olympiad. We have always won in the past. We'll win this one, too!

There will be many an American fan, with a stein or two of lager sloshing around in his middle, driving down the long avenue known in its various stretches as Unter den Linden, the Charlottenburger Chaussée, the Bismarckstrasse, and the Kaiserdamm, humming "Of thee I sing." He will smile complacently as his route leads from the old Imperial Palace through the Tiergarten, the Heerstrasse or Army Boulevard, the route the Kaiser took in the old days to review his troops at Doeberitz.

You can imagine his feeling of superiority as his taxi spins up the hill and dips toward the river past Adolf Hitler Square. A swing in a half-circle, and his car pulls up at the main entrance of the 100,000-capacity stadium. There the stage is set for another United States victory.

But coming away from the Olympics it will be disquieting indeed for the fan to analyze the results. Many of the American points will have been accumulated by Negroes; an increasing proportion of the remainder will have been taken by Japan.

The yellow race and the black race—if they continue to develop—will completely dominate future Olympics. The United States is safe this year; and in 1940, too. But if Tokyo receives permission to stage the Olympics and continues its fanatical athletic program, and if the colored athletes continue their surprising growth on American school grounds, the international games of the future will find the pale-skinned athletes staring gloomily from the side lines.

It is ironical, but very likely true, that the yellow and black men will win their highest Olympic point total in the same spot where Der Fuehrer bellows into microphones his faith in Aryan supremacy.

Two Olympics ago there were only a handful of Japs in competition. Their nation suddenly decided to step on the athletic gas. It went about things scientifically. Films were imported and run off in slow motion; California track coaches were invited to give lectures; Lefty O'Doul was hired to coach the baseball teams, amateur baseball being part of the Olympic program. Bobby Jones, Babe Ruth, Charles Paddock, Johnny Weissmuller, Percy Beard, George Simpson were studied by thousands of sloe-eyed schoolboys.

Acme photo

Chuhei Nambu, a Jap world-record holder.

To Los Angeles in '32 there came a sturdy band of serious yellow men. Chuhei Nambu won the hop, step, and jump with 51 feet 7 inches. This was a world's record. Nambu was third in the broad jump, with 24 feet 5¼ inches. Nambu is better today than he ever was, and so are most of his teammates who have had an additional four years of training. Later in Tokyo Nambu set an accepted world record with a broad jump of 26 feet 2⅛ inches.

Kenkicho Ohshima finished third in the hop-step with 49:7¼; Kazuo Kimura was sixth in the high jump with 6:4½. The winner did 6:5⅝. Naota Tajima was sixth in the broad jump with 23:5¾. Coaches say, and latest unofficial marks indicate, that any of these men is a potential first-place champion now.

Seiichiro Tsuda was fifth in the marathon with 2:35:42. Onbai Kin was sixth. The winning time was 2:31:36. And the Japs beat the best American, Whitey Michelson.

The Jap relay team, 4x100 meters, made up of Itaro Nakajima, Iwao Masada, Seikan Oki, and Teichi Nishi, finished fifth. In the 100-meter Takayoshi Yoshioka qualified for the finals and finished sixth. This was in 1932, of course. This same Yoshioka in 1935 set the best foreign mark, 10:3, in the 100-meter. His time was better than anything done in competition last year by Leichum (Germany), Hanni (Switzerland), Osendarp (Holland), Sir (Hungary), Strandberg (Sweden), Hartbig (Denmark), or Sweeney (England), all crack 100-meter men.

At Los Angeles only five eighths of an inch prevented Japan from winning the pole vault. Shuhei Nishida was second with 14:1:1¼. Shuhei Mochizuki was fifth with 13:1:½. Since that time Japan has developed a fine young vaulter in Oe. Nishida in 1935 set the best foreign mark for the pole vault and second place went to Oe.

A world record for the 100-meter free-style swim was set by Yasuji Miyazaki, who did :58 seconds in his semifinal and won the final in :58:2. Tatsugo Kawaishi was second with :58:6. A one-two-three sweep was scored in the 100-meter backstroke by Masaji Kiyokawa, Toshio Irie, and Kentaro Kawatsu. The winner's time was two fifths of a second off the world record of 1:08 1/5.

Color in the Olympics

in the Centuries-Old Saga of Sport?

POWERS

Japan finished first and second in the 200-meter breast stroke, with Yoshiyuki Tsuruta and Reizo Koike taking the honors. Incidentally, Koike set a world record in his heat by doing 2:44 9/10. And Japan was third and fourth in the 400-meter free-style, with Tsutomu Oyokota and Takashi Yokoyama placing. Japan was first and second in the 1500-meter free-style, with Kusuo Kitamura and Shozo Makino the finishers.

Japan won the 4x200-meter relay in the world-record time of 8:58:4. The champions were Yasuji Miyazaki, Takashi Yokayama, Masanori Yusa, and Hisakichi Toyoda.

This is an amazing record when we consider that in the Olympics before this one only five Japanese marched into the royal box at Amsterdam where Queen Wilhelmina presented the trophies. That year, 1928, Japan was seventeenth in the list of nations, with only two firsts, two seconds, and one third for a meager total of 11 points.

The black men meanwhile have been doing all right for themselves, too. The United States has a rotogravure section of its track team that is capable of beating out most of the other nations on the grass. These colored cracks, who comprise a whole team in themselves, are Eddie Tolan, Jesse Owens, Ben Johnson, Cornelius Johnson, Ralph Metcalfe, Eulace Peacock, and Edward L. Gordon.

Track and field championships are regarded as the heart of the Olympics. At Los Angeles the United States won eight track and field titles; three of them were won by Negroes. Eddie Tolan took the 100-meter dash and the 200-meter; Ed Gordon won the broad jump.

Wide World photo

Eulace Peacock, sprinter and broad jumper.

The colored boys have had much more experience than the yellow. Our first great performer was John B. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania. He competed in the 1908 games at Shepherd's Bush, near London. Since then we have had Howard Drew, who competed at Stockholm, and De Hart Hubbard, who won the running broad jump in 1924 at Paris. Now suddenly we have a great crew of ebony thunderbolts.

Upon the shoulders of these colored boys rest our hopes of winning the Olympics at Berlin this summer. Without them we'd fail. The last time we sent a team to Europe we won only one track event of note—Ray Barbuti's surprise victory in the 400-meter.

This year we will send over Eulace Peacock in the 100-meter. He is better than any white man in the country at that event; he holds the A. A. U. national championship. He expects his stiffest opposition from Yoshioka of Japan, who has posted 10:3 this season.

The 1935 A. A. U. 200-meter champion is dusky Ralph Metcalfe. He was so close to Tolan in the Los Angeles Olympics that many of the judges are still arguing about that heart-thumping finish. Our present high-jump champion is Cornelius Johnson. Peacock holds the broad-jump title as well as the 100-meter. If Peacock finds himself winded, the indoor broad-jump champion, another colored lad, Jesse Owens, may step in and relieve him. Still another will stand by for substitute duty perhaps, and he is Ben Johnson, the 60-meter indoor champion.

While white men have been watching black and yellow shoulder blades flash past them to Olympic victories, white girls have been holding their own. This is because on our college campuses, especially those north of the Mason-Dixon line, there are ten colored male students competing in sports to one colored coed. The slim number of Japanese women athletes, compared to the men, is another explanation.

BUT Clarence Pinkston, coach of Detroit's national-championship men's swimming team, told me recently that his 1935 tour of Japan convinced him that "we haven't a chance to take a single Olympic women's swimming event, except diving, unless our girls improve tremendously between now and the finals at Berlin."

Dorothy Poynton Hill of California, Mary Hoerger, Florida's thirteen-year-old champion, and Claudia Eckert of Chicago are counted as almost certain winners. Georgia Coleman has retired from competition. So has Helen Meany. Helene Madison, Olympic champion of '32 and world-record holder, has turned professional.

"The United States has a poor crop of women swimmers as compared with Japan and, especially, Holland," said Pinkston. "Holland has the fastest women free-stylers in the world today, and the Japanese girls I personally clocked on my tour there were much faster than our best entries in this event."

If this is true, Japan's girls are due to take their place with the Japanese men. At Los Angeles they came up with only one medal. Hideko Maehata was second in the 200-meter breast stroke—a tenth of a second in the wake of Clare Dennis of Australia, who set a new Olympic record, 3:06:3.

The new crop of Japanese girl swimmers must have come up as suddenly as the men. The triumph of the Japanese men in California was so stunning that many of our losers were at first inclined to charge the victors with carrying concealed oxygen tanks!

THE END

"JAFSIE" AND THE

$50,000 Under the Table—The Mystery of the Italian Woman—More New Light on the Lindbergh Case

by Dr. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SITTING down with "John" in Van Cortlandt Park, Jafsie tried again and again, in vain, to appeal to and work upon any emotion in him other than fear and greed. "John" vouchsafed details about a "kidnap gang" whose mere contact man he professed to be. These same details have been widely discussed; Jafsie does not take them seriously. Demanding the ransom money, and raising the amount to $70,000, "John" had, he reasons, to give him "a convincing picture to take back to Colonel Lindbergh." The baby, "John" said, was on a "boad" six hours away. Jafsie pleaded to be taken there, offered to remain as hostage. "John" refused; the gang's higher-ups, he protested, would "schmack me oud." He stipulated that an ad reading "Baby is alive and well. Money is ready" be inserted in the Bronx Home News.

Questioned about Henry Johnson, he said heatedly, "Red Johnson is innozent! Betty Gow she is innozent too! Don't you believe *we* are the ones who should gottit the money?" He promised to send, as a token, the baby's sleeping suit. At parting he shook hands with Jafsie—and there was indeed a lump of muscle at the base of his right thumb.

Al Reich, hearing of the parley, felt that "John" had lied and that the baby was dead. Colonel Breckinridge, however, was hopeful, as the troubled Jafsie tried to be. There was a nerve-racking delay of three days before the sleeping suit came by mail. When it did, Colonel Lindbergh was notified. An hour after midnight Jafsie heard a car stop in front of his house and saw a man come up the steps—a man whose face was hidden by a tourist cap and amber-colored goggles. Jafsie threw the door open.

PART FIVE—"THIS IS MY SON'S"

YOUNG Colonel Lindbergh stepped into the hallway of my home, removed the amber-colored glasses and the cap he was wearing. "Hello, Doctor Condon," he greeted me. "Sorry to have kept you up so long. It was impossible for me to slip out of Hopewell earlier than this." His calm serious eyes looked into mine. "What do you have, Doctor?"

"I have a message for you," I told him. "The kidnaper has kept his promise. He has sent a sleeping suit which he says belongs to your son."

I was proud at that moment. Proud that this slender clean-cut youngster who was America's national hero—the whole world's hero—was a guest in my humble home. Proud, too, of the fact that in this his hour of need I was being of some assistance to him.

But greater by far than my pride in such things was my feeling of compassion for him as a father. The ordeal now facing him—examination of the infant's sleeping suit—was a cruel one from which many a brave man might shrink. I put the question to him gently:

"You are quite sure, Colonel, that you wish—that you can bear—to inspect the child's garment?"

"Yes," he replied softly. His hand rested gently, for the briefest moment, upon my arm. "You are very kind, Doctor."

I led him at once into the living room. Erect, impassive of face, he walked beside me to the grand piano. His friend Colonel Breckinridge stood quietly, unobtrusively, beside a chair. For the fleeting fraction of a second their eyes met in wordless greeting. I stood beside Colonel Lindbergh at the piano; indicated the brown-wrapped package on the Paisley shawl.

"This is it, Colonel."

As his lean strong fingers reached out for it and his eyes fastened upon it, I knew that there was nothing other than that package in all the world of which he was conscious at that moment.

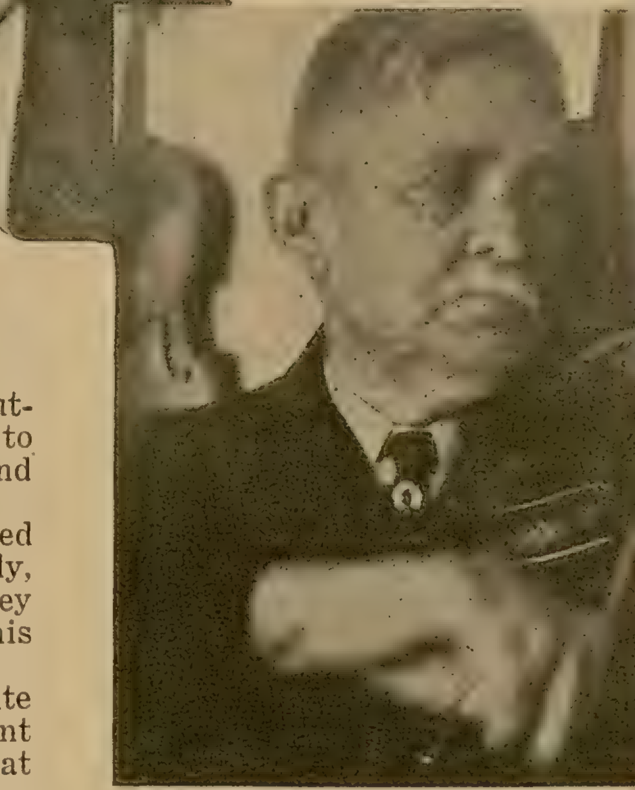
Steadily enough his fingers carefully unfolded the brown paper and placed it to one side with the note which had been enclosed with the sleeping suit.

With infinite tenderness he spread out on top of the piano the gray woolen sleeping suit. Utter silence hung oppressively in that room of drawn shades as he began his examination of the little garment. Intently, with the quiet precision of a scientist, he inspected its material, counted the buttons, turned it over to study both front and back.

His hands remained quiet, steady. Deftly, and always fondly, they turned the garment this way, that.

Aware of the exquisite torture of this moment in his life, I marveled at this seeming control—absolute control — over his emotions. And then, quite suddenly, I became conscious of a sound; realized that the sound had been in the room, had steadily grown in volume, from the moment his fingers first had touched the soft folds of the little garment those fingers had not been privileged to touch in more than two weeks.

Would you have known him? This picture is disguised as Colonel Lindbergh himself was.



Jafsie's violins figured in the mystery. Here he is playing one.

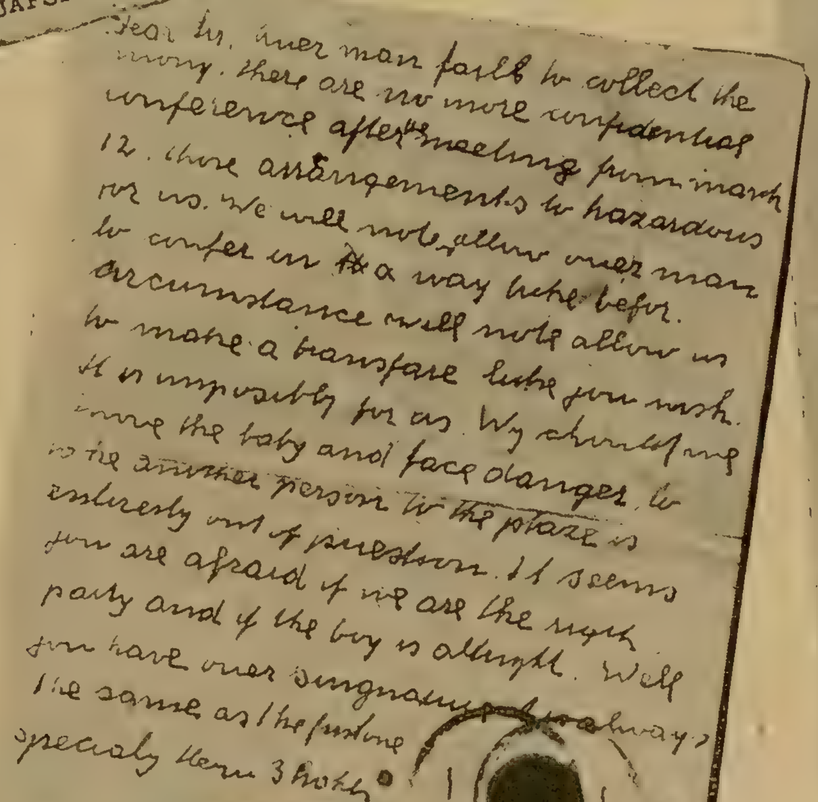
RANSOM MONEY

SPECIAL NOTICE 86

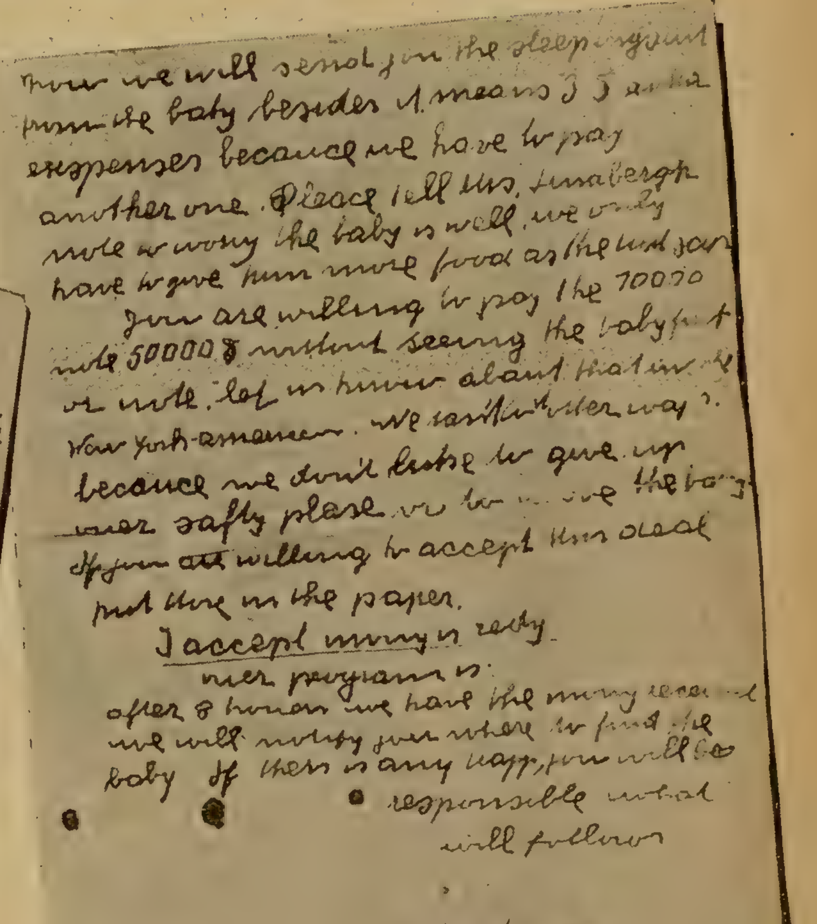
I ACCEPT. MONEY IS READY. YOU KNOW THEY WON'T LET ME DELIVER WITHOUT GETTING THE PACKAGE. PLEASE MAKE IT SOME SORT OF C.O.D. TRANSACTION. COME. YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST JAFSIE.

Jafsie's first "I accept" ad asked that the baby be returned when the ransom was paid.

Below: The ransom letter mailed with the sleeping suit. Notice its demands.



Dear Sir, Ouer man faile to collect the mony. there are no more confidential conference after the meeting from march 12. those arrangements to hazardous for us. We will note allow ouer man to confer in a way like befor. circumstance will note allow us to make a transfare like you wish. It is impossibly for us. Wy shuld we move the baby and face danger. to take another person to the plase is entirely out of question. It seems you are afraid if we are the right party and if the boy is allright. Well you have ouer singnature. It is always the same as the first one specialy them 3 hohls.



Now we will send you the sleepingsuit from the baby besides it means 3 $ extra expenses because we have to pay another one. Please tell Mrs. Lindbergh note to worry the baby is well. we only have to give him more food as the diet says.

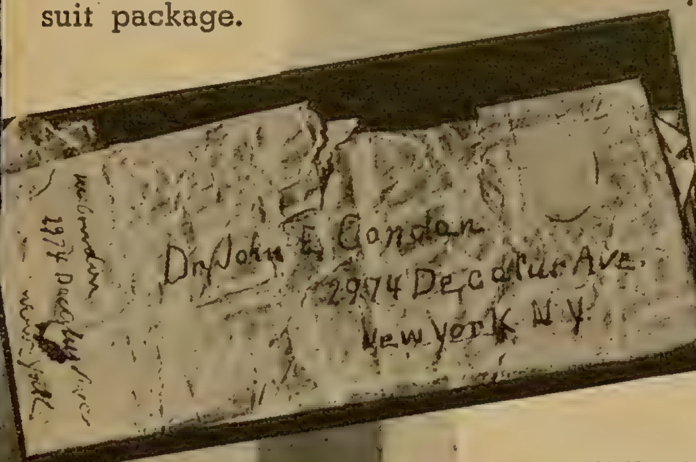
You are willing to pay the 70000 note 50000 $ without seeing the baby first or note. let us know about that in the New York-american. We can't do it other way. because we don't like to give up ouer safty plase or to move the baby. If you are willing to accept this deal put these in the paper.

I accept mony is redy.

ouer program is:

after 8 houers we have the mony received we will notify you where to find the baby. If there is any trapp, you will be responsible what will follows

Below: Part of the paper that wrapped the sleeping-suit package.

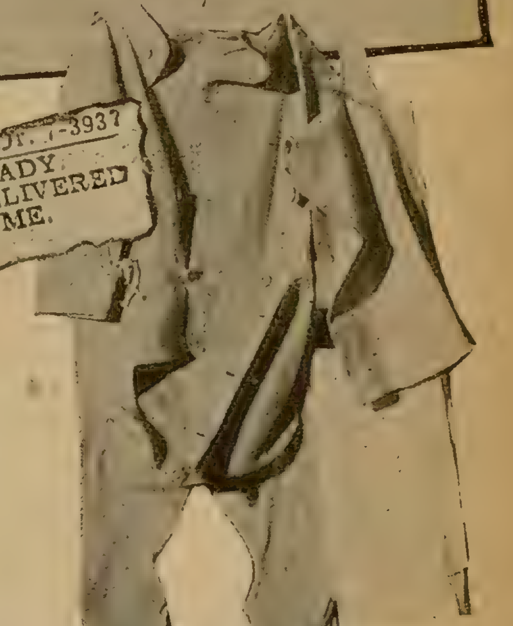


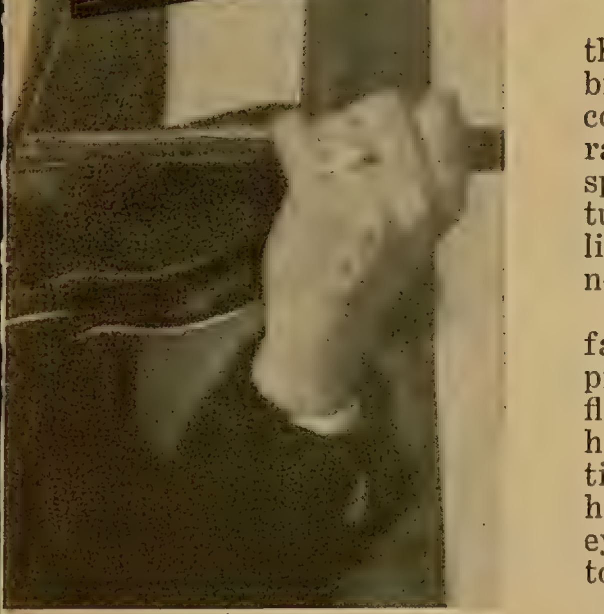
Dr John F. Condon
2974 Decatur Ave.
New York N.Y.

1 E. Fordham Rd. (cor. Jerome ... 7-3937

I ACCEPT. MONEY IS READY. JOHN. YOUR PACKAGE IS DELIVERED AND IS O. K. DIRECT ME.

The second "I accept" ad, worded as the kidnaper demanded. Right: A duplicate of the sleeping suit.





Sibilant and strong came the sound of his labored breathing as, entirely unconscious of it himself, he raised the garment, inspected each sleeve, then turned to a study of the little red trademark in the neckband.

I stole a side glance at his face. His lips were tightly pressed together and the flexing of the muscles at the hinges of his jaw told of tightly clenched teeth. A hint of moisture gave his eyes more than their accustomed brilliance.

A newspaper writer who later was to paint a word picture of that tragic scene wrote that Colonel Lindbergh collapsed, sobbing, on a sofa in my living room. The writer even had the lying audacity to state that I told him of this and showed him the very sofa upon which, supposedly, Colonel Lindbergh had collapsed.

Nothing like that happened. There was no melodrama. Only the quiet symbols of deep tragedy—the labored breathing, the flexing jaw muscles, the moist eyes fighting back tears that did not fall. These things, and these alone, told of his winning struggle against his sorrow. He turned to me, and for a moment he obviously had no wish to trust his voice. Then, steadily, softly, he spoke:

"This is my son's sleeping suit. It is the one he wore the night he was taken."

Almost as though he dreaded refusal, he asked:

"May I—may I take this back with me?"

"Of course," I assured him, and hoped that my own voice did not betray my emotions. I managed a smile, put lightness in my tone. "We're going to get that son of yours back to you soon, Colonel," I promised him.

He returned the smile.

"I am sure you will. I can't tell you, Doctor, how much—"

"You needn't."

There could be, I learned, little doubt that the kidnaper had sent the actual suit worn by the baby on the night of the kidnaping.

It has been argued that the suit need not have been genuine because, immediately after the kidnaping, a minute description of the sleeping suit had been obtained by the newspapers from a saleslady at the store where it was purchased. It was described in the newspapers as:

"A one-piece sleeping suit of fine white balbriggan.

Stitched feet. Long sleeves. Close-fitting neck. Six buttons from crotch to neck and three across the back at the hips. Size Number 2."

Why could not an impostor, reading this description, have obtained a similar suit and forwarded it?

The answer is simple. He could have. But in so doing he would immediately have disclosed himself as an impostor; for the description obtained by the newspapers, while given them in good faith by the New York City department-store saleslady, was erroneous in every detail excepting size.

The suit which came to my home by mail, and which was the Lindbergh baby's sleeping suit, answered the following description:

It was of gray woolen material, twenty-four inches long. It buttoned up the back in a straight line of four buttons, and two other buttons were on a flapover. It was size two. In front, on the upper left-hand side, was a pocket, and inside, in the back of the neckband, the small red label bearing the manufacturer's name.

Here was still one more confirmation of the fact that we unquestionably were in contact with the actual kidnaper.

As we took seats Colonel Lindbergh mused aloud:

"I wonder why they went to the trouble of having it cleaned?"

"What?" asked Colonel Breckinridge.

"The sleeping suit," repeated Colonel Lindbergh. "It has been cleaned before being sent here. I wonder why?"

None of us knew why. It is perhaps as well that none of us then knew why the kidnaper should have needed three full days to obtain the sleeping suit, or where he must have had to go to obtain it, or why, having obtained it, he should have found it imperative to have it cleaned.

Colonel Lindbergh read slowly the scrawled impatient note which had accompanied the sleeping suit:

> Dear Sir: Ouer man faill to collect the mony. There are no more confidential conference after we meeting from March 12. those arrangements to hazardous for us. We will note allow ouer man to confer in a way like befor. circumstance will note allow us to make a transfare like you wish. It is imposibly for us. Wy should we move the baby and face danger to take another person to the plase is entirely out of question. It seems you are afraid if we are the rigth party and if the boy is allright. Well you have ouer singnature. it is always the same as the first one specialy these 3 hohls. [The symbol of the interlocking circles and three holes chosen by the kidnaper to identify his communications followed.]
>
> Now we will send you the sleepingsuit from the baby besides it means 3$ extra exspenses becauce we have to pay another one. Pleace tell Mrs. Lindbergh note to worry the baby is well. we only have to give him more food as the diet says.
>
> You are willing to pay the 70000 note 50000$ without seeing the baby first or note. let us know about that in the New York American. we can't do it other way becauce we don't like to give up ouer safty plase or to move the baby. If you are willing to accept this deal put these in the paper.
>
> *I accept mony is redy*
>
> ouer program is
>
> after 8 houers we have the money received we will notify you where to find the baby. If there is any trapp, you will be responsible what will follows.

COLONEL LINDBERGH looked up from the note.

"'Circumstances will not allow us to make a transfer like you wish.' What does that mean?"

"He probably refers," I explained, "to something I told him Saturday night at our meeting. I told him that if he did not wish to turn the baby over to me, he should transfer the child to any Catholic priest, who would see that the baby was returned to you and would keep the identity of this man, John, secret.

"I recall, too, in pleading with him to take me to the baby, that when he said it was impossible to take me to the place where they were keeping the baby I suggested that your son be moved to another place, so that I could visit the child, identify him and make sure he was well.

"He may refer to either of those things when he says that a transfer cannot be made."

Colonel Breckinridge nodded.

"You see," he said, "the man who sent this note and the sleeping suit is the same 'John' with whom the Doctor conferred, for in his letter he is rediscussing some of the things that they spoke of last Saturday night and about which Doctor Condon already has told me."

Colonel Lindbergh was eager to hear my story of the Saturday-night meeting with John; and for the third time, word for word as I had previously repeated it to Al Reich and Colonel Breckinridge, I gave it again in those early-morning hours.

"What did he look like?" Colonel Lindbergh asked.

I described his appearance, dress, his deep-set eyes, sallow complexion, "inverted triangle" face, and his expressionless voice with its heavy accent.

"You are very observing, Doctor," Colonel Lindbergh complimented me.

"Remember," I told him, "that I sat on a bench talking to this fellow for more than an hour. And, early in our conversation, I made him take his face from between his coat lapels."

I GRINNED. "My parents are responsible for the rest," I said.

"I don't follow you."

"The training I received in my childhood, Colonel, has stuck with me for more than seventy years now. I was told as a child always to face and look at persons to whom I was talking. So I looked at this man as I sat beside him."

"Wasn't it dark there?"

I shook my head.

"There was a street intersection lamp close enough to give some light. We were sitting in what might be called semidarkness. There was, however, plenty of light by which to observe his features distinctly."

A change had come over Colonel Lindbergh. He was eager now; eager to discuss a continuation of negotiations, anything that would bring the terrifying suspense of this affair to its proper ending—the return of the baby. Mixed with his obvious eagerness to terminate negotiations was an equally obvious feeling of gratitude to me for what I was trying to accomplish for him. It was in his every gesture and word to me. And I was touched and happy because of it.

Over and over my mind silently repeated the vow I had taken at the crib that night in Hopewell; my determination to return his baby grew stronger with each passing moment as I begged the God who had guided me thus far to give me further guidance.

"I wish," Colonel Lindbergh said, "that the kidnaper would let you, Doctor, see the baby before the money is paid. But if he won't we'll pay the money anyway. After all, this man has kept his word with us throughout. And he knows that we've kept our word with him. I will not permit any schemes to trap him. He wants the money. And, if he gets it, I see no reason why he will not keep his end of the bargain and return my boy."

I disliked dashing cold water upon this young father's enthusiasm, but caution whispered to me in that moment.

"Don't you think, Colonel," I demurred, "that one of us should see and identify the baby before any money is paid over?"

"Yes, of course, if it can possibly be arranged that way. But we must not let negotiations go on too long. If he despairs of getting the money, if word leaks out to the newspapers, if any one of a dozen things happens, it might endanger my son's life. This man, after all, is in a position to dictate his own terms." He turned to Colonel Breckinridge. "Will you attend to putting the ad he asks for in the Home News and the American tomorrow—'I accept. Money is ready'?"

He turned again to me. "I am anxious to have all of this over," he said wearily.

"I know you are," I replied. "The ad which ran in the paper today carried the phrase: 'You know they won't let me deliver without getting the package. Please make it some sort of C. O. D. transaction.' I still feel we should insist upon seeing the baby before making any payment.

"We might do this: Announce virtual acceptance in tomorrow's ad, as demanded, and then attempt to bargain with him after we've heard from him further. In any case, I believe it would be wise to acknowledge receipt of the sleeping suit and ask for further instructions."

Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge agreed to this and we drafted the ad. In its final form it read:

> I ACCEPT. MONEY IS READY.
> JOHN, YOUR PACKAGE IS DELIVERED AND IS O. K. DIRECT ME.

It was nearly three o'clock that morning when Myra came into the room to tell me that she had prepared a light lunch for us in the dining room. In the back part of the house she and Ralph Hacker, her husband, had been talking with Al Reich.

I introduced Colonel Lindbergh to my daughter. He greeted her cordially, they talked for a few moments, and we went into the dining room. There he met my son-in-law and my good friend Al Reich. And there, for the next half-hour, we sat at the table discussing casually every conceivable topic except the kidnaping.

At about 4 A. M. I stood in the hallway of my home with him once more as he put on his amber glasses.

"Don't worry," I told him. "We'll get back that little fellow of yours."

"Thank you, Doctor. I am aware that you have devoted great energy to this in my behalf. I hope it has not interfered too greatly with your own business."

"Nonsense," I answered. "I give lectures at Fordham University, at the College of New Rochelle, and downtown. I haven't missed a lecture since I entered this case."

We shook hands. He stepped out on to the porch, put on his cap, pulling it low on his head, and turned to me once more. I noticed that the simple expedient of glasses and cap formed an extremely effective disguise.

"Good night, Doctor," he said.

It was late that same day, I believe —Thursday, March 17—that a package wrapped in heavy brown paper was brought to my home by Colonel Breckinridge.

It was the ransom money—$50,000 in bills.

FOR nearly a week it was to rest under a table in my study, where a servant girl later took it from the place on the floor where I had thrown it with studied carelessness, dusted it off, and neatly placed it on the table. I often wonder what her reactions would have been at that moment had she suddenly learned that the casual-looking package contained a fortune in currency.

Later, fearing for its safety in my home, I put it in a battered old satchel and carried it on a trolley car to the Fordham branch of the Corn Exchange Bank, where I arranged with the manager, Henry E. Schneider, a former pupil of mine, to have it placed in a special vault where I could have access to it day or night.

Later, I believe, two employees of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. obtained the money, so that agents of the Internal Revenue Department could direct recording of the serial numbers of the ransom bills.

To the best of my knowledge, Colonel Lindbergh was so strongly determined to play absolutely square with the kidnapers that at the time the money was turned over to me no record had been made of the serial numbers.

There was no further word from the kidnaper that day. We expected none. So deliberate and cautious in his every movement was the mysterious "John" that we felt it might be another day, at least, before we heard from him again.

Colonel Breckinridge and I, sitting in the living room of my home that night, had other things to worry about. The newspapers, starved for authentic reports concerning progress in the Lindbergh case, were shooting in the dark—and shooting dangerously close.

THERE, on the front page of one newspaper, was the story of a rumor that J. P. Morgan & Co. had placed at the disposal of Colonel Lindbergh $250,000 with which to ransom his kidnaped child.

I discussed it with Colonel Breckinridge, who was furious.

"I have never been able to understand," I told him, "why any newspaper feels that its duty to its readers should be considered such a sacred obligation, particularly when the life of a child is at stake. And particularly," I added bitterly, "when the 'news' it feels so obligated to supply to its readers is entirely erroneous."

Nodding, he replied:

"The danger lies in the impression articles such as these will have on the kidnaper. 'What a fool I've been,' he'll tell himself, 'to ask for fifty thousand when I can just as easily have a quarter of a million!' They think Colonel Lindbergh rolls in wealth." He shook his head. "Poor fellow, I know what a time he's had raising fifty thousand. Now it's seventy."

I too know the problem that the additional twenty thousand represented. Raising it was one of the hardest tasks he ever faced.

True, he could have turned to a number of persons and quickly borrowed the additional sum. A proud young man, he preferred—and I admired him for it—not doing that. It was his problem, and he solved it as he solved the problems of his trans-Atlantic flight—alone.

The legend that he is, or was at the time of the kidnaping, a tremendously wealthy man remains a legend. The kidnaper could well have picked a child of literally hundreds of other persons, and done so to his financial advantage.

It will explode, perhaps, the erroneous belief that Colonel Lindbergh has or had fabulous sums of ready cash when I disclose a fact here.

When young Colonel Lindbergh

LUDEN'S
Menthol Cough Drops
now do
BOTH
❶ Quickly relieve your cough
❷ Help build up your alkaline reserve
Because medical authorities stress the value of an alkaline treatment of colds . . . a tasteless, natural *alkaline factor* has been added to the original Luden formula.
Now help you ALKALIZE

Now WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
5¢

MUSCULAR
RHEUMATIC
PAIN
It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a *"counter-irritant"!* And that's what good old Musterole is — soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.
Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.
Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.
Good Housekeeping Bureau
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

raised the initial sum of fifty thousand dollars, as demanded by the kidnaper, he had left a cash balance of less than $3,500.

By what arrangement he obtained, finally, the additional twenty thousand from J. P. Morgan & Co., I do not know. It is none of my business.

But I do know that even at this trying period of his life he did not for a moment consider the thought of yielding to cheap self-exploitation—the thing that would make him as wealthy as incorrect rumor has always held him to be. There is a tremendous dignity and courage about this slender young lad, so integrally a part of him that to know him is to respect him. He is one national hero who is not constructed of alloy.

It was because of my deep respect for his courage and dignity and the brave quiet way in which he raised seventy thousand dollars in cash—a task which most of those who read these words would find enormous—that I tried, later, to help him salvage some of that money. For this act sharp criticism, even suspicion, was to fasten upon me.

The evening papers carried another story which was made up of whole cloth. And it was equally dangerous. It concerned the rumored offer of various gangsters to return the child within forty-eight hours, provided a sizable ransom were paid.

Since we knew positively we were dealing with the only man in the world who had advanced a shred of proof that he knew the whereabouts of the child, these stories served to draw tighter our already taut nerves.

With the end of the case apparently in sight, were we to be defeated by the publication of such stories? I felt so strongly about these fake offers of gangsters to return the child, and the willingness of newspapers to print such crime-glorifying drivel, that I wrote a letter to the Home News expressing the hope that our law officers would see through their sordid pretenses and drive from the face of the earth these men "whose lawlessness makes a mockery of the laws of the greatest country on God's earth." I signed the letter P. A. Triot.

Publication in the columns of the New York American and the Home News of the special notices signed "Jafsie" were by now attracting widespread comment. To the other dangers that threatened our contact with the kidnaper was added the possibility that the identity of Jafsie might, in some way, leak out.

The note which the kidnaper had demanded be inserted was:

> Baby alive and well. Money is ready. Call and see us. Jafsie.

THIS aroused immediate interest. Was the baby referred to the Lindbergh baby? And who was Jafsie?

The Home News loyally went the limit in trying to keep my identity a secret. Forced by the sudden wave of speculation concerning Jafsie to comment in its own news columns upon the ransom communications, it printed the following as part of its general news story on the Lindbergh case:

> Meanwhile, another advertisement for insertion under the heading of "Special Notices" was received at the Home News office in the mail this morning. While the advertisement itself contained the familiar "Jafsie" signature, the note requesting its publication was unsigned and the origin of the "ad," like that of those previously received, is unknown. There has been nothing to indicate definitely that the "ads" have any bearing on the Lindbergh kidnaping and their significance is a matter of conjecture.

This unreserved devotion to a cause more sacred than its readers' right to the news deserves comment.

Jafsie, then, remained a strange, unknown individual to every one in the outside world except the publisher, editor, and assistant editor of the Home News.

"We've got to guard your identity jealously," Colonel Breckinridge told me that Thursday night. "If that goes, everything goes. It would be horrible if there were a leak, if—"

"But how could there be a leak?" I protested. "Only a handful of persons know. Each of them is absolutely trustworthy."

He stopped his nervous pacing of the floor to shrug his shoulders. "I don't know how there could be a leak," he admitted. "But leaks happen."

The doorbell rang. Some premonition made me call Myra. "Will you answer it?" I asked.

Colonel Breckinridge and I waited impatiently. Was it another communication from the kidnaper? Deep in my heart I hoped so. But it was not. Myra, white of face, came hurriedly into the living room.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"A reporter," she said. "A reporter from one of the New York City morning papers."

Instinctive alarm brought Colonel Breckinridge and me to our feet. Disaster was stamped on his face. His voice was hollow, unbelieving, angry:

"It's happened! They've found out. How in—"

I touched his arm; turned to Myra.

"What does he want?"

"His paper wants to know whether you have received any response to your letter of March 8 offering to be intermediary. He insists upon speaking to you."

"Tell him," I ordered, "that as far as you know I've received a few crank letters, nothing else. Tell him that I am not at home; that I'll not be home any more this evening."

MISGIVINGS ate at our hearts as we sat there awaiting her return. I knew that Colonel Breckinridge's words carried stark truth. If the newspapers discovered that I was acting as go-between, and if they published that fact, there would be nothing left for me to do further to assist Colonel Lindbergh. My usefulness would be ended, my connection with the case irrevocably finished. The kidnaper would never contact a man haunted and trailed by the hungry hounds of the press.

On the other hand, this reporter might have called on me without having the faintest inkling that actual contact had been made. His curiosity, as expressed to Myra, regarding the outcome of my published offer to act as intermediary might be the sole reason for his visit.

Myra returned with the information that he was gone but would return on the next day, Friday. He did. Several fellow reporters came with him. They arrived just as I was preparing to go to the College of New Rochelle to deliver a lecture. Myra told them I was not at home. They said they would wait until I returned.

From an upstairs window I peeked out at them. They lounged in a little group on the sidewalk in front of my home. Al Reich, whose car stood in front of the house waiting to carry me to my lecture, grinned at me with jovial malice.

"Your record of attendance at lectures has been swell for fifty years, Doc," he said. "But I guess you play hookey from school today."

Nettled, I snapped, "Guess again!"

I went into Mrs. Condon's room, found one of her long black coats with a fur collar. I carried it up to the attic. Rummaging about up there, I found a discarded hat. It was quite a hat. It had a soft floppy felt brim that could be pulled down, front, back, and sides. But its crowning glory was a turkey feather. That turkey feather was a foot long if an inch.

I put on the coat and hat, went downstairs, and found a mirror. What I saw in the mirror shocked the last vestige of irritability out of me. I was still laughing loudly when Al burst in.

We'll skip some of his opening remarks for the sake of printed propriety. He asked, "Since when do old ladies wear long trousers and a mustache?"

"That's easy," I replied. I rolled my trousers halfway to my knees, hunched down in the coat, and pulled the collar well up over the mustache. "Let's go," I said. "And when you're escorting an old lady, try to behave like a gentleman."

His sudden docility overwhelmed me. Gently he proffered his arm. He opened the door, again offered his arm gallantly, almost elaborately.

Crouched down, moving with invalid slowness, I leaned on his arm as we walked toward the car. The reporters moved to one side, looked at us. One of them said, "Hello, Al," and tipped his hat. Al said, "Hello."

My fingers nipped his arm viciously. I whispered up at him through the fur collar:

"Tip your hat, you big stiff!"

His face beet-colored, Al growled at me softly out of the corner of his mouth:

"Shut up! I'm nervous as a cat."

But he tipped his hat.

That night, when we returned to my home, the reporters were gone. Evidently they had decided that the vigil was worthless, that I had received no important answer to my offer to act as intermediary.

On the following day, Saturday, March 19, I left my home without the necessity for disguise. I had no classes that day, but I had opened a bazaar in a store at 194 East 200th Street in a storeroom furnished by the O'Hara brothers. The purpose of the bazaar was to raise money to be applied to the cost of erection of a chapel on Hart's Island, a prison island.

I have always loved violins. My first was made of a cigar box and broom handle. At this particular time I had a collection of more than fifty. One of them, a Glass, had been used by Professor George F. Bristow of the Philharmonic Society of New York City.

A few of my violins I had contributed and placed on sale at the bazaar in order to assist in the raising of funds for the proposed chapel. The bazaar business was brisk and I had little time to think of my role in the Lindbergh case.

Late that afternoon, a short middle-aged woman with the oval face and olive skin of an Italian came in. Plainly dressed in dark clothes, she looked about her a bit timidly, now at the customers, now at the merchandise exhibited for sale, now at me.

I sensed her discomfiture, went over to her. "May I assist you, madam?" I inquired.

Her eye fell upon the violins.

"I would like to see a violin," she said quickly. "How much are they?"

I gathered that she must know very little about violins.

"Different ones cost different prices," I explained. "There are several here." Two customers standing near by, examining some handmade towels, moved to one side and I took down a violin.

"The make, the quality and age of wood, all help to determine the value of an instrument," I continued, turning back to my little Italian customer. "The back of a good violin, like this one, is usually made of curly or rock maple, well seasoned. The sides are of cherry, which gives it easy vibrations with the tone sent in by the bow. The top, well seasoned spruce, catches the tone and relays the vibrations. I'll show you—"

I got the impression that she was neither listening to me nor watching me. I looked at her, and found the impression correct. Her swift glance was darting from the doorway of the store to the two customers who had moved away to another corner. Suddenly her dark eyes fastened upon me.

She stepped close, began to speak rapidly in a whisper.

"Nothing can be done," she said, tumbling the words out clearly, "until the excitement is over. There is too much publicity. Meet me at the depot at Tuckahoe Wednesday at five in the afternoon.

"I will have a message for you!"

Who and what may this woman have been? Why didn't Jafsie follow her when she left? Is it true, as newspapers were to say, that she kept her appointment with him in Tuckahoe? To these serious questions he will give his answers unreservedly next week. He will also tell the absorbing inside story of the negotiations—with the kidnaper's notes growing more and more ominous, and with the Lindberghs on a rack of suspense—that led up to the payment of the ransom money. Don't forget that NEW EVIDENCE will appear in a later installment of his narrative.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Heywood Broun (as a boy).
2—No; life is said to cease when the lobster is split, before the grilling process.
3—In Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. His mother was a Canadian of Irish descent; his father an Irish-American.
4—Four hundred; all except one have been located.
5—John Adams, who was ninety. Garfield was forty-nine when he died.
6—By pouring a small amount of vinegar on the glue.
7—There are twelve months of thirty days each. All days over 360 are ignored by the calendar and are celebrated as the New Year.
8—Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.
9—Because the train of which he was the engineer crashed into another train.
10—Dalmatian. Before the days of autos, this breed was popular as carriage dogs.
11—The police of London (1922). New York's radio patrol was introduced in 1932.
12—No.
13—Admission Day.
14—Yes.
15—Truffles.
16—Forty cents (ten cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof).
17—During the sixth century, in the time of Pope Pelagius II. A plague raged in Rome and many of its victims died sneezing on the streets in the arms of priests.
18—It is 10 A.M. in Denver; 10 P.M. in Siberia.
19—Usually by means of a controlling gyroscope which begins to spin when the torpedo is released.
20—Abraham Lincoln

HERE ARE THE WINNERS!

LIBERTY'S $3,000 JINKY SWEEPSTAKES CONTEST

First Prize, $1,000

Evelyn Lindley
Portland, Oreg.

Second Prize, $100

Mrs. R. J. Thomas
Orlando, Fla.

World's Worst Jinky

First Prize, $500

Byron K. Hogan
Ogema, Wis.

Second Prize $50

Orin Williams
Canton, Ohio

1,350—$1.00 Prizes

Mrs. Edna Aaron, Natchitoches, La.; John Abatsis, Marlboro, Mass.; Mrs. Ethel G. Abdon, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. A. Abney, Memphis, Tenn.; Henrietta B. Adriance, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. J. B. Ageton, Hollywood, Calif.; Martha B. Agg, Oxford, Pa.; Mrs. Emmett Albaugh, Mount Vernon, Iowa; E. L. Albert, University, Va.; Jeanne Aldred, Denver, Colo.; M. L. Alexander, Ventura, Calif.; Mrs. Daisy Alldoffer, Whitestone, N. Y.; Mrs. E. P. Alldredge, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Dorothy F. Allen, New York, N. Y.; Jay K. Allen, Kings Park, N. Y.; Jean Allen, Pittsburgh, Pa.;

(Continued on Page 59)

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Have That Healthy

◆◆◆TAN...◆◆◆

That Men and Women Admire!

Don't have that pale, indoor, "pasty" look—when you can have the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. The same kind of Tan you get on a Florida beach! Your personal appearance is either a distinct social and business asset—or a handicap.

■ Now a daily "sun bath" in the privacy of your own home, will keep you looking like a Million Dollars—and feeling as physically fit as you look!

LOOK HEALTHY ... BE HEALTHY ■ Ultra-violet rays actually help to increase youthful vigor and vitality, tending to stimulate glandular functions; are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases and in destroying germ life. Many cases of pimples yield quickly to their purifying action.

SEND NO MONEY! TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE!

■ We want you to experience the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. Use it FREE for 7 days in your own home. Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for $7.50.

■ Now, a really high grade Sun Lamp, bearing the approval of some of the highest testing laboratories, is within your reach. *You try before you buy.*

$1.00 DOWN PAYMENT BUYS IT!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL TODAY!

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., Dept. 562
342 W. 14th Street, New York City
Send me full details of your special FREE TRIAL OFFER on Health Ray Sun Lamp.
Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________
This is not an order — Ship nothing C. O. D.
© 1936, Health Ray Mfg. Co.

Love Letters

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A New Man Comes into Ginger's Life as Socko Again Prepares for Battle

Vine Street,
Hollywood, Cal.

Socko O'Brien,
Brooklyn Sports and Manslaughter Club,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Socko:

Honestly, this business of being a Hollywood extra is sure getting me down.

Here, get a dish of what happened to me this week!

Last Monday, my agent gave me a bell and told me to screw over to the Rewind Studio, saying that Gregory Barnsmeller,—the ace director—wanted a cute nervy number like me to play an important part in a super-epic tagged "Mail Crash."

Well, was I thrilled. Ten seconds later I was reclining in a beauty parlor giving the tissue teasers a terrific pushing around. Believe me, I went against everything from permanents to beauty packs and when I emerged from the tropics, I could have pushed over a pent house bankeroo without half trying.

Yeah, and now comes the fun:—When I arrived at the studio, the megaphone maniac made such a fuss over me I thought the star had quit. Not only that, but I grabbed off a job at *30 bucks the day.* Imagine? Yes, and that aint all. The head man made me sign a contract and told me if I *made good,* he'd slip me a bigger part in his next opera. After washing up the preliminaries I was ordered into a portable dressing room and told to climb into a night gown that must have been spun by a spider. Next, when I ankled on the set I was asked to get into bed and make believe I was sleeping.

"What's the gag?" I asked the director.

"Oh!" says he. "It might be well if you knew the story. Suppose I read you the script."

"Sure," I says.

Then the director teed off by reading the scenario:—

"*Close up of Gilda's bed room,*" he begins. "Gilda is peacefully sleeping. Her pretty hair is draped in ringlets about her face. Her night gown is cut low. *Truck back:* to full shot of bed and ceiling. Synthetic fog is blowing through open window. We hear the drone of an airplane motor. The noise increases. Gilda's eyes open and gaze toward the ceiling. *Pan up:* show plane's running lights flashing through fog. Suddenly motor noise ceases. *Cut to:* Gilda gazing at ceiling and listening intently. *Cut to:* Plane crashing through ceiling and landing in Gilda's *bed* scattering plaster, beams—"

"Hey, wait a minute," I butts in. "Whos the *dame* thats *in bed* when this transport frolics in?"

"Why, *you,* of course!" says he, with a dead pan. "*You* happen to be doubling in this scene for the star."

Well, you could have floored me. And me conceited enough to believe I had signed a contract. Holy smoke, what I really *did sign* was a *release* to have my remains shipped to Brooklyn in case the plane decided to spread me like a hamberger.

Well, Socko, to lengthen a short story, I told the director a few things and legged it back home in the hopes of reducing my blood pressure.

When I reached the trap, I found Mrs. Watson—my landlady—giving the tears a workout. "What's the trouble?" I asked, trying to console her.

"Oh, my poor dear 'usband," she sobbed. "'Ere 'e expected a large check in this morning's post and it 'asn't come. To make matters *worse,* Mr. Watson spent 'is last cent to stop the Light Co. from subjecting us to darkness."

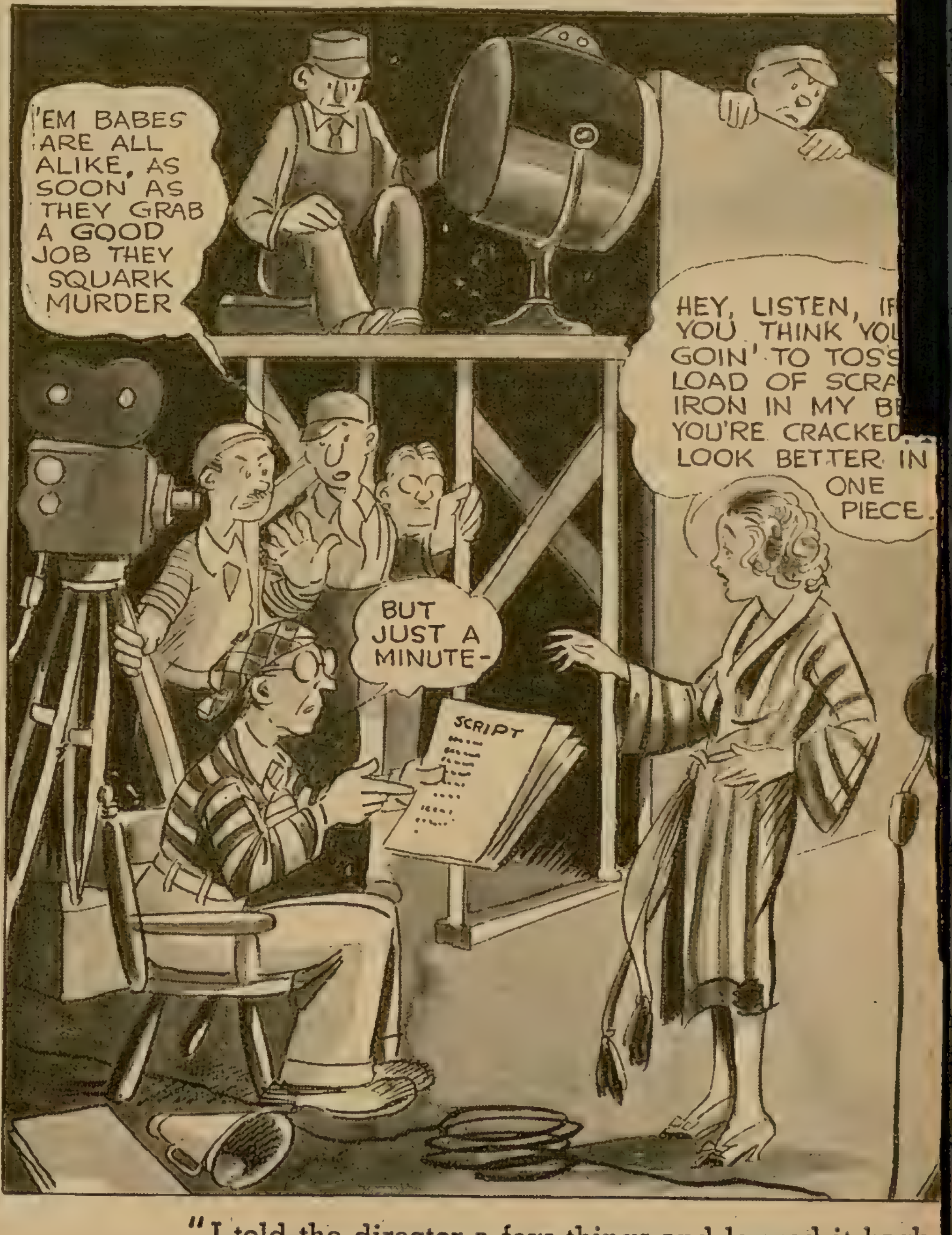
I felt so sorry for her, Socko, I advanced my next month's room rent, and she fell all over me.

"You see, Miss Ryan," she said, "while we may be financially embarrassed for the moment, Mr. Watson 'as great 'opes for 'is *invention.*" Then she took me by the mitt and led me into a little room and uncovered a big contraption of funny looking gadjets.

"It's a *perpetual motion machine,*" she whispered with one finger clapped over her trap. "It works with sponges and it runs for months and months at a time. Look 'ere," she pointed, "if it weren't for these 'ere *air breaks,* it would run on *forever.*"

She confided that Mr. Twist—who is Mr. Watsons lawyer—is in touch with a very wealthy old lady in Kansas who is nuts about the invention. "In fact," Mrs. Watson said, "she is *so interested,* Mr. Twist intends to sell it to her." Then she whispered—with tears in her eyes—"The poor old lady can hardly talk english and has a *glass eye.*"

We had hardly ankled back into the living room than who came barging in, but Mr. Watson himself tagged


'EM BABES ARE ALL ALIKE, AS SOON AS THEY GRAB A GOOD JOB THEY SQUARK MURDER
HEY, LISTEN, IF YOU THINK YO GOIN' TO TOS LOAD OF SCRA IRON IN MY B YOU'RE CRACKED LOOK BETTER IN ONE PIECE.
BUT JUST A MINUTE-
SCRIPT

"I told the director a few things and legged it back

# of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

by Mr. Twist,—who was dressed like an alderman.

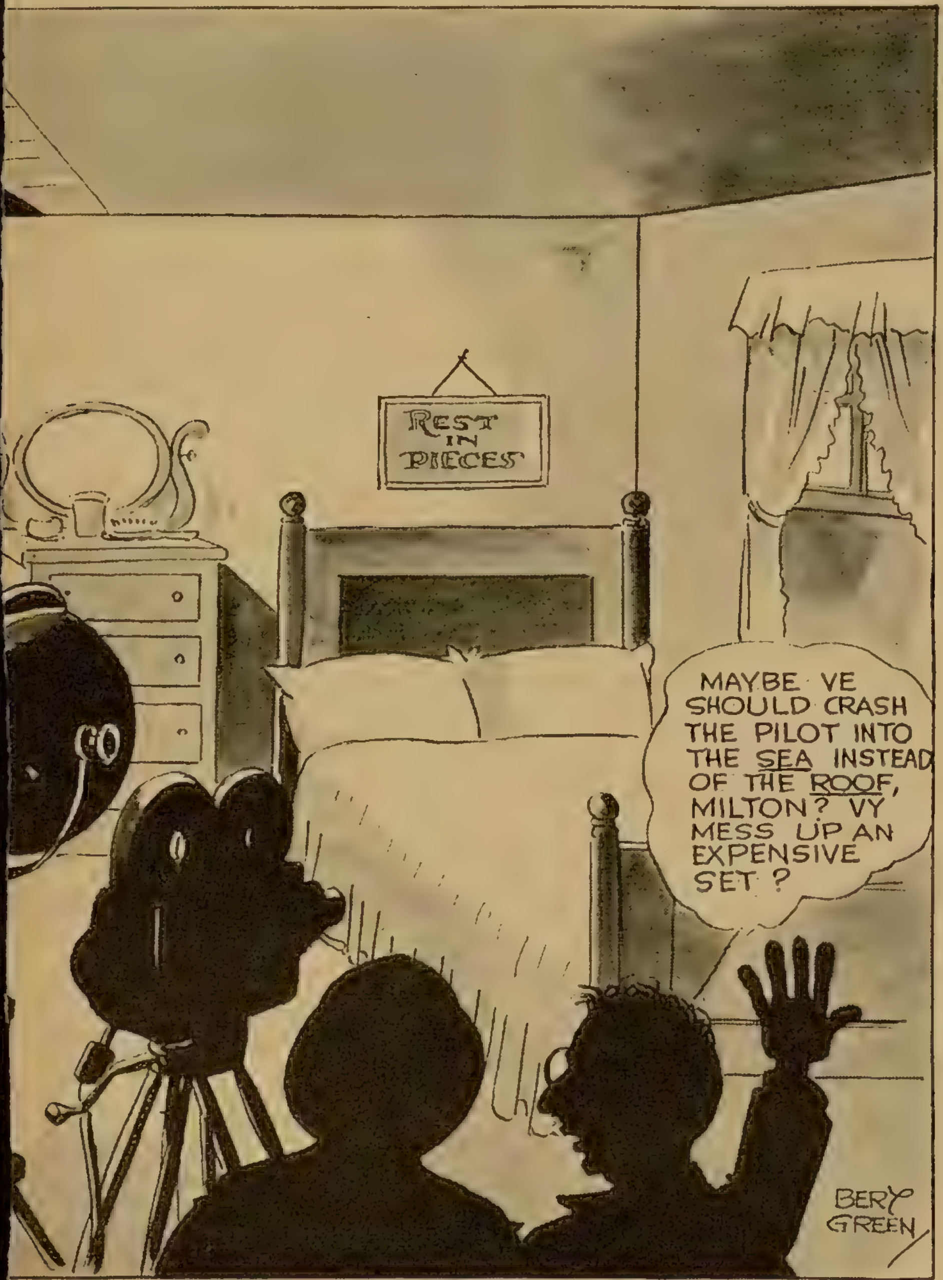
"Ida, my buttercup!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice as he threw his arms around her and showered her with kisses. "It might interest you to know that I have received a communication from the sweet old lady in Topeka, saying she's overwhelmed and in transit to look my brain child over. My barrister here,"—pointing to Mr. Twist—"intends to make her a gift of it for the meager sum of $50,000. Its only a question of time, my darling, before *youll* be embellished in sables."

He had hardly uttered these words when there came a knock on the door and in walked a tall, good looking chap about twenty-four. His face was the color of a bed sheet and a telegram quivered in his nervous fingers.

"Pardon me, Mr. Watson," he said, "but could you possibly loan me six dollars? My mother has been injured in an auto accident and I *must* get to Bakersville. I'll pay it back as soon as I return."

For a moment, the Watson's were speechless.

"I'm awfully sorry, Jack," said Mr. Watson sympathetically, "but I,—er,—well, I just paid the rent and my financial condition at the moment is status quo. Why not commercialize the onyx clock? Ginsberg is still open."


REST IN PIECES
MAYBE VE SHOULD CRASH THE PILOT INTO THE SEA INSTEAD OF THE ROOF, MILTON? VY MESS UP AN EXPENSIVE SET ?
BERT GREEN

e in the hopes of reducing my blood pressure."

The young fellow flatly refused. Oh boy, he was one of those chaps that just oozed personality regardless of his tough break.

"Maybe *I* can give you a lift?" I butted in. "Wont you let me lend you the dough?"

"Oh, thanks, no," he replied greatfully, gunning me with a pair of the bluest glims I'd ever lamped. "Its awfully swell of you to offer it,—especially to a stranger."

"Forget it!" I said, unable to meet his fascinating glance.

As I extended the money, Mr. Watson grabbed it, thrust it into the boys hand and rushed him down stairs in spite of his protest. As the door closed, Mrs. Watson put her arm around me and remarked:

"God bless you my child. The Almighty will reward you for this. I Know you'll never regret it. Jack Dawson is a great lad and a marvelous dancer."

"A hoofer?" I asked, full of curiosity.

"Oh my yes. Youll see 'is name in *lights* one of these days. Why, 'e's a *second Astaire.* 'E 'as a fortune in 'is feet!"

Well, of all things and me being turned down daily at the studios for my lack of stepping ability. Oh boy, maybe that six bucks will kiss me into the Ginger Rogers class. Who knows?

I suppose you think I'm goofy for helping a stranger, Socko, but for some reason, *I* don't.

Goo-bye, silly, Ive got to sign off now and lean on the studio door bells. Drop me a line when you pry your shoulders off the canvas.

Your pal, GINGER.

P. S.

Jack Dawson,—Listen Socko, I wonder if *he* could be the "J. D." Mrs. Watson saw in my tea cup?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Ginger:

Hey listen!? I gotta scrap for next week and a chanst to grab a thousand bucks plus my fights money. Heres what happened:—

Jack Downey—my manager—told me to meet him at the Ritz-Plaza for groceries saying he had some good news. Well just as I get my lap full of linen and am tearin the fenders off a lobster, he says:

"Next Saturday, I got you all set to step fifteen frames with a boloney by the name of Pansy Mc Nitt of Mount Gibralter for *1000 bucks* — WINNER TAKE ALL. Mc Nitt's also willing to bet you a grand *he'll stop you* before the second round. Whatll I tell him?"

"What!" I roars, "Tell that punk I'll slap him for a row of Etheopean mock oranges after the *first bell* and *cop that sweet dough.* Ask him how he likes that!"

You see, Ginger, no matter what happens, *I win anyway.* Onced I unhook my world famous left hook, em babies sleep like Joe Louis was rockin em.

And say, what a dizzy dame you turned out to be. Just because some *good looking hoofer* barges in and hands you a hard luck line, you slip him your bank roll. Whata yell.

When it comes to bein big hearted, you take the cellofhane brazzier. Am I laffin.

Your old cell mate, SOCKO.

P. S. In my next, I'll tell you all about the murder.

More choice extracts from the correspondence of Ginger and Socko will be published soon.

Vox Pop

This Would Stop "Wholesale Murder"

(Vox Pop's Own Safety Campaign—No. 3)

MOBILE, ALA.—In response to your request for a solution of the traffic fatality situation I offer the following proposed laws:

1. That every person who operates a motor-propelled vehicle upon any public highway, street, or road must be physically fit for that purpose, the facts to be determined by a rigid examination similar to that which is given an air pilot. When this examination is passed, the individual should be allowed to register and be issued an identification card, which should be of distinctive color and appearance and should bear on its face a description of the bearer, his address and the license number of the vehicle he drives, his thumbprint and photograph. This card should be issued by the central government and be in triplicate: one for the individual, one for local record, and the third for national record.

This registration card must be displayed on the windshield of any car he operates or rides in that is not a public carrier. Penalty for failure to do so, one month's revocation. (Meaning simply that his card is taken from him and until it is returned he must not ride or drive in any vehicle not a public carrier.) Penalty for riding or driving while under sentence, two months' revocation, to be doubled for each new infraction (four months the second time, eight months the third time, etc.).

2. Every vehicle to be tested every three months for brakes, tires, lights, and mechanical condition. In event the tests are passed a record is made on the machine itself.

3. Fifteen-mile speed within one hundred feet of all marked intersections, crossings, dangerous curves, and hills. Penalty for infraction, same as in Section 1. No passing on curves, hills, or intersections.

4. Any driver who participates in a collision that causes injury to his vehicle or another vehicle, or to persons within or without, shall be penalized by one year's revocation of riding and driving privileges. Second offense, two years; third offense, permanent. These sentences to be effective whether the person *be adjudged guilty or otherwise.*

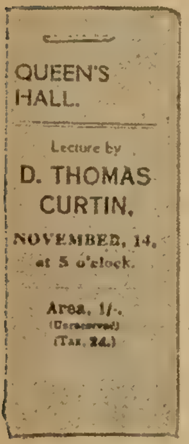
5. Any person who rides or drives a person under sentence shall have his vehicle impounded by national government for a period of one month. Second offense, six months; third offense, the car to be sold at public auction to defray expense of enforcing motor laws.

6. Pedestrians to walk only upon left side of highways not provided with walkways, and to cross only at designated crossings, under penalty of fifty dollars or fifty days.

7. This code to be national and enforced by a national highway patrol the personnel of which shall be shifted to a new locality every two months.—*D. Jorgensen.*

MR. CURTIN IN 1916 AND 1935

DETROIT, MICH.—When I read Mr. Curtin's article, How I Helped Bring the United States into the Last War (October 26 Liberty), I recalled that I had attended his lecture in Queen's Hall in London on November 14, 1916. (I enclose ticket stub.) At that time I was serving in the British navy, having joined up in Newfoundland early in 1915. The subject on which he wrote and the fact that I had heard him lecture made the magazine article particularly interesting for me.



QUEEN'S HALL.

Lecture by

D. THOMAS CURTIN.

NOVEMBER, 14, at 5 o'clock.

Area, 1/-. (Unreserved) (Tax, 2d.)

In his Liberty article he says: "My sympathies were entirely with the Allies. They still are, fundamentally." This statement agrees somewhat closely with the concluding words of his Queen's Hall speech in 1916; I remember them very distinctly. After commenting on the American policy of neutrality at that time, his concluding words were: "But for me, ladies and gentlemen, there can be no neutrality between right and wrong."—*C. Batten.*

WHAT IS PAPA DIONNE'S SECRET?

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Please, Mr. Vox Poppah, can't you do something to stem the tide of quintuplet stories, quintuplet pictures, and silly goo-goo goings on of those five little Canadian brats? Liberty's most recent bedtime story, A Nurse's View of the Hidden Lives of the Quintuplets (January 4 issue) was just so much more diaper dust.

Let's hear something about the old guy who is responsible. That's what most of us girls would like to know.

A secret like his shouldn't be kept secret.—*Dorothy James.*

ONE OF THE COMMON HERD

NORWOOD, OHIO—A Social Leader, of Philadelphia (December 28 Vox Pop), has taken a great load off my poor peasant mind. I knew there was something dreadful the matter with me, but I couldn't quite define it. Then came A Social Leader's enlightening letter, and lo! it put me wise to myself.

Woe is me! I'm just one of the common herd. Dickens is my favorite author. I confess that I have even waded through Dr. Eliot's five feet of piffle in his famous Harvard Classics. What's worse, I enjoyed it!

I was born in the Pennsylvania hills, the son of a peasant! I think Bernarr Macfadden would make a great President of the United States. I'm outside the pale of culture and uplift. I think the Bible is still the world's greatest book. Oh, woe, double-woe, yea, triple-woe is me! A Social Leader observes that a majority of humans shall be dolts and dullards. As I never hope to get to first base in the social set, I must gloom through life a—*Doomed Dullard.*

THE DEVIL HIS DUE . . . BRODIE JUMPED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In regard to the article in December 21 Liberty about the secrets Joe Humphreys has kept so long, I think he would have been more sportsmanlike had he given Steve Brodie the benefit of the doubt, as so many others have done.

I have kept out of the limelight myself for many years, but am tired of reading these things. I think I am in a better position to know more of S. Brodie and his achievements than any one else.

For years I was his confidante and did much of his business for him, so knew most of the things he did and many that he did not. I knew one of the men with him when he jumped Brooklyn Bridge, and have myself seen him jump others.

I don't owe him any good will, but give the devil his due. I feel positive he jumped the bridge. And why not? Others have. Then again, why do they wait until a man is dead to start something?

If further information is of any value to you, will be glad to furnish it.—*Gertrude Thauer (formerly Mrs. Steve Brodie).*

WINDOW SHOPPING FOR HUSBAND

GARY, IND.—Commenting on the item of Miss E. Poultney in December 21 Vox Pop regarding the "great public need of a complete recodification of our marriage laws," which are now "a loose archaic system," may I say, "Poppycock!"

Recodifying the law will not change human nature, nor by facilitating the remedy will it reduce the cause. How would one classify a child born between the first and second papers suggested by Miss Poultney? Perhaps we would return to the day of morganatic marriages.

I suggest that the young lady go husband hunting in Russia, where she can try out several marriages before making a final decision (which system is in accordance with that which she suggests), and if none pleases her she can always say, "No, thank you; I'm just looking."—*Mrs. Barton.*

WHAT THIS TROUBLED WORLD NEEDS IS—MARY

BELLEROSE, N. Y.—The grand lady has done it again! I mean Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart." She has written another of her great masterpieces (December 21 Liberty). I have read our Mary's article, What This Troubled World Needs, three times. It is certainly marvelous. Miss Pickford declared that what this troubled world needs is Christmas all year round. Well, I think one of the things this troubled world needs is more people like Mary Pickford herself!—*Ruth May Knell.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Mary Pickford's article, What This Troubled World Needs, gets me down. When will some of these hypocrites stop trying to feed us this fish bait?

Are we expected to read and absorb, in ethereal light, a self-imposed publicity stunt of this type?

Are there really millions of people begging for her kind of literature?—*Warren E. Shattuck.*

. . . OF THOSE UNBORN

PISMO BEACH, CALIF.—The problem posed below was suggested to me by Mary O'Donnell's letter in December 28 Vox Pop.

I would like to inquire if, when a man has a sterilization operation performed on himself, he becomes the murderer of the children he would probably have been the father of if that operation had not been performed. —*Henry H. Grieb.*

Mabel
Plaza
5294
DUNKEL

DIRTY SETUP

STRATFORD, CONN.—The excellent article by Arthur D. Gans, I Face the New Year, printed in January 4 Liberty with its customary and commendable frankness, was a most searching criticism on the power of politics in securing jobs for those with a vote getters' pull only.

What other country can boast of so dirty a setup?—*W. E. Baldwin.*

SONS OF VETS RESOLVE—

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—From headquarters General John A. McClernand Camp No. 4, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, in regular meeting assembled —Greetings:

Whereas: The Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War are descendants of the men who fought and gave their lives for the preservation of the Union, that we their sons and every citizen of these United States might enjoy the privileges and opportunities afforded by a free country, and vitally interested in any action that is for the betterment of this country; and—

Whereas: The General John A. McClernand Camp No. 4, the Department of Illinois, and the Commandery-in-Chief, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, have adopted resolutions favoring the deportation of all unnaturalized foreigners and undesirable aliens, who are enjoying the liberties and privileges of this country, obtaining their subsistence and in innumerable cases are being supported by the relief agencies set up by the political subdivisions of this country, and are contributing nothing toward the support of this government: Therefore be it

Resolved: That the General John A. McClernand Camp No. 4, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, do, individually and collectively, heartily concur with Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, in his editorial in the December 28 issue, regarding the deportation of unnaturalized foreigners and taxation for same. And be it further

Resolved: That the General John A. McClernand Camp No. 4, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, do highly commend his stand and endorse his editorial as the action of a patriotic American of the highest degree, and offer to him our support and co-operation in any way in carrying this fight through to the finish.

Adopted as read, December 20, 1935. —*Rutherford Lamb, Commander; Carroll W. Neeld; W. S. Hoopes; Clyde Midaur.*

ARTIST UP IN THE AIR

EL PASO, TEX.—The artist who illustrated Kingsford-Smith's article, My Co-Pilot Was Called Death (December 28 Liberty), either had started his rounds of Christmas cheer early or did not read what he was illustrating.

His picture shows a low-winged single-motored open-cockpit monoplane fighting the storm, whereas the ship the pilot was flying was a trimotored cabin model. Some of us don't object to a little accuracy, even in artists!—*C. H. Oxford.*

CHAIN-LETTER FAMILIES

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why should the white race be annihilated, Colonel House? With my unique solution put into effect, the white race need no longer fear this terrible catastrophe. All in favor, say "Aye!" Opposed, "Naw."

Every capable woman must have during her life at least five children. The law of averages says at least two will be girls (exempting Mrs. Cantor). Reaching maturity and the law still being in effect, each girl will also bear five children. With the continuance of this law the white race will flood the earth. A world of chain-letter families.—*Senator Fogginhead.*

READ US . . . AND LAFF

WEISER, IDA.—Seventy-two years of life have not taken from me a sense of humor. Vox Pop is one of the most ultra-funny things ever printed.

What a howling show this world would be if Fate decided, for once, to act upon all of the suggestions offered in Vox Pop!—*Myron A. Patch.*

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

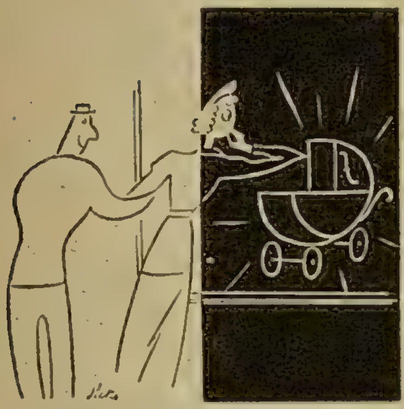
NOWADAYS I chat as often as I can with political gentlemen who take serious interest in lady voters. Notable among these is Charles S. Deneen, former United States Senator for Illinois, and former Governor of Illinois.

His great-grandmother was a pioneer woman. One time she caught a wolf in the very act of confiscating her youngest child. She drove the wolf away, then delivered an ultimatum to her menfolk. "We," she announced, "are getting out of the backwoods. We move to town *today*. I won't have my children eaten alive by wild animals."

CHARLES S. DENEEN

The menfolk protested, but great-grandma voted them down. And out of the woods they came!

Senator Deneen tells me he finds our feminine hand in present-day politics being played by us with that same old insistence upon family welfare and the protection of the home. "For example," he said, "men who work hard all day, as in the Chicago stockyards, turn their family affairs over to their women. Their wives pay the rent, the bills, the taxes. Sooner or later this makes the women politically alert. They try to find out what actually is what in politics."



The Senator's father, a Northern officer, was wounded during the Civil War. The Senator's mother went to the battlefields to nurse her husband. With her she took Charles S., then a baby in arms. One day his father was being shaved. Baby Charles sat on his lap. A Confederate cannon ball came along and chopped the barber's head off. Didn't even scratch Pa Deneen or little Charlie.

"Perhaps that made me something of a fatalist," says Senator Deneen. I think it must have done so. Because he went on to say that in forty-four years of married life he *never once* has asked Mrs. Deneen what she was going to give him for dinner!

● *Something to marry on!*

You know that line. We all know it. We have heard it spoken so many times by nice young couples who yearn to get married but want to be sensible and practical.

Money is nearly always the *something* to which they refer. We can't blame them for that. There can be no questioning the fact that money comforts are of considerable importance in marriage. Yet other somethings may be important also. I have in mind the circumstances of an engagement, recently broken (or should I say postponed?), between two young friends of mine.

They have been sweethearts since high-school days. Now they are both through college, both at work. And they have decided *not* to get married for a while.

She is the one who promoted the delay. "The more I see of other boys," she said to him, "the more I like you. If we really love each other it will do us good to wait a year or two. Go around with other girls, other men. When we have made sure of ourselves in that way—then we'll have something to marry on."

Her proposition sounded fair enough to him. He agreed. I'll admit she *may* be stalling him off while she looks around for better opportunities. We girls have been known to do such things before!

● Watch out for your accessories this spring. The tailored-suit rage is on, and tailored smartness always depends very largely on smart accessories. London and Paris know their suit business better than we do here, so take the following tips from abroad:

With tailored suits wear *only* masculine-form hats of sailor or toreador type. In felt.

Lingerie blouses, handmade, are first choice in Paris for wear with black suits. Stiff satin is second choice. Satin blouses are trimmed elaborately with stitching. Favored colors are blush pink, oyster, and royal blue.

A suit of Oxford gray or navy blue can be picked up by gloves of lemon-yellow suède. Pocketbooks are squarish. Calf leather. With black suits wear calf shoes, bags, and belt in the new *carrot* color.

For ultimate sophistication wear a tiny *buttonhole watch* in the lapel of your tailored jacket.

● I've been besieged by readers clamoring to know exactly how Rebekah Hufcut makes her Minnehaha Cake. Even a chief of police from a town in the State of Maryland has written for the recipe. So here you go, chief:

First make two layers—the nine-inch size—of your favorite butter cake. Use soda and sour milk or buttermilk instead of baking powder and sweet milk. Now for the filling. (This is the distinctive feature.)

Chop finely ½ pound raisins and ½ pound walnuts, also ¼ pound dried currants and ¼ pound dried figs. Add 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix and let stand overnight. Combine with Seven-Minute Icing. The mixture must be gooey. Spread between the cake layers. Ice on top and sides with plain boiled icing (or Seven-Minute Icing).

● Claudia Cranston went cruising over South America on the big clipper-ship planes. Her book, Sky Gypsy, tells what there is for a flying tourist to see down there, and what fun it all is. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

GOOD GIRLS NEED SOMETHING ELSE

Parading Around with a Banner Marked 'Chastity' Isn't Enough Any More . . . Let's Fight Fair!

Says

ALMA TALLEY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THERE used to be two kinds of women: the good woman and—sh!—the other kind. *Good* meant only one thing: *chaste*. It was physical purity only that counted, among women.

Today, somehow, it isn't enough—but we've nothing else as a standard instead. Chastity was the lone plank in our platform; and now that we're out in the big bad world, it's high time we got some others.

When I admired her new bedspread, a "good" woman of my acquaintance said proudly: "Remember that candlewick spread I've had on the bed for six months? I got tired of it, so I took it back to the store and got this instead."

Rather an extreme case, of course. But not at all unusual. Department stores are forever being cheated by women. Think of many a lovely lady who knocks you dead at each party. "Another new evening wrap! My dear, how do you do it?"

She does it by taking it back to the store the next day!

There are ladies who bring in shoes with a broken strap, demanding their money back, though the shoes have had enough wear to have tramped through Georgia and back. There was a lady who demanded a new fur coat after four months of winter wear, because hers was worn under the arms. It was a cheap coat, not guaranteed for service, but the store generously offered a free repair on it. No, said the lady; she was entitled to a new coat; she had hardly worn this at all. And besides, she added, she couldn't let them repair it, because she hadn't another coat to wear in the meanwhile!

These petty chiseling tricks are feminine. It embarrasses most men to return merchandise. They feel that they are imposing on the store and they're ashamed.

Recently there was a story in the paper about Mr. and Mrs. Blank returning from Europe. Mr. Blank said, "Have you declared everything, dear?" Mrs. Blank said no, she was smuggling in that diamond bracelet. Mr. Blank forbade it; nevertheless she wouldn't declare the bracelet.

Very well, said Mr. Blank, the light of battle in his eye. And the moment they got on the pier he told the customs inspector that his wife was concealing a bracelet. Her luggage was torn apart; the lady herself was searched. But they couldn't find a thing and they had to let her go. On the way home, Mr. B. said, puzzled, "But where was it?" And she said, "Look in your pocket." Mr. Blank was so outraged he turned right around and went back and paid the duty.

A customs official at the port of New York said emphatically that most of the petty smuggling is done by women. If a woman is caught, she should worry! Her husband pays the fine. And if she's not caught, the other women admire her nerve. But a man's reputation and good standing are involved when he's caught.

It would seem pretty silly if a local politician, haled into court for embezzling public funds, should solemnly plead in defense, "I've always been true to my wife." Yet women have been getting away with that for centuries!

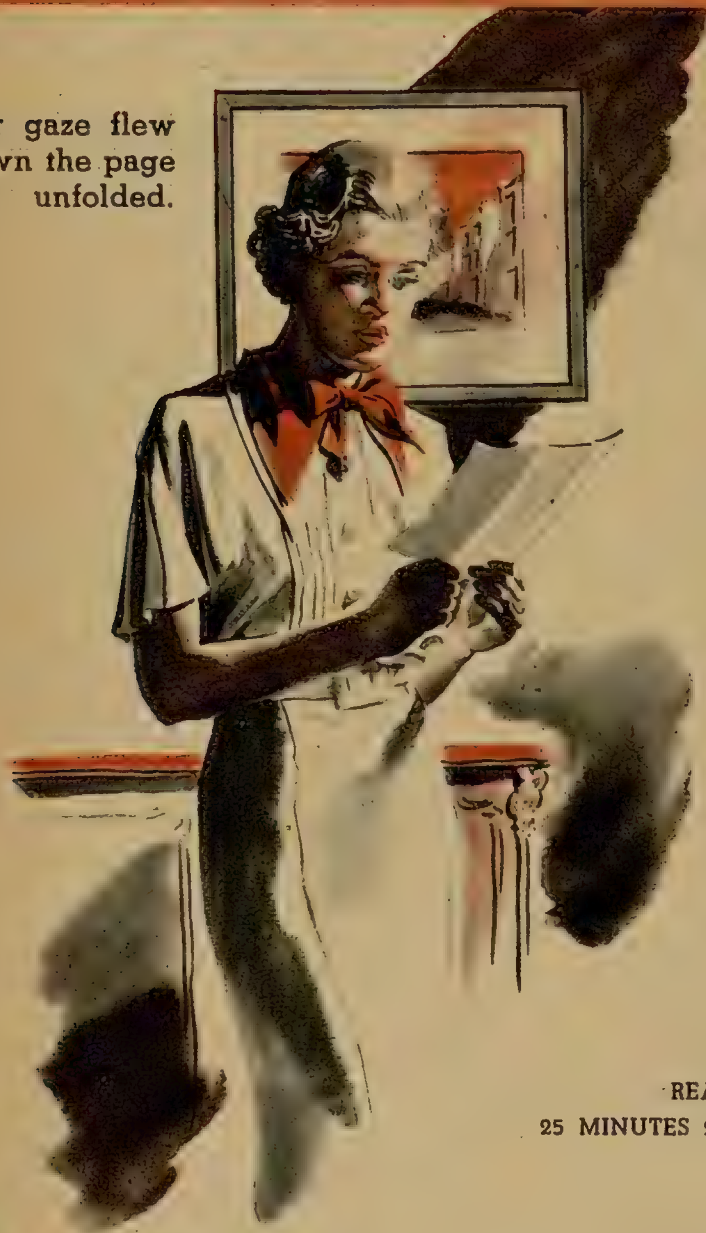
The movies used to wallow in that idea. Little Lottie, the heroine, was one of a gang of thieves. She was swell at picking pockets and was handy with the gat. But don't think for a moment she wasn't a Good Girl! And the movies reflected public opinion. Boys were brought up along the lines of that old Shakespearean adage, "To thine own self be true"; but girls were taught only to be true to a future husband.

Where are women now? They complain of discrimination against them in business. But a successful professional man wrote, anonymously, to the New York World-Telegram: "She [the professional successful woman] manifests a deep contempt for punctuality, repayment of debts, keeping promises, and orderliness." A male executive who likes and admires women tells me that nevertheless they are troublesome as executives. They are likely to be arrogant, full of gossip and intrigue, petty in their point of view. Having worked hard themselves to get where they are, they are slave drivers with others.

Such is the gist of the case against women. Summing up, we've been "good women" far too long, without being good enough.

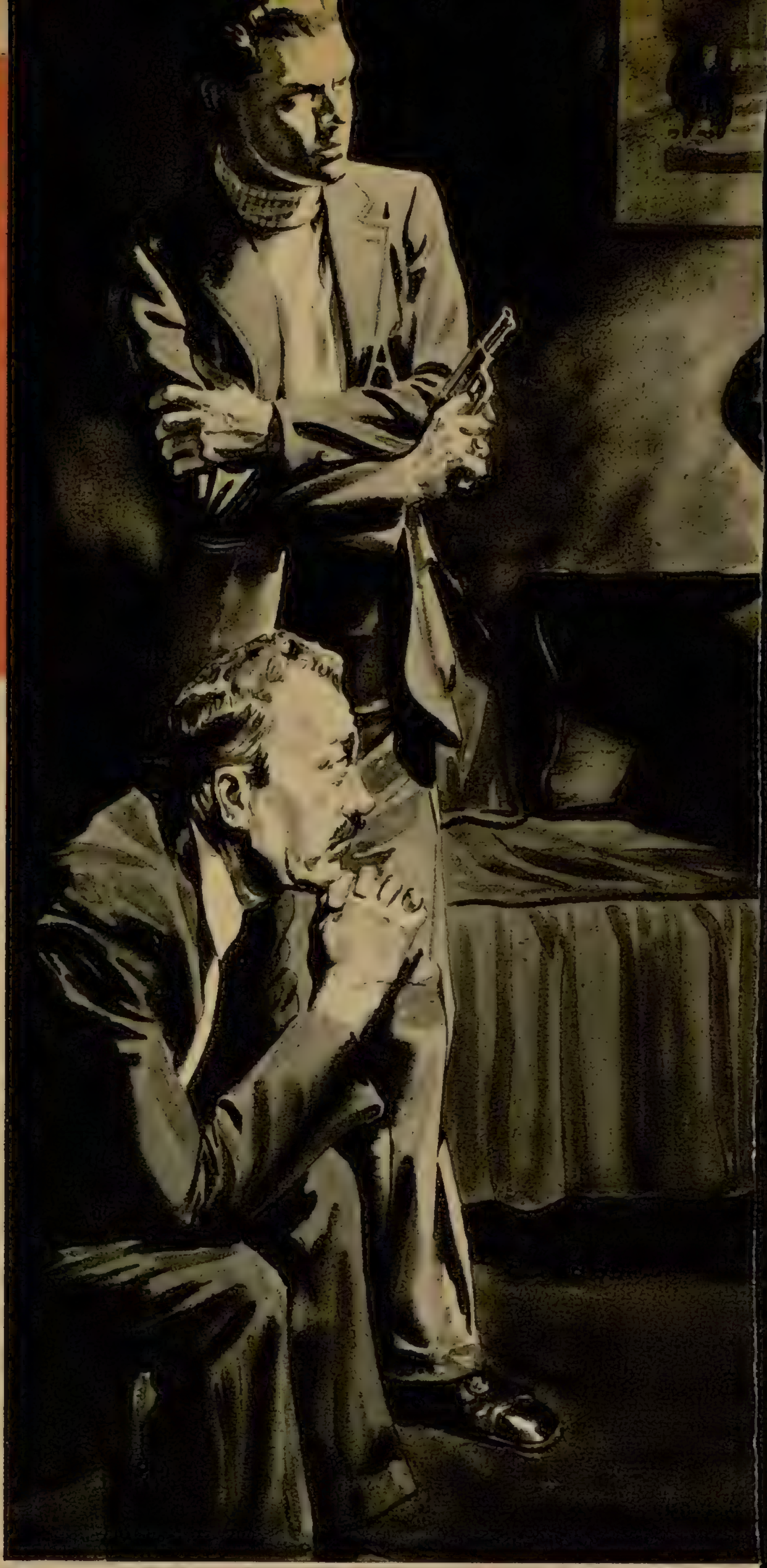
THE END

STORMY HEARTS



Her gaze flew down the page she unfolded.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 27 SECONDS



"YOU NEEDN'T TRY TO GET OUT, SHELLSTRO

AN impenetrable veil of mystery surrounds the Shellstrom ranch in Oregon, the Halfmoon Cross, when young Jard Shellstrom returns from Princeton University determined to learn why his father has disappeared so mysteriously—a shock that proved fatal to Jard's mother. She died after warning him against returning. But in her delirium she had mentioned the name of Oliver Calhoun.

There had been a feud between the Calhouns and the Shellstroms for years; but it meant nothing to either Jard or the lovely Mavis Calhoun, whom he meets again at the ranch. Mavis, however, warns Jard of a vigilante group to which her father belongs, and advises him to leave the country before he is harmed. Other sinister warnings received at the ranch and around the neighboring countryside convince Jard that something greater than a family feud lies behind the threats. He is determined to fight it out. But with the exception of the two husky Graham brothers, Nort and Phil, who come to live with him at the Halfmoon Cross, Jard can obtain no aid. A personal call on Calhoun elicits no information concerning his father. Instead, Calhoun warns Jard that if he does not leave the country within three weeks he must take the consequences.

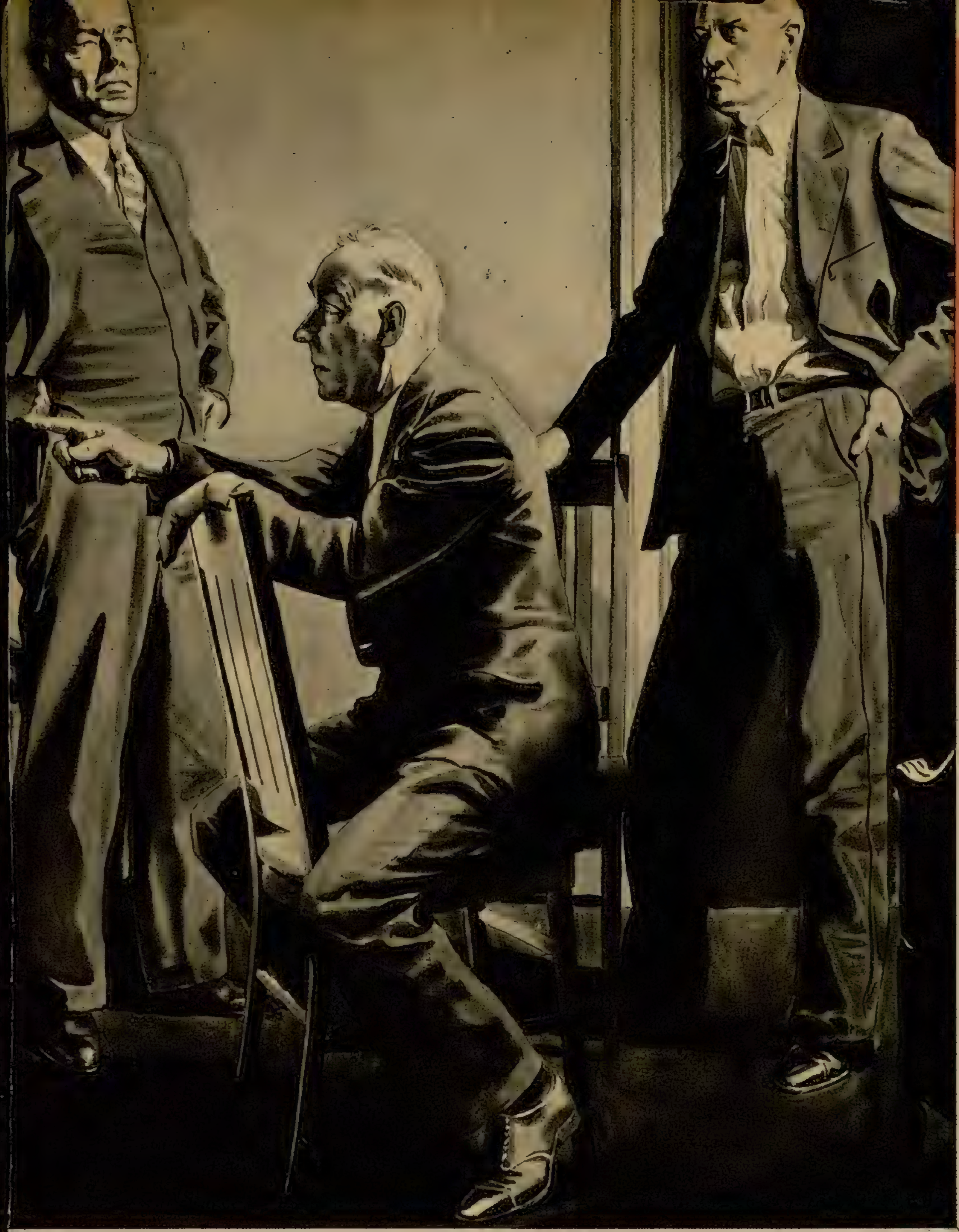
That night two young hitchhikers, Joe Leigh and his alluring sister Chloe, stop at the ranch and volunteer their services. Hopes are revived and a desperate plan for defense is made.

Joe is sent to near-by Portland to hire a small army of unemployed men. He returns with Terry Flynn, one of the huskies hired, and makes another trip in a truck for supplies. Through Toby Thurm, Calhoun learns of this new attempt to regiment aid, and tries to wreck the truck on its return trip. The expert driving and quick thinking of Terry saves both their lives and the truck. But Jard and the others know more

THRILL FOLLOWS THRILL IN A STIRRING NEW NOVEL OF by

ELI COLTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON



YOU WALKED INTO THIS AND WE'RE NOT LETTING YOU GO AGAIN."

violence is soon to follow. Climaxing this is the fear that Nort Graham is a spy for Calhoun. Chloe has seen him talking to Toby and heard the latter remark: "Remember, eleven o'clock tonight!" Mavis Calhoun, extremely jealous of the lovely Chloe, adds strength to the statement that something is planned for that night. She asks permission to stay at the Halfmoon Cross for the night. When the two girls are left alone, Mavis turns to Chloe. "You're in love with him, aren't you?" she demands.

PART FOUR—SWEETHEART OR SPY?

THE passion had died from Mavis's voice; her tone was somberly speculative; her dark eyes were fathomless wells. "Who wouldn't be in love with Jard? I've an idea he's in love with you, too. But that doesn't stop me from trying to save him. I've got to stop him from being killed if I can. Even if it only means saving him for somebody else! I wonder if you love him like that?"

Chloe's gray eyes were bright, like sea-wet agates. "I don't know that I'd be big enough to love him like that."

"It doesn't matter," said Mavis indifferently. "All that matters is that he gets the one *he* loves, whether it's you or I or somebody else. I wish it was morning. It's going to be a long wait." . . .

When the clock struck twelve, the four of them sat in the dark living room straining their ears for movement in the night—Chloe, Mavis, Jard, and Joe.

"Well," Joe said, "nothing happened at eleven o'clock."

Jard sat erect, stretching his weary muscles. "How do we know what was supposed to happen? It might not have been aimed here. We may go out in the morning to find our beef steers run off, our new branding chute demolished."

Mavis started, jerked to instant attention. "Jard! No! It wouldn't have been anything like that, would it? I was so sure they were aiming something directly at you!"

"Wouldn't that be aimed at me? I knew about this eleven-o'clock business before you came, Mavis. Chloe saw Nort Graham and Toby Thurm meeting up in the hills and making some sort of agreement. I've been keeping my eye on Nort. Just before dark he sneaked off. I let him go—and sent Terry Flynn to trail him."

"Who's Terry Flynn?"

"One of the men I've hired, Stormy. So far as I know, neither of the two has come back. Terry was to let me know when he came in again."

"Terry Flynn's out there in the back yard right now," Chloe said abruptly. "I can see him very clearly from this window. The moonlight's bright."

Jard sprang to his feet and rushed out. He came back shortly to report that Terry Flynn had learned nothing, since he had lost Nort Graham in the darkness. "So that's that." Jard paused. "You and Mavis had better go on up to bed, Chloe. The show's over for tonight."

"I've changed my mind." Mavis rose from her chair. "I'm going home, after all. Keep your eye on Toby Thurm, Jard. He's one of dad's spies. I've learned that, too. Zan Brenner is another. Oh, I'm learning fast! Some of these days I'm going to learn to hate my devilish father. Good night, everybody."

She went out of the room swiftly.

"She's a better person than I am," said Chloe softly. "She doesn't grasp. She gives."

"They don't make them better than you," Jard contradicted. "Don't talk that way. I wonder what we'll find when daylight comes."

THEY found the new branding chute in ruins, two of the corrals torn down, and one of the tractors lying on its side, battered badly, its gas tank cracked open and drained. Jard called a group of the men together and gave them terse orders:

"We're restoring this wreckage as quickly as possible. From now on we are keeping a strict watch on all structures and buildings. If any one attempts to molest you or anything you are guarding in the future, let them have it with anything you can lay your hands on—and hit hard! Don't kill anybody unless you are forced to do it in self-defense, but hit to hurt—lay 'em out cold! You'll have to take the trucks and go to Pendleton for the tractor parts, Joe," Jard added, "and for the lumber; and for some supplies we need for the kitchen. How many of the men brought guns with them?"

"About thirty," Joe said. "I bought ammunition for them."

"Thirty's a plenty," returned Jard grimly. "We're sending the trucks in to Pendleton, in broad daylight this time, under armed guard. You and I will go ahead in my roadster, also armed."

Chloe was startled and filled with alarm when she heard that Jard was going with the trucks. "Oh, you mustn't!" she cried, and drew close to him, her gray eyes pleading. "They're waiting for a chance at you. You mustn't expose yourself to danger that way!"

Jard laid an arm across her shoulders. "If they attempt to stop us this time, Chloe, they'll be sorry men! Good-by, sweet kid. Don't worry about me!" He caught her close, kissed her twice, and strode purposefully out of the house.

When the trucks pulled out of the ranch yard, two men were on the seat of each, and four men were in the body, and they all were openly armed. Jard and Joe, in the roadster, were armed also; but the fact was less obvious.

Chloe stood in the open doorway of the big stone house watching them depart.

"He's in love with Mavis Calhoun and he doesn't realize it," she told herself in a whisper. "How could he help being? There's something magnificent about her." She sighed and her fair face was darkened by a shadow.

"Why can't I *do* something to help him, instead of hanging around the edges? I'll find some way of helping!" Her chin went up with almost comical pugnacity.

She scurried around the house, and was just finishing the work to be done when a car stopped in front of the house. She heard the grilled iron gates clang and steps coming up the flagged walk. She went to the door.

Toby Thurm stood on the porch, his hat in his hand.

"Spies aren't welcome here," she said crisply.

Toby shrugged his eloquent massive shoulders. "Perhaps not. But spies have their places, Miss Chloe. Somebody put this letter in Jard's mailbox—and it wasn't the postman, either. I know the postman's car." He drew a letter from his pocket and extended it toward her. The envelope was addressed to Jard. "May I read it, please?"

Chloe stared at him.

"Why do *you* want to read it? It isn't anything to you."

Toby didn't answer. He merely stood there gazing at her with his large brilliant eyes, easing his weight patiently from the slightly clubbed foot. Chloe ripped the envelope open and drew forth the letter. Jard would have wanted her to do it. Her gaze flew down the page she unfolded.

> Shellstrom:
>
> The crew of men you have there is of no avail in protecting you. Our edict holds: you must go.
>
> We have striven to persuade you to leave here quietly. We are making it clear to you that we would far rather avoid violence if possible. But you are forcing us to violence, and we shall have no hesitation in precipitating it.
>
> You have no right to endanger your men's lives and make them pawns to your own folly. And you have a woman there. We'd prefer not to make war on women, but if she stays there she will certainly suffer for supporting your foolhardy course.
>
> Make no mistake. This is the last warning we shall issue. The three weeks allowed you are coming to a close. Take your men and your woman and quietly leave the country. You have three days in which to do it. If you are not gone within that time, we shall act.

No signature was appended. Chloe slowly handed it to Toby Thurm, a little chill creeping along her spine.

"I see no reason why you shouldn't read it, now that I have seen what's in it. You probably know everything it says anyway."

Toby read the message quickly, shook his head, and returned the letter to her. "Thanks, Miss Chloe." He whirled and went down the steps without another word.

She stood frowning after him for a moment, then returned to the living room, the letter gripped in tense fingers. . . .

Calhoun was even then closeted in the deserted house in the draw with his eleven right-hand men. He stood facing them with cold and ugly malevolence in every line of his gaunt dour face.

"We now have everything ready to move," he said. "We have our men in line, ready and eager to follow orders. They know only that Jard Shellstrom threatens our successful coup. They know nothing of the vital importance to us personally of getting rid of Shellstrom. He may at any minute stumble on to what we fear he may find in that house. One thing is certain: he must be gotten rid of within the next three days."

Van Wyck put in with great impatience, "Come down to cases, Oliver. What has developed now?"

"Pretty much of a fiasco of our plans last night," answered Calhoun, his face twisted in a sneer. "The trucks were too well guarded. All we could reach was corrals, a branding chute, and one of the tractors. The trucks are on the way to Pendleton for supplies right now, under armed guard, with Shellstrom leading them in his roadster. He's slipped one over on us there! We have to gather ourselves for a final and decisive blow. I've notified him that he has just three days to take his men and get out."

"He'll never do it!" said Halpole.

CALHOUN laughed harshly. "Of course he won't do it. He won't send any of the men away, and he won't send the woman away. Now! Our first move is this:

"Late tonight Rob and I are going over to the Half-moon Cross to talk to the men, and buy, threaten, or bribe as many as we can."

"But you've definitely given Shellstrom three days!" objected Wark Hassalo. "He'll be all set to make a move against us when—"

Again Calhoun laughed. "*We* don't wait any three days, fool! We move tomorrow night!" . . .

Chloe stood on the back porch, shaken by relief, when the trucks rolled into the yard behind the roadster late that afternoon. The instant Jard came leaping up the steps, Chloe was holding out to him the letter that had turned her world upside down. He threw an arm about her and hugged her close.

"If all the boys weren't out there in the yard, I'd kiss you, just to prove that it's I back here safe and not my ghost. What's the letter about?"

"Read it!" Chloe shivered and huddled close to him.

He ran his eyes down the closely written words, then emitted a low whistle. "Fine bird, isn't he? Well, I'll just go out and show this letter to the boys. Wait for me inside, Chloe."

He went out to the barn, called the men to attention, and read the letter aloud.

"Any of you boys want to back out before the smoke flies?" he asked curtly when he finished.

"Back out!" roared Terry Flynn. "For *him?* Why, the low-down stinkin' polecat! Let 'er rip, boss. We're ready for him. Did you ever hear the story of the general that sent for ten thousand troops, and the President sent back word, 'I can't spare you no ten thousand troops, so I'm sendin' you two hundred Irishmen'? We've got eleven Irishmen in this outfit. I counted 'em."

"And seventeen Swedes," said big Red Kastner, "and twenty-three Eyetalians, and—"

Jard interrupted with a laugh: "We have a hundred and thirty-five Americans."

He went back to the house. He found Chloe pacing the floor in the living room, pale and distraught. He took her in his arms.

"Don't be so frightened, sweet kid," he said gently. "They can't bluff us out."

She shivered in his arms. "I don't believe they think they can. They're trying to trick you—just as they tricked you before."

"As they tricked me before? What do you mean?"

Chloe hesitated. "It sounds petty and suspicious. But hasn't it occurred to you that Calhoun might have sent Mavis here to keep us all close to the buildings while his men destroyed the corrals and chute and damaged the tractor?"

Jard's frown darkened. "I can't believe it, Chloe! Stormy meant it when she said, 'Before God, I don't know.' But—they *may* be *using* her for a tool. Who delivered that letter?"

"I don't know. Somebody put it in the box. Toby Thurm saw them do it. He took the letter out of the box and brought it in to me. He wanted to read it and I couldn't see what harm could come of letting him do it."

"Toby Thurm again!" Jard exclaimed. "And Nort Graham hasn't come back yet. Things are getting thick. Hold tight, Chloe! Chin high."

The night was growing old, and the moon was cutting a trail across a clear blue-black sky, before the ranch finally settled to sleep. In the barn thirty-nine of the men were bunked in the hayloft. Terry Flynn was on the floor below, taking a last look at everything before he went up the ladder, when he heard a light rap on the wall beside the half-open barn door. He went softly to the door and peered out.

A MAN was standing within three feet of him. "That you, Nort?"

"No." The answer was low and guarded. "It doesn't matter who I am. I'm here to talk to you men. Come on out, will you?"

"Sure." Terry stepped into the doorway. "But I'm carryin' a gun, and it's loaded. Who the hell are you and what do you want?"

"I'm from Calhoun," the man answered. "Can't you call the rest of them out, so they can hear what I have to say?"

Terry stared at the man's tall burly figure in the moonlight. "They're all over in the bunkhouse. You can go over there with me and say what you've got to say." He gestured across the yard.

The man turned and walked toward the bunkhouse without demur, Terry following close. At the bunkhouse door he halted, and Terry ordered him ahead. The man opened the door and proceeded without hesitation into the dark interior. Terry stepped into the doorway.

"Hi, Red!" he called, his voice muted. "Red!"

"Yeah. What you want?" Red Kastner sat up in his bunk. "That's you, ain't it, Terry?"

"Yeah, it's me. All you guys wake up. There's a fellow here who wants to talk to us."

The crew of men quartered in the bunkhouse were, to

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a man, awakened in ten seconds and crowding toward the forward end of the dark room.

"Well, who wants to talk to us?" demanded Red Kastner, at the head of the jostling curious group. "What's up?"

"Go ahead, fella." Terry poked the man in the back with the barrel of the gun he had drawn from his waistband. "They're all listenin'."

"How many of you are there on the ranch?" the man asked briskly.

"Thirty-two of us in here," Terry answered with such unctuosity that his own mother would have accepted his statement as unadulterated truth. "But there's some several more scattered around kind of keepin' an eye on things. There's about sixty of us altogether."

"Well, if you remain on the Halfmoon Cross and stubbornly persist in trying to protect Shellstrom, most of you are going to get killed, very likely all of you. You can't save Shellstrom. We'll get him. You'll simply be committing yourselves to rank suicide, absolutely to no purpose, if you try to stop us. Do you really want to do such a fool thing?"

"Well, it don't sound so good!" Terry admitted, with the tone of a man half-convinced against his will. "What do you say, Red?"

"Sounds plain foolish to me," Red growled. "What's your proposition, mister?"

"That you men get out of here tomorrow! If you quietly leave the ranch, we'll pay you a flat bonus of a hundred dollars each."

"When do we get the money?"

"When we know you're gone!" the man answered. "We'll meet you just below Ammerville tomorrow afternoon and pay you off. Can I count on you?"

"Every damn one of us!" Terry's answer lacked no measure of assurance or decision. "We'll be there before two o'clock. If any of you boys want to stay, let's hear from you right now." There was no reply. "O. K.! Come on, fella!"

Terry backed away from the doorway, forced the other man into the lead, and followed him down the yard and into the road.

"My car's parked over here on a side road," the man explained.

"O. K.," Terry replied genially. "At Ammerville tomorrow—I mean below Ammerville, tomorrow at two o'clock. We'll be seeing you!"

"Just a minute." The man halted and turned. "What are you going to tell Shellstrom?"

Terry emitted a subdued laugh. "None of his damn business, is it? He got a letter that must have been from your boss this afternoon. We'll just tell him that we don't like the sound of what that letter said and we're gettin' out."

"Sound procedure," the man approved. "Well, good night."

WHEN the man's figure dwindled in the moonlight, Terry turned and rushed into the bunkhouse.

"Red, you go into the house and call the boss," he ordered. "It'll soon be daylight. Get a move on! The rest of you guys get dressed."

Red Kastner pulled on trousers and went at a jogtrot around the house. He picked up a stick and threw it against Jard's window.

Jard's head was thrust out. "Who is it?"

"Red Kastner. We got to see you right away."

Red and Terry were standing in the doorway of the bunkhouse when Jard approached at a rapid stride a few moments later.

"Some guy was just here with a message from Calhoun," Terry told him. "He wanted to persuade us fellas to get out of here and protect our delicate skins. He offered us a hundred dollars each bonus for the favor. I told him there was about sixty of us altogether. We're to meet him for the pay-off just below Ammerville tomorrow at two o'clock. How long will it take us to walk to Ammerville?"

"Oh, about five hours. You're really *going?*"

"Damn right we are! We're going to collect that coin, too. He's payin' us for getting out of here. There wasn't nothin' said about how soon we could come back."

Jard laughed. "Phil can go with you. He knows the country like his own back yard. You could make it back in about three or three and a half hours without putting on too much speed."

"O. K., boss." Terry yawned. "We'll be stringing in the minute it gets dark. We're all set, then. I got to go tell the cook to speed up with some breakfast."

"Joe was a good picker," Jard said, and turned back to the house.

Joe and Chloe were in the kitchen, and Phil was coming down the stairs.

"We heard somebody call you," Chloe explained. "We came down to see what was wrong. I thought maybe you wouldn't want any lights on."

"No, better not," Jard replied. He related what had occurred.

"Calhoun's sure on the warpath now!" exclaimed Phil. "God, I wish I knew what had become of Nort."

"Somehow, I've a feeling that Nort's all right," Jard said. He dropped into a chair by the kitchen table.

"I'VE been doing some pretty strenuous thinking since that letter. There is some clue in this house as to what became of dad, only we don't recognize it. Dad isn't alive. He can't be. They killed him, and they're afraid we'll find proof of it. There has to be some such fear as that motivating Calhoun."

"From what Terry told that fellow who was here tonight, Calhoun's going to think he's got rid of your whole crew," Joe said. "I'd wager anything that he'll make some move to get rid of Phil and Chloe and me before tomorrow night. He must be damned cocksure of his influence around here."

"He *has* managed to get an incredible grip on the whole territory, Joe." Jard looked up with an uneasy frown. "But I'm still going to fight him to the last draw!"

Breakfast was a short and silent meal. After it, the men went out to talk to Flynn and Kastner and the rest. By nine o'clock a good half of the crew hands were ready to start.

"I ain't goin' with you eggs," Terry informed them as they lined up in the Lombardy lane. "Red and me are going to stay here on the job. Phil will stick with you. When you get near there, Phil will drop out and cache himself, so that guy you're going to meet won't see him. Don Tribble can pretend to be the one the fellow was talking to last night. George Cooley can answer to the name of Red. When you start back, pick up Phil and he'll lead you across country. And make the best time you can gettin' back here, too!"

The men chorused their assent and filed out of the lane into the highway.

"We'll go out and do a little planning with the rest of the men, Terry," Jard commanded. "They'll have to stay in the barn, out of sight. We can't risk anybody's seeing them and reporting to Calhoun that we have fully as many men left as he thinks he has gotten out of the way."

None of the four, Jard or Joe, Terry or Red, could possibly see the sun-tan streamlined sedan parked in the grove of cottonwoods a few hundred yards down the highway. But the man who had slipped out of the sedan and secreted himself at the edge of the grove could see them plainly as they walked toward the barn. The moment they were inside and the wide barn door slid shut behind them, he emerged from the grove and advanced toward the house at a rapid limping pace.

Chloe opened the door to his knock. "What are you doing here again?" she demanded.

"I want to talk to you," Toby said swiftly. "Things are due to break, Miss Chloe. I'm in a tight place. I need help. Let me come in for a minute and talk to you, anyway."

Chloe eyed him with dubious calculation, then hesitatingly made way for him. She thought in spite of herself that she had never seen anything quite so beautiful as that strange face. "You may come in as far as the hall." . . .

Jard faced the men gathered in the big barn. "Of course you must all realize that if Calhoun descends on us tomorrow night, as he is manifestly planning to do, the order of things is changed. From this hour on, arm yourselves with anything you can find, anything from a pitchfork to a hoe handle; and when you go into the fight, go prepared to kill. They're going to show us no quarter."

"Do you sure expect to come through alive, boss?" asked Tony Amato. "It's you we're thinking about."

"I?" Jard smiled. "I'm coming through alive if there's any possible way to do it." Within his harassed brain a luminous image of Chloe glowed. His smile faded slowly. "I'm just beginning to realize how much there is to live for."

When he went into the house a half-hour later, he was struck by the silence that greeted him.

"Chloe, where are you?" he called.

The echo of his own voice was all that answered him. With one wild shout of "Chloe!" he went up the stairs, through the whole house like a madman. She was not there! He rushed out of the house to where Joe and Terry were talking in the yard.

"Joe! Chloe's gone!"

"*What!*" Joe whirled. "Chloe *gone?*"

"Yes. She isn't in the house, and she's promised me that she wouldn't go out without me. They've come here and taken her when we happened to be looking the other way!"

"Steady, old man." But Joe's face was white, his gray-blue eyes bleak. "Even if they have taken her away, they aren't likely to hurt her. She's pretty wise. She'll keep herself safe."

"Safe!" Jard's dark face contorted in a sneer. "*Safe*—in the grip of a man like Calhoun? She's just safe enough that I'm going over there after her right now!"

"Say, wait—for heaven's sake don't make a crazy move like that!" Joe caught his arm, eyes wide with consternation. "Can't you see that that's just about what he is expecting you to do?"

Jard jerked his arm free. "Well, don't you be idiot enough to try to stop me!"

HE pulled from his belt the .44 Colt revolver he had been carrying for several days, twirled the cylinder, and thrust it back into his belt again. Then he went at a swift run toward the garage, where the green roadster was parked. In it, he shot down the lane, and careened in a reckless turn, to plunge down the highway.

In twenty minutes he roared up to the Calhoun house and came to a shrieking stop. He took the front steps at two leaps and burst through the door like a rocket. He plunged on into the living room, and five astounded men leaped to their feet to face him as he confronted them in cold fury, his hand at his waist. He had eyes only for Oliver Calhoun.

"You can bring Chloe out, Oliver." His voice sent a menacing chill sweeping through the room. "I've come for her."

Calhoun's gaunt face went blank. "Chloe? Oh, the woman you've been having at your house?"

"I said, bring her out!" Jard's voice shook with fury.

"But I haven't the girl!" protested Calhoun. "I know absolutely nothing about her. If she left your house, she left of her own free will."

The sincerity on the gaunt face, the honest denial in the harsh tones, even in Jard's fury gave him pause. He hesitated. "I suppose you don't know why all my men ran out on me, either?"

"CERTAINLY I know. I bought them off. I'll buy you off, if you'll make a last-minute decision. But I know nothing about your Chloe."

Jard's hard gaze bored through him.

"I'm going through this house, Oliver." Jard drew the gun from his belt. "I'm not taking your word for anything. And if Chloe's here, I'm taking her away with me. You can all come along with me. File ahead of me and don't try any tricks. I'd shoot if you looked sidewise."

Calhoun looked at Van Wyck with a drooping side glance and went toward the stairway door.

Jard drove them through the entire house, till not a square foot of space was left unsearched. Chloe was not there! He herded the men back to the living room.

"All right—you win this trick, I guess. I still believe you've got her hidden somewhere. But you're missing your bet if you think I won't find her."

"You needn't try to get out, Shellstrom." Calhoun eyed him with a contemptuous sneer. "Zan was in the kitchen. I signaled him, as we started up the stairs, to lock every door. You can't possibly get out. You walked right into this and we're certainly not letting you go again."

Zan Brenner shoved his squat bulk through the kitchen doorway.

Jard stared at them, thinking swiftly. Across the living room, behind Van Wyck, the great sun window looked upon the side yard.

"Looks like you've got me." Jard's tall figure drooped. "Six against one is pretty heavy odds." He stepped up to face Calhoun, and brought himself within four feet of the wall. "What kind of terms do you offer?"

"Terms?"

The eyes of the other men turned on Calhoun. Calhoun's turned to Van Wyck.

In that split second Jard's big powerfully muscled body tensed, and crouched like a panther's.

That split-second decision of Jard's resulted in plenty of action. Indirectly it brought about the answer to the ghastly secret of Halfmoon Cross and the truth about his father's mysterious disappearance. It resulted in other disclosures also, all of which are revealed in next week's installment.

More Jinky Winners

(Continued from Page 47)

Myrtle L. Allen, Kenmore, N. Y.; William Allis, Warrenton, Va.; E. J. Andersen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Almeda Anderson, Daisy, Tenn.; Mrs. Carl A. Anderson, Bradford, Mass.; Morris D. Anderson, Two Harbors, Minn.; William W. Anderson, Grand Rapids, Mich.; O. K. Andrew, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Lallah Andrews, Lake Ozark, Mo.; Yetta Appel, Baltimore, Md.; Catherine Appleby, Elgin, Ill.; G. R. Arbiz, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ernestine Archibald, Longview, Wash.; E. C. Arnn, Memphis, Tenn.; Louise Arnn, Memphis, Tenn.; D. A. Arnold, Garibaldi, Oreg.; John Artim, Taunton, Mass.; F. F. Aschbacher, Houston, Tex.; Louis Atwater, Bridgeport, Conn.; L. F. Aunchman, Springfield, Mass.; G. H. Babcock, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Katherine B. Babcock, N. Loup, Neb.; Mrs. J. Bachelder, Portland, Oreg.; C. Walter Bain, Kernersville, N. C.; J. R. Baird, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. B. L. Baker, Cliffside, N. J.; Biki Baker, Menominee, Mich.; Vella M. Baker, Carthage, Mo.; Warren S. Baker, Pottstown, Pa.; Mike Balenti, Altus, Okla.; Lena Banic, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Richard Barker, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. R. E. Barnes, Erie, Pa.; R. L. Barnett, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. W. Barrow, Harrisburg, Pa.; Geraldine Bates, Gardner, Mass.; Anne Baubles, E. Orange, N. J.; Charles C. Beck, Belleville, N. J.; Mrs. George A. Beecher, Marshalltown, Iowa; Lois Beers, Johnson City, N. Y.

Lindie Beirnes, Clallam Bay, Wash.; Victoria Beland, E. Jaffrey, N. H.; W. G. Beland, E. Jaffrey, N. H.; Theodore Bell, Washington, Pa.; Miss A. M. Bennett, Texarkana, Tex.; F. Bennett, Milwaukee, Wis.; Carl Benscheidt, Tillamook, Oreg.; C. R. Bense, Atlanta, Ga.; I. Bensman, Two Rivers, Wis.; R. D. Benson, Raleigh, N. C.; Lloyd Bentley, Ashtabula, Ohio; Vancy Bergman, Bellingham, Wash.; Eleanor Bernard, Raleigh, N. C.; S. Bernard, Miami, Fla.; Harley Berning, Avalon, Calif.; Mrs. Oscar L. Berry, Shreveport, La.; Anne W. Best, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Geo. L. Best, Richmond, Va.; Hazel Betts, Waterloo, N. Y.; George Beyer, Wausau, Wis.; Mrs. B. Bidwell, Fort Benning, Ga.; Mrs. Rose Bigley, New York, N. Y.; Evelyn Bingaman, Maumee, Ohio.

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(To be continued in an early issue)

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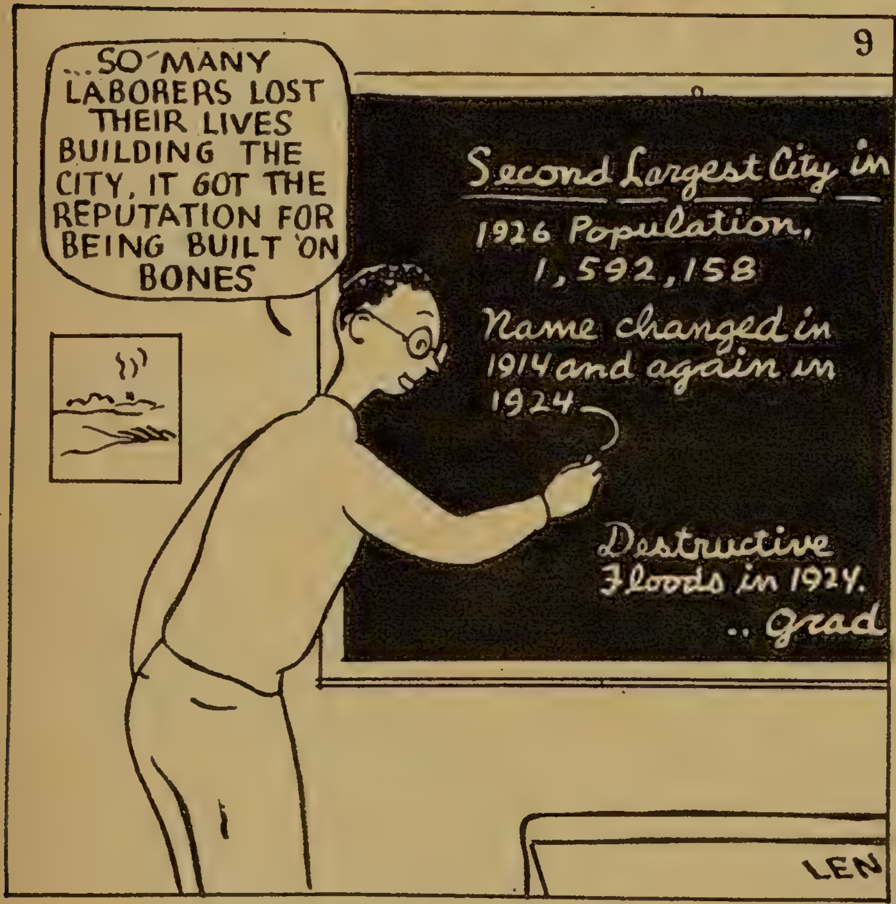
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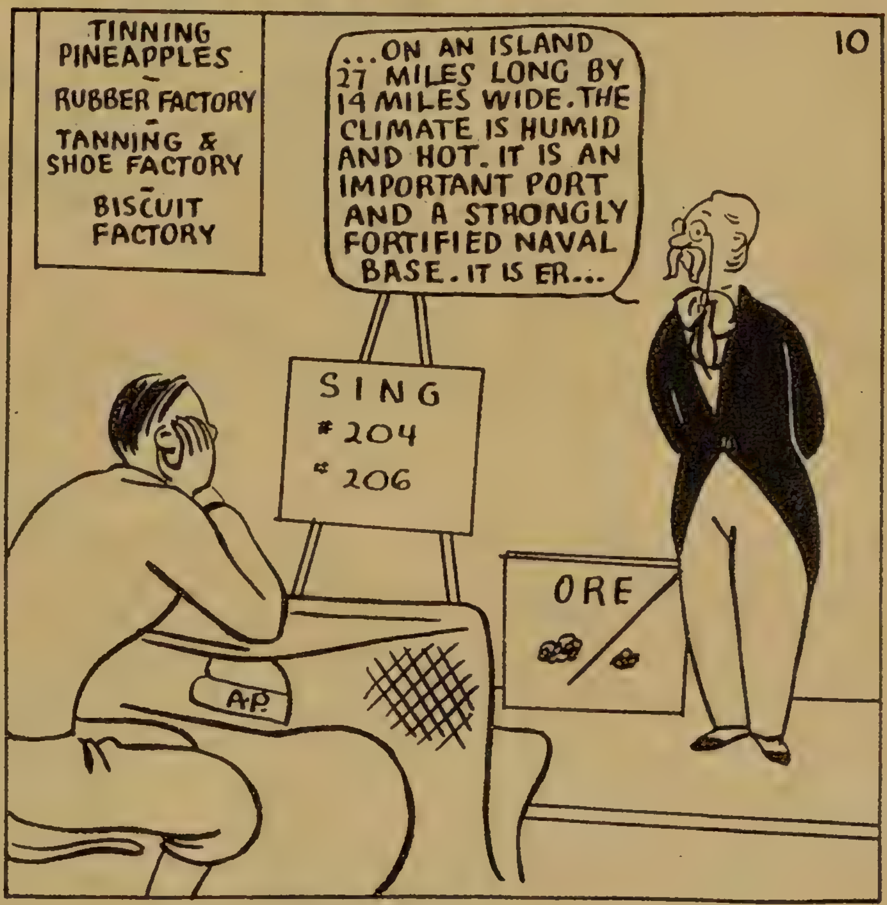
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6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

START YOUR ENTRY NOW—TRY FOR THE $500 PRIZE!

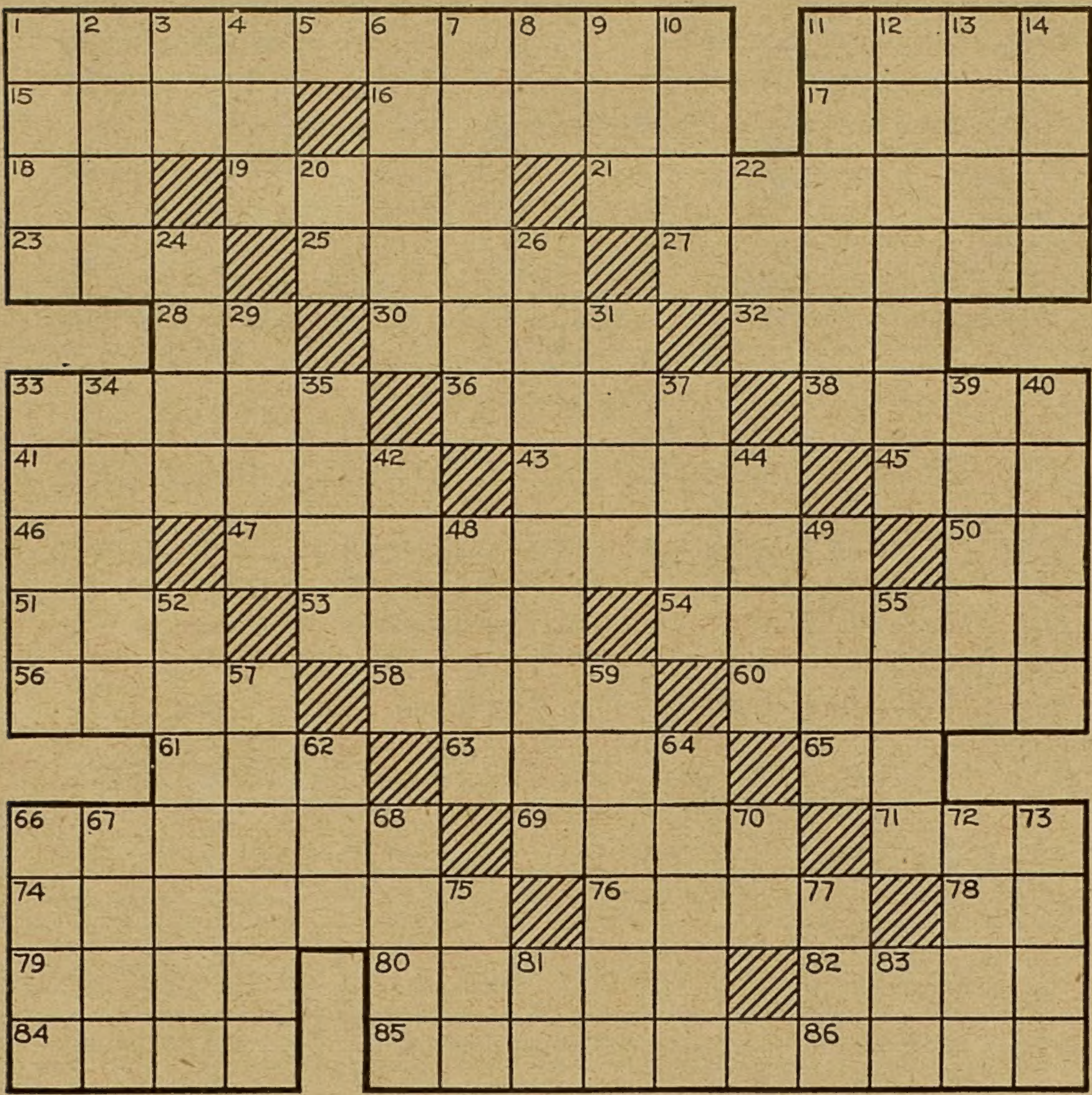
WHAT internationally noted place is revealed by a study of Drawing 9 this week? Even though you have not started an entry in this interesting and informative game up to this time, if you can discover this name you will be well on your way toward a successful entry. You may even be started toward receiving the big first prize. Think of the thrill of winning that!

When you have solved this week's drawings, put them aside pending completion of a complete set of twenty. Now, if you have not solved any or all of the first eight drawings and they are no longer available in your copies of the magazine, send for free reprints of the drawings you need. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 6. And don't forget—there will be two more drawings next week.

WATCH FOR DRAWINGS 11 AND 12 NEXT WEEK!

Cockeyed Cross Words

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 America's payground (two words)
11 Something red about foreign ambassadors
15 Verdi went to town in this
16 The cry of the rag seller
17 A perverse relative
18 Slip ma between two and you get an easily squashed red
19 Puff dust
21 Softened up
23 The last thing on a dog
25 A well known crack about the skirt
27 A well known crack about the West
28 Where things are looking these days
30 Cease thy forward motion, Elizabeth!
32 Just add a mite and it'll undermine huge buildings
33 A quadruped with warts
36 Licorice-stick-like
38 This takes the gas out of gastronomy
41 Raised spirits
43 Stroked figures
45 Beddy-by for a French birdie
46 Pirates' league (abbr.)
47 Walked spiritually on the New Year
50 Add ice and sing with it
51 Ebony uncle
53 If you hit this you'd slow things up
54 Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing
56 The only thing the collar companies can't fit
58 A bite between two small wings
60 A deadly blowpipe at Carnegie Hall
61 Departed without ceremony
63 To act like a dirty rat
65 The weigh of all flesh (abbr.)

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Answer to last week's puzzle

66 Bunch of water (it sounds fierce)
69 " You can come in but you can't sit down " (abbr., plural)
71 Legislative puck
74 Gents with hearts of ice (Harlow'd melt 'em!)
76 What he did on her light fantastic toe
78 Half an hour
79 Always followed by a boy
80 Kind of shoe the king kicks bill collectors out with
82 Big butch
84 Kind of nose that faces the future unsteadily
85 To gain culture from relief (yes, but how will we gain relief from such culture?)

VERTICAL

1 Legalized sparring partner
2 You'll find this on every man's shirt at some time or other
3 The laziest thing in puzzles
4 Where the human pachyderms go for a thumping good time
5 The first letter in Mussolini's alphabet
6 They struck on the first of the year
7 Get hot and bothered
8 'Eadpiece
9 A good thing women enjoy when happy
10 In your hat!
11 Hurt goos
12 Hot dog
13 Foreign star
14 This gets tanned
20 Donke
22 Incorporate comestibles
24 A silent congress
26 Devices for breaking six necks at once
29 Itsy-bitsy uzzum-guzzums
31 Cohn bread
33 Little Lincolns
34 Let
35 Allows
37 An ancient fiddler
39 Piece of flying real estate
40 To like with heat
42 Damn (Yankee)
44 Boy, did the Czar make him serffer!
48 A gun club
49 Sistie and Buzzie
52 Cheesy items
55 Musical pretzel
57 The country of the correlative path; Sardineia
59 A certified check
62 Biggest little fellow in literature
64 Eight ball of the universe
66 Little father
67 Preposition
68 He doesn't like a certified czech
70 Small but often of great consequence
72 This hangs on Shirley's temple
73 It's a plant!
75 This makes the old new
77 There's a lot of this to the pound
81 What she said before he slunk out
83 Shortest horse in the world (abbr.)
86 There's nothing to it

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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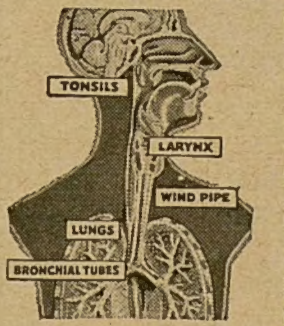

● When you catch cold, the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog. Sticky phlegm collects . . . *makes you cough.* Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture, "unclogging" them and keeping your throat moist. Heavy phlegm loosens. Your throat is soothed. Then—quick relief!

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IT HAPPENED IN...

SANDUSKY, OHIO--Robbers looted the safe of a Sandusky packing company. Included in their loot were several tickets to a policemen's ball.

ATLANTA, GA.—A Tulsa, Oklahoma, schoolboy wrote the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce requesting a copy of the "state song," Marching Through Georgia.

Slater Marshall, information expert for the organization, mailed him a lesson in Georgia history.

LENINGRAD, U. S. S. R.—A couple were married here under Soviet law. Forty-five minutes later they applied for and received a divorce.

LONDON, ENGLAND—William Green, ninety, claims his remarkable vitality is due entirely to a diet of live frogs.

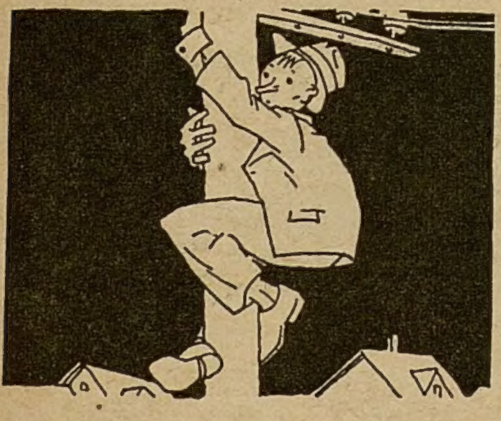
He scoffs at the idea of exercise and vitamin D, saying he was taught early in life to swallow frogs alive and has never had an illness.

CHICAGO, ILL.—A holdup man entered a Chicago grocery store, tied up Cornelius Schoondermark, and looted the cash register of eleven dollars. A little later the robber returned, freed the grocer, and gave him back his eleven dollars. "I was just practicing on you," the thief told his victim.

SEATTLE, WASH.—A householder telephoned police at 3 A. M. that "an intoxicated man is trying to climb a telephone pole."

Two patrolmen who investigated wrote the following report:

"Man not intoxicated. It was a federal Treasury Department man investigating."



●

Lucky Omens

A strange cat following is good luck ahead of you.

To name a girl Mary is to give her a good start in life.

To put two spoons in your coffee unawares, is indicative of two chances in your favor in anything you are wishing and working for.

—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

What shall it profit a man if he win the war and lose his war profits?

--*Senator Nye.*

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

NIGHT COURT FRAME-UP

By JUDGE JEANNETTE G. BRILL
OF NEW YORK

From the Women's Court in New York City, Liberty brings you next week one of the most dramatic episodes in the experience of Judge Jeannette G. Brill, who reveals the story in all its amazing, gripping intensity just as it came to light through her investigation. Don't miss this powerful story of how a mother plotted to wreck two lives—how a counterplot was laid—and the surprising result. Read Night Court Frame-Up, complete in Liberty next week.

Also—WHY AN AMERICAN WOMAN FLED ITALY by Alice Rohe—FLORIDA MOON AND THE SURPRISING SUSAN by Fannie Kilbourne—I WALKED AND TALKED WITH LINCOLN by Professor Irving Fisher—DOUBLE INDEMNITY by James M. Cain—IS THE HOME ON THE WAY OUT? by Emily Newell Blair—STORMY HEARTS by Eli Colter—DOG KIDNAPS MAN: THAT'S NEWS! by Parke F. Hanley.

MORE SENSATIONAL SECRETS
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Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY

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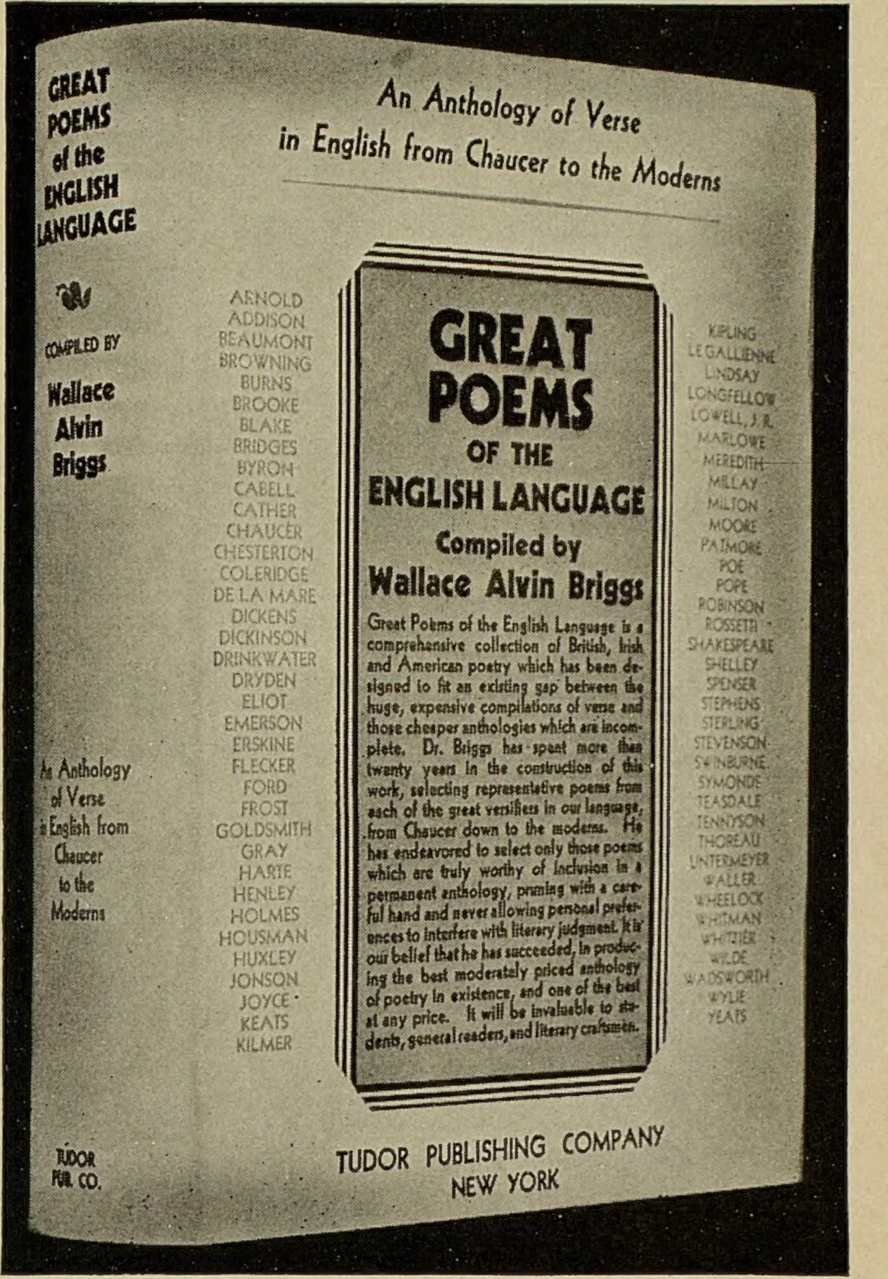

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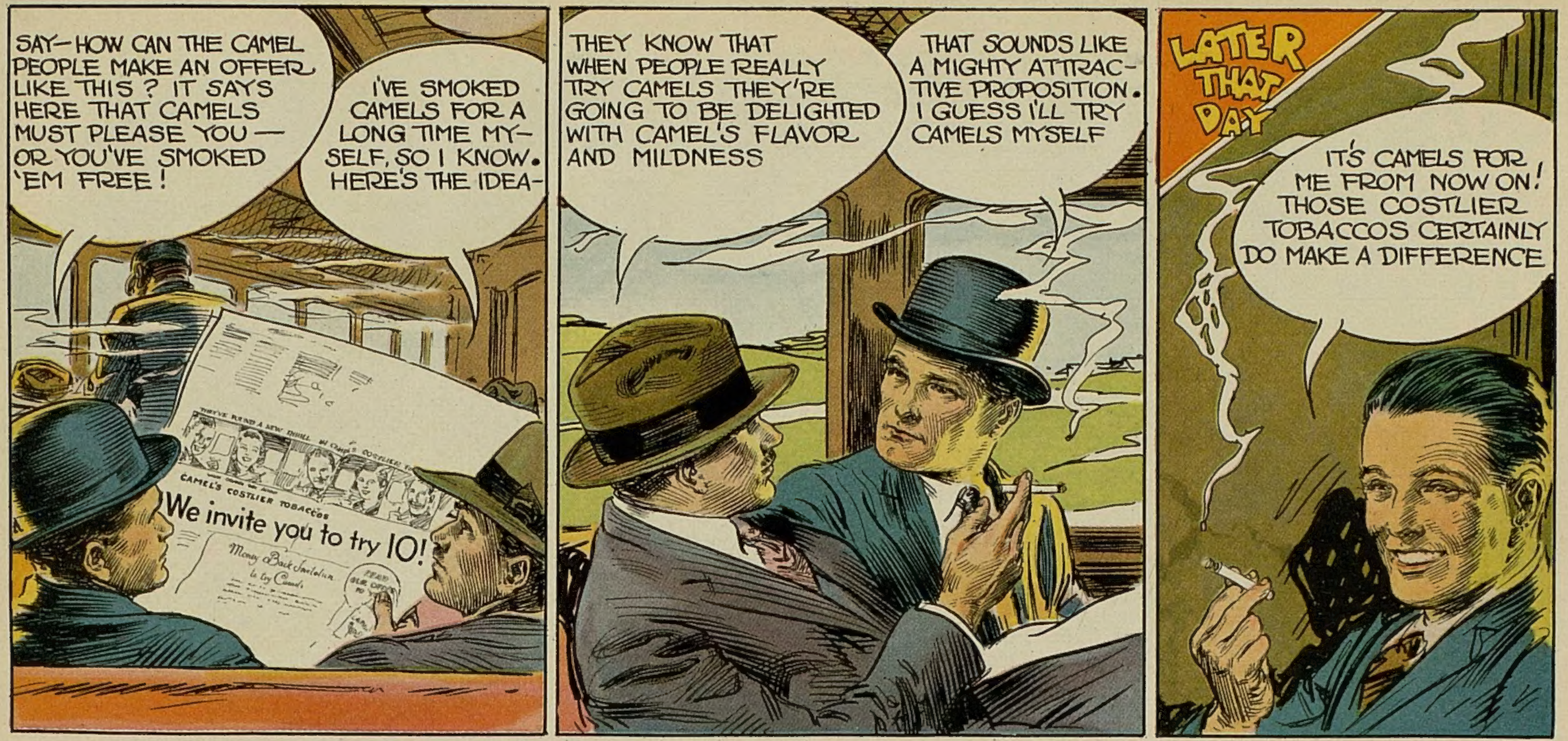
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